3296.

VICTOR HUGO.

New York, D. Appleton & Co.

#6385

THE

MAN WHO LAUGHS

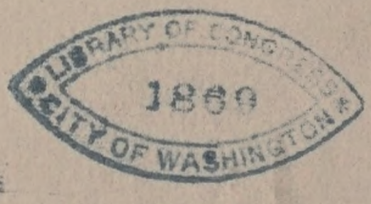
146
1378

FROM THE FRENCH OF

VICTOR HUGO.

No 1.

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM YOUNG.



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NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

THERE has been so much discussion as to the proper rendering of the original title of this work, "L'HOMME QUI RIT," that it may be advisable to state why "THE MAN WHO LAUGHS" has been adopted. It is not only literal in version, it expresses at the same time the author's meaning as nearly as the genius of the English tongue allows. Had Victor Hugo intended to convey the idea of "*The Laughing Man*," or, in fact, of a voluntary laughter, he would have called his book "*Le Rieur*," or "*L'Homme Rieur*," just as in his own language the laughing hyena is called *l'hyène rieuse*, and not *l'hyène qui rit*. "The Laughing Man" cannot be correctly rendered into French by *l'Homme qui rit; l'homme qui rit* is "The Man who Laughs," and nothing else.

Another point may be noticed. The hurry, consequent on the peculiar agreement between the publishers in Paris and in this city, has given rise to an error, more curious perhaps than important. The fifth chapter of Book I., Part I., is headed "Human Intervention," though the proper, and far more significant heading is "The Tree of Human Invention." The mistake arose thus: The translation was made from slips forwarded hither by mail; and the title of this particular chapter was so torn in transmission, that the imperfect phrase ". . . *vention Humaine*" was alone legible. A filling-up was requisite immediately, and the term "Human Intervention" was adopted at a guess.

The careful and critical reader will find occasional errors in history and geography, and not a few in Victor Hugo's English nomenclature. These have not been unobserved; but the translator does not deem it his duty to correct them.

PREFACE.

In England all is great, even that which is not good, even oligarchy. The English patriciate is the patriciate in the precise meaning of the word. No feudality more illustrious, more terrible, and more full of life. We may remark, also, that this feudality has been useful in its time. It is in England that this phenomenon, nobility, ought to be studied, just as it is in France that we ought to study this phenomenon, royalty.

The true title of this book might have been *Aristocracy*. Another book, which will follow, may be entitled *Monarchy*. And these two books—if it is permitted to the author to complete this labor—will precede and lead to another, which will be called *Ninety-Three*.

Hauteville-House, 1869.

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PRELIMINARY CHAPTERS.

I.—URSUS.

I.

Ursus and Homo were fast friends. Ursus was a man; Homo was a wolf. Their dispositions were congenial. It was the man who had christened the wolf. Probably he had also chosen the name; having found *Ursus* good for himself, he had found *Homo* good for the beast. The association of this man and this wolf was profitable at fairs, at parish festivals, at the corners of streets where passers-by gather together, and wherever the people give way to their need of listening to nonsense and buying orvietan. This wolf, docile, and submissive with a good grace, was acceptable to the crowd. It is a pleasant thing to note the effect of taming. We take supreme delight in seeing all varieties of domestication. It is for this reason that so many persons watch the progress of royal processions.

Ursus and Homo went from square to square, from the public places of Canterbury to the public places of Glasgow, from county to county, from town to town. One market exhausted, they passed on to another. Ursus lived in a crib upon wheels, which Homo, sufficiently civilized, drew by day and guarded by night. When the road was difficult, in going up-hill, when there were too many ruts and too much mud, the man buckled the strap to his neck, and tugged away fraternally, side by side with the wolf. In this fashion they had grown old together. They camped out, according to chance, on a bit of waste ground, at the intersection of crossing roads, at the approach to a hamlet, at the gates of market-towns, in the market-places, in the public malls, on the skirts of a park, on the space before a church. When the tilted cart stopped in some field where a fair was held, when the gossiping old women hurried up open-mouthed, when the cockneys drew round them in a circle, Ursus speechified and Homo approved. Homo, with a wooden bowl in his jaws, politely made a collection. They gained their livelihood. The wolf was lettered, and the man too. The wolf had been trained by the man, or had trained himself alone, to various pretty wolfine ways that augmented their receipts. "Above all things," said his friend to him, "don't degenerate into man!"

The wolf never bit, the man did bite sometimes. Ursus, at least, had the pretension of biting. He was a misanthrope, and, by way of making his misanthropy conspicuous, he had become a juggler. For means of living also, as the stomach imposes its conditions. Furthermore, this misanthropical juggler, whether to complicate or to complete his acquirements, was a doctor. A doctor—that's not much; Ursus was a ventriloquist. He was seen to speak

without movement of the lips. He borrowed, so as to mislead any one, the accent and pronunciation of the first comer; he imitated voices, so that one thought the very persons were speaking. By himself alone, he gave out the breathing and murmur of a crowd, which justified him in taking the title of *Engastrimythe.* He took it. He imitated all sorts of birds' cries, the thrush, the reed-bird, the chirping lark, the white-breasted blackbird, all ramblers like himself, so that, by instants, he made you listen, at his option, either to some public resort, filled with the hum of human noises, or to a meadow filled with the chant of birds; now stormy as a multitude, now playful and serene as the dawn. However, this peculiar talent, though rare, does exist. In the last century, a man named Touzel, who imitated the mingled clamor of men and of animals, and who reproduced all the cries of beasts, was attached to the person of Buffon, as though himself a menagerie. Ursus was sharp and inquisitive, having more in him than appeared, and was prone to those peculiar explanations that we call fables. This boldness was a part of his roguery. He examined the hand of certain persons, or took hold of books at hap-hazard, and drew conclusions, predicted fortunes, taught that it is dangerous to meet a black mare, and more dangerous still to hear one's self called, at the moment of setting out upon a journey, by some one who does not know where you are going; and he entitled himself a "dealer in superstition." He said: "There is this difference between the Archbishop of Canterbury and myself: for my part, I speak out plainly." Thus it was that the archbishop, justly irritated, sent for him one day; but Ursus, adroit, disarmed his grace by reciting to him a sermon that he, Ursus, had made upon the holy day of Christmas, and which the archbishop, charmed by it, learned by heart, preached from the pulpit, and published as his own composition. In view of this, he forgave.

Ursus, being a doctor, effected cures, because or in spite of this fact. He practised in aromatics. He was versed in simples. He derived advantage from the immense power that there is in a heap of neglected plants, the hazel-tree, the medley-tree, the wayfaring-tree, the purging thorn, the sweet briony, the buckthorn. He treated consumption by sun-dew; he used for it the leaves of wart-wort, which torn downward are a purgative, and torn upward produce vomiting. He relieved you of a sore throat by means of a vegetable excrescence called jew's ear. He knew the sort of rushes that cure an ox, and the sort of mint that cures a horse. He was conversant with the beauties and the virtues of the herb mandragora, which, every one knows, is of masculine and feminine sex. He had receipts. He cured burns with salamander wool, whereof, according to Pliny, Nero owned a napkin. Ursus possessed a retort and a matrass; he dabbled in transmutation; he sold panaceas. It was said of him that he had formerly been for a while confined in Bedlam; they had done him the honor to take him for a madman, but they had let him go, perceiving that he was only a poet. This story, probably, was not true; we have, all of us, to undergo some such imputations.

The truth is, that Ursus was a pedantic scholar, a man of taste, and an old Latin poet. He was learned in two ways: he Hippocratized and he Pindarized. He might have competed in fustian with Rapin and Veda. He would have composed jesuitical tragedies in a style not less triumphant than Father Bonhours. From his familiarity with venerable rhythms and antique metres, it resulted that he had his own peculiar

images, and a whole cloud of classic metaphors. He said of a mother, preceded by her two daughters, "This is a dactyl;" of a father, followed by his two sons, "This is an anapæst;" and of a little child, walking between its grandfather and grandmother, "This is an amphimacer." So much science could only result in starvation. The school of Salerno said: "Eat little and often!" Ursus eat little and seldom, obeying thus one-half the precept, and disobeying the other half; but this was the fault of the public, which did not always flock round him, and did not purchase frequently. Ursus used to say: "The expectoration of a sentence is a solace. The wolf is consoled by howling, the sheep by its wool, the forest by its warblers, woman by love, and the philosopher by epiphonema." Ursus, at need, manufactured comedies, that he played—after a fashion; this aids in disposing of drugs. He had, among other works, composed an heroic pastoral in honor of Sir Hugh Middleton, who, in 1698, transported a river to London. This river was tranquil in the county of Hertford, sixty miles off. Sir Hugh Middleton came and took it. He brought with him a brigade of six hundred men armed with shovels and pickaxes; set himself to shaking up the earth, hollowing it here, throwing it up there, sometimes twenty feet high, sometimes thirty feet deep; made wooden aqueducts in the air, and in this place and that eight hundred bridges, of stone, of brick, of joists; and, one fine morning, the river entered into London, which lacked water. Ursus transformed all these vulgar details into a fine eclogue between the stream Thames and the river Serpentine; the stream invited the river to come to him, and offered her his bed, and said to her: "I am too old to please the women, but I am sufficiently rich to pay them"—an ingenious and gallant mode of expressing that Sir Hugh Middleton had executed all these works at his own expense.

Ursus was remarkable in a soliloquy. In look, morose at once and garrulous, having no desire to see any one, and craving to address some one, he got out of the difficulty by speaking to himself. Whoever has lived alone knows to what extent the monologue is natural. There is an itching in language repressed. To harangue space is an issue for it. To speak aloud, and all alone, has the effect of a dialogue with the god that one has within one's self. This, it is well known, was the custom of Socrates. He harangued himself; the same with Luther. Ursus was akin to these great men. He had this hermaphroditic faculty of being his own audience. He made inquiries of himself, and responded; he glorified and he insulted himself. His monologue in his crib might be heard from the street. Passers-by, who have their own special manner of appreciating clever fellows, said of him: "He is an idiot." He insulted himself sometimes, as we have just remarked; but he had also his periods for doing himself justice. One day, in one of his self-addressed allocutions, he was heard to exclaim: "I have studied vegetable life in all its mysteries, in the stem, in the bud, in the sepal, in the petal, in the stamen, in the carpel, in the ovule, in the urn, in the conceptacle, and in the thalamus. I have fully probed chromatics, and osmosis, and chymosium, that is to say, the formation of color, of smell, and of taste." There was, without doubt, some foolishness in this certificate that Ursus delivered to Ursus; but let those who have not fully probed chromatics, and osmosis, and chymosium, cast at him the first stone.

Fortunately, Ursus never went into the Netherlands. They would certainly have desired to weigh him there, to as-

certain whether he was of the normal weight, above or below which a man is a sorcerer. This weight, in Holland, was wisely fixed by the law. Nothing could be more simple and more ingenious. It was a verification. You were placed in wooden scales, and the evidence was conclusive if you disturbed the equilibrium: too heavy, you were hanged; too light, you were burned. There are still to be seen, at Oudewater, the scales for weighing sorcerers, but they serve now for weighing cheese, so much has religion degenerated! Ursus would certainly have had a crow to pluck with them. In his journeyings he avoided Holland, and he did well. In fact, we believe that he never went out of Great Britain.

Be that as it may, being very poor and very proud, and having made the acquaintance of Homo in a forest, a taste for wandering life came upon him. He had taken this wolf in as a sleeping partner, and he had taken the road with him, living, in the open air, the grand life of chance. He had much industry, and many by-ends, and great skill in all things connected with curing, operating, getting people out of their maladies, and accomplishing most wonderful specialties; he was considered a good mountebank and a good doctor; he passed also, one may understand, for a magician—in a moderate way, not too much of it—for in those days it was not wholesome to be set down as one of the devil's friends. To tell the truth, Ursus, by his passion for pharmacy and love of plants, exposed himself to danger—considering how often he went to gather herbs in the tangled thickets, where are Lucifer's salads, and where one risks, as has been attested by the Councillor De l'Ancre, meeting in the mist of the evening a man who rises out of the ground, "blind of his right eye, without cloak, a sword at his side, feet naked and unshod." Ursus, nevertheless, although queer in his conduct and temperament, was too sensible a man to draw down or keep off a hail-storm; to cause faces to appear; to kill a man with the torment of too much dancing; to suggest dreams pleasant, or sad and full of terrors; to cause the hatching of a four-winged cock. He did not pretend to these sorry tricks. He was incapable of certain abominations; as, for example, of speaking German, or Hebrew, or Greek, without having learned it, which is an indication of most execrable wickedness, or of a natural malady growing out of some melancholy caprice. If Ursus spoke Latin, it was because he knew it. He would never have allowed himself to speak Syriac, seeing that he knew it not; besides, it is averred that Syriac is the language of the witches' night assemblies. In medicine, he properly preferred Galen to Cardan—Cardan, all learned man that he is, being only an earthworm in comparison with Galen.

To sum up, Ursus was not a personage molested by the police. His crib was sufficiently long and sufficiently broad, so that he could lie down there on a chest that contained his not oversumptuous wardrobe. He owned a lantern, several wigs, and various utensils hung up from nails, and among them some musical instruments. He possessed also a bear-skin, with which he covered himself on the days of a grand performance, calling this the putting on his costume. He said: "I have two skins; this is the true one," and he pointed to the skin of the bear. The crib on wheels belonged to him and the wolf. In addition to his crib, his horn, and his wolf, he had a flute and a *viol di gamba*, and he played agreeably upon them. He manufactured his own elixirs. He wrought out of his talents enough to bring him an occasional supper. There was in the roof of his crib a hole,

through which passed the pipe of a casting-stove alongside of his chest. This stove had two compartments. Ursus cooked up his alchemy in one, and his potatoes in the other. At night, the wolf slept under the crib, chained up in a friendly way. Homo had black hair, and Ursus gray hair. Ursus was fifty years old, if he were not sixty. His acceptance of human destiny was such, that he eat, as is perceived, potatoes—filthy food, upon which at that period swine and convicts were fed. He eat this, indignant, yet resigned. He was not tall, he was long. He was bent, and gloomy. The bowed-down figure of the old man—this is the subsidence of life. Nature had designed him to be sad. It was difficult for him to smile, and it had always been impossible for him to weep. He lacked the consolation of tears, and the palliative of joy. An aged man is a thinking ruin; Ursus was that ruin. A charlatan's loquacity, a prophet's leanness, the irascibility of a mine that is charged—such was Ursus. In his youth he had been a philosopher at the home of a lord.

This passed, a hundred and eighty years ago, in the days when men were a little more like wolves than they are at present.

Not much more.

II.

Homo was not the first wolf that came to hand. From his appetite for medlars and apples, one would have taken him for a prairie wolf; from the deep color of his hair, one would have taken him for a lycaon; and from his howling toned down to a bark, one would have taken him for a Chilian dog; but the pupil of this animal's iris has not yet been so accurately observed, as to make it certain that he is not a fox, and Homo was a thorough wolf. His length was five feet, which is extreme length for a wolf, even in Lithuania. He was very powerful; he squinted, which was not his fault; he had a soft tongue, with which he sometimes licked Ursus; he had a stiff tuft of short black hair upon his backbone, and he was lean as any beast of the forest. Before making acquaintance with Ursus, and having a cart to drag, he did easily his forty leagues in a night. Ursus, falling in with him in a thicket, near a stream of running water, had taken a fancy to him, on seeing him fish for crawfish knowingly and prudently, and had welcomed in him an honest and genuine Koupava wolf, of the same kind as the crab-eating dog.

Ursus preferred Homo, as a beast of burden, to an ass. To make an ass draw his crib would have been repulsive to him; he set too high a value upon the ass for that. Besides, he had remarked that the ass, a four-footed thinker, little understood of men, has sometimes an unquiet pricking up of the ears, when philosophers say foolish things. In life, between our thoughts and ourselves, an ass is a third party; this is annoying. As a friend, Ursus preferred Homo to a dog, believing that the wolf's approach to friendliness is from a greater distance.

This is why Homo sufficed to Ursus. Homo was for Ursus more than a companion; he was an analogue. Ursus tapped him on his lean flanks with the remark: "I have found my second volume."

He said furthermore: "When I am dead, whoever desires to know me, will only have to study Homo. I shall leave him after me as my exact copy."

The English law, by no means tender toward the beasts of the forest, might have taken offence at this wolf, and have found fault with him for his impudence in going familiarly into

towns; but Homo took advantage of the immunity accorded by a statute of Edward IV., touching "domestics:" "Every domestic following his master shall be allowed to come and go freely." A certain relaxing as regards wolves had also resulted from a fashion among court-ladies, under the later Stuarts, that of having little Tartar foxes called Adives, no bigger than cats, which they had brought for them from Asia at heavy expense.

Ursus had communicated to Homo a portion of his talents, the standing upright, the tempering his rage into ill-humor, the grumbling in place of howling, etc.; and, on his part, the wolf had taught the man what he knew, the dispensing with a home, the dispensing with bread, the dispensing with fire, the preference of hunger in a wood to slavery in a palace.

The crib, a sort of cabin-carriage that followed the most varied itinerary, without however going out of England and Scotland, had four wheels, plus shafts for the wolf, and a swing-bar for the man. This swing-bar was a provision against bad roads. The carriage was solid, though constructed of light planks. It had, in front, a glass door, with a little balcony used for harangues—a tribune modified from a pulpit—and, in the rear, a full door pierced with a window. The lowering of steps—there were three of them—turning on a hinge and arranged behind the windowed door, gave entrance into the crib, well secured at night with bolts and locks. It had been much rained upon and snowed upon. It had been painted; but it were hard to say of what color, the changes of the seasons being for tilted carts what changes in a reign are for courtiers. In front, outside, upon a sort of deal-board frontispiece, one might formerly have deciphered this inscription in black letters upon a white ground, that had become by degrees confounded and mixed:

"Gold loses annually by friction one fourteen-hundredth of its bulk; this is what is called the wear and tear: thence it follows that, out of fourteen hundred millions of gold circulating throughout all the world, every year one million is lost. This million of gold goes off in dust, flies away, floats, is an atom, becomes breathable, loads, doses, burdens, and impairs the conscience, and amalgamates itself with the soul of the rich, which it renders proud, and with the soul of the poor, which it renders savage."

This inscription, effaced and erased by rain and by the goodness of Providence, was fortunately illegible; for it is probable that, being at once enigmatical and transparent, this philosophy of gold inhaled would not have suited the taste of sheriffs, provosts, and other wig-bearers of the law. English legislation at that time did not stand upon trifles. It was easy to be a felon. The magistrates showed themselves traditionally ferocious, and cruelty was the order of the day. Inquisitorial judges were multiplied. Jeffreys had left offspring.

III.

Withinside the crib there were two other inscriptions. Above the chest, on the whitewashed partition of planks, might be read what follows, written in ink and by hand:

"The Only Things That It Is Important To Know.

"The baron peer of England has a circlet with six pearls.

"The coronet begins with the viscount.

"The viscount has a coronet of pearls not numbered; the earl, a coronet of pearls on spikes intermixed with strawberry-leaves lower down;

the marquis, pearls and leaves of equal height; the duke, gems without pearls; the royal duke, a circlet of a cross and *fleurs-de-lys;* the Prince of Wales, a crown like that of the king, but not closed.

"The duke is most high and most mighty prince; the marquis and the earl, most noble and mighty lord; the baron, simply lord.

"The duke is your grace, the other peers are your lordships.

"The peers are inviolable.

"The lords are chamber and court, *concilium et curia*, legislature and justice.

"'Most honorable' is more than 'right honorable.'

"The lords peers are qualified 'lords by right;' the lords not peers are 'lords by courtesy.' The only lords are those who are peers.

"The lord never takes an oath, neither before the king, nor in court of law. His word is enough. He says: 'Upon my honor.'

"The Commons, who are the people, summoned to the bar of the Lords, present themselves there humbly, heads bare, before the peers who are covered.

"The Commons send up their bills to the Lords by forty members, who present the bill with three low bows.

"The Lords send their bills to the Commons by a simple clerk.

"In case of disagreement, the two Chambers confer in the painted chamber, the Peers seated and wearing their hats, the Commons standing up and uncovered.

"By a law of Edward VI., the lords have the privilege of simple homicide. A lord who only kills a man is not prosecuted.

"The barons have the same rank as the bishops.

"To be baron peer, one must hold of the king by *baroniam integram*, by barony entire.

"The barony entire is composed of thirteen fiefs noble and one quartering, each fief noble being of twenty pounds sterling, which amounts to four hundred marks.

"The chief thing in the barony, *caput baroniæ*, is a country seat, hereditarily governed, as England herself is; that is to say, incapable of being vested in daughters save in default of male children, and in this case going to the eldest daughter, *cæteris filiabus aliunda satisfactis.**

"The barons have the title of *lord* from the Saxon *laford*, from the old Latin *dominus*, and from the lower Latin *lordus.*

"The elder and younger sons of viscounts and barons are the first esquires of the kingdom.

"The eldest sons of peers take precedence over knights of the Garter; the younger sons do not.

"The eldest son of a viscount walks behind all the barons, and before all the baronets.

"Every daughter of a lord is *lady.* Other English girls are *miss.*

"All the judges are inferior to the peers. The sergeant has a hood of lamb's skin; the judge has a hood of minever, *de minuto vario*, a mixture of small white furs of all sorts except ermine. Ermine is reserved for peers and for the king.

"A *supplicavit* cannot be granted against a lord.

"A lord cannot be kept in prison—except in the Tower of London.

"A lord summoned to the king's abode has the right to kill a stag or two in the royal park.

"The lord holds in his chateau a baronial court.

"It is unworthy of a lord to go into the streets, in a cloak, followed by two

* "Which is the same as saying: 'One provides for the other girls as one can.'" (Note, by Ursus, on the edge of the wall.)

lackeys. He can only show himself with a large train of gentlemen of his household.

"The peers go to the Parliament-house in carriages, in file; the commons do not. Some peers go to Westminster in inverted chairs upon four wheels. The form of these chairs, and of their emblazoned and coronetted vehicles, is only allowed to the lords, and constitutes one of their privileges.

"A lord can only be condemned to a fine by his peers, and never to more than five shillings' fine—except a duke, who may be condemned to ten.

"A lord may have in his household six foreigners. Every other Englishman can only have four.

"A lord may have eight casks of wine, without paying duty.

"The lord alone is exempted from presenting himself before the sheriff on circuit.

"The lord cannot be taxed for the militia.

"When a lord is so pleased, he raises a regiment, and presents it to the king; thus do their graces the Duke of Athol, the Duke of Hamilton, and the Duke of Northumberland.

"The lord holds only of lords.

"In a civil process, he may claim reference of the cause to another court, if there be not at least a knight among the judges.

"The lord appoints his own chaplains.

"A baron appoints three chaplains; a viscount four; an earl and a marquis five; a duke six.

"The lord cannot be put to the torture, even for high-treason.

"The lord cannot be branded on the hand.

"The lord is clerk, even when he knows not how to read. He knows it of right.

"A duke has a canopy carried with him wherever the king is not present; a viscount has a canopy in his house. A baron has one in readiness, and lets it be within his reach when he drinks; a baroness has the right to have her train borne by a man, when in presence of a viscountess.

"Eighty-six lords, or eldest sons of lords, preside at eighty-six tables of five hundred covers each, which are served every day to his Majesty in his palace, at the expense of the country surrounding the royal residence.

"A plebeian, who strikes a lord, has his wrist cut off.

"The lord is almost king.

"The king is almost God.

"The world is a lordship.

"The English address God as *my lord*."

Opposite this inscription, a second one might be read, written in the same style. Here it is:

"Consolations That Ought To Suffice For Those Who Have Nothing.

"Henry Auderquerque, Earl of Grantham, who sits in the House of Lords between the Earl of Jersey and the Earl of Greenwich, has an income of one hundred thousand pounds. It is to his lordship that the palace of Grantham Terrace belongs, built all of marble, and famous for what is called the labyrinth of corridors, which is a curiosity. There is in it the carnation corridor in Sarancolin marble, the brown corridor in Astracan lumachel, the white corridor in Lani marble, the black corridor in Alabanda marble, the gray corridor in Staremma marble, the yellow corridor in marble from Hesse, the green corridor in marble from the Tyrol, the red corridor half in Bohemian griotte, and half in Cordovan lumachel, the blue corridor in turquin from Genoa, the violet corridor in Catalonian granite, the mourning corridor, veined in black and white, in Murviedro schist, the rose corridor in cipolin from the

Alps, the pearl corridor in Nonetta lumachel, and the corridor of all colors, called the courtiers' corridor, in harlequin braccio.

"Richard Lowther, Viscount Lonsdale, owns Lowther in Westmoreland, which is sumptuous in its approaches, and the door-steps of which appear to invite kings to enter.

"Richard, Earl of Scarborough, Viscount and Baron Lumley, Viscount of Waterford in Ireland, Lord-Lieutenant and Vice-Admiral of the county of Northumberland, and of Durham city and county, owns the double castle of Stansted, the ancient and the modern; where may be admired a superb railing in a half circle, surrounding a basin of water with an incomparable jet. He has, in addition, his chateau at Lumley.

"Robert Darcy, Earl of Holderness, has his domain of Holderness, with baronial towers, and gardens of immense extent in the French style, where he takes the air in a carriage with six horses, preceded by two outriders, as befits an English peer.

"Charles Beauclerk, Duke of St. Albans, Earl of Burford, Baron Haddington, Grand Falconer of England, has a residence at Windsor, a royal one, and near to that of the king.

"Charles Bodville, Lord Robartes, Baron Truro, Viscount Bodmin, owns Wimple, in Cambridgeshire, which is made up of three palaces with three pedimented fronts, one arched and two triple-angled. The approach is through a quadruple avenue of trees.

"The most noble and most mighty lord, Philip Herbert, Viscount of Cardiff, Earl of Montgomery, Earl of Pembroke, peer and lord of Candall, Marmion, St. Quentin, and Churland, Warden of the Stanneries in the counties of Cornwall and Devon, Hereditary Visitor of Jesus College, owns the marvellous garden of Wilton, where there are two water-basins with wheat-sheaf jets, finer than any at Versailles, of the most Christian king Louis XIV.

"Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset, has Somerset House on the Thames, which equals the Villa Pamphili at Rome. There may be seen, upon the grand chimney-piece, two porcelain vases of the dynasty of the Yuens, which are worth half a million in French money.

"In Yorkshire, Arthur, Lord Ingram, Viscount Irwin, has Temple-Newsham, where you enter by a triumphal arch, and where the broad flat roofs resemble Moorish terraces.

"Robert, Lord Torrens of Chartley, Bourchier, and Lorraine, has, in Leicestershire, Staunton-Harold, where the park, geometrically laid out, has the form of a temple with a pediment; and the large church, with square bell tower, in front of the sheet of water, is also his lordship's.

"In the county of Northampton, Charles Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, one of his Majesty's privy council, possesses Althorp, where you enter through a railing with four pillars, surmounted by groups in marble.

"Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, has, in Surrey, New-Park, magnificent with its sculptured blocking-course, its circular lawn surrounded by trees, and its woods, at the end of which is a little mountain artistically rounded, and crowned with a towering oak visible a long way off.

"Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, owns Bretby, in Derbyshire, which has a superb clock-tower, falconries, warrens, and very beautiful sheets of water, oblong, square, and oval, with two jets of great height.

"Lord Cornwallis, Baron of Eye, has Brome Hall, which is a palace of the fourteenth century.

"The most noble Algernon Capel, Viscount Malden, Earl of Essex, owns Cashiobury, in Hertfordshire, a chateau

that has the form of a capital H, and where there are preserves well stocked with game.

"Charles, Lord Ossulstone, has Dawly, in Middlesex, which one reaches through Italian gardens.

"James Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, at seven leagues' distance from London, has Hatfield House, with its four seigniorial pavilions, its belfry in the centre, and its court of honor, flagged in white and black, like that of St. Germain. This palace, which has a frontage of two hundred and seventy-two feet, was built under James I., by the lord high treasurer, who is the great-grandfather of the living earl. There may be seen the bed of a Countess of Salisbury, of inestimable value, entirely made of a Brazilian wood that is a panacea against the bite of serpents, and that is called *milhombres*, which means *a thousand men*. Upon this bed is written, in letters of gold: '*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

"Edward Rich, Earl of Warwick and Holland, has Warwick Castle, where they burn whole oak-trees in the fireplaces.

"In the parish of Seven Oaks, Charles Sackville, Baron Buckhurst, Viscount Cranfield, Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, has Knowle, which is as large as a town, and which is composed of three parallel palaces, one behind the other, like lines of infantry, with ten spiral gables on the principal façade, and an entrance beneath a donjon-keep with four turrets.

"Thomas Thynne, Viscount Weymouth, Baron Varminster, possesses Long-Leate, which has almost as many chimneys, lanterns, alcoves, pepper-casters, pavilions, and turrets, as Chambord, in France, belonging to the king.

"Henry Howard, Earl of Suffolk, has, at a dozen leagues from London, the palace of Audley-End, in Middlesex, which scarcely yields in vastness and majesty to the Escurial of the King of Spain.

"In Bedfordshire, Wrest-House-and-Park, which is a whole country enclosed within ditches and walls, with woods, rivers, and hills, belongs to Henry, Marquis of Kent.

"Hampton Court, in Herefordshire, with its strongly-battlemented donjon, and its garden barred in by a sheet of water that separates it from the forest, is the property of Thomas, Lord Coningsby.

"Grimsthorp, in Lincolnshire, with its long façade divided by lofty turrets in impalements, its parks, its fish-ponds, its pheasantries, its sheepfolds, its bowling-greens, its quincunxes, its malls, its woods of old trees, its pastures bordered, quadrilled, and lozenged with flowers, so as to resemble vast carpets, its race-grounds, and the majesty of the sweep in which carriages turn before entering to the chateau, belongs to Robert, Earl Lindsay, hereditary lord of the forest of Walham.

"Up-Park, in Sussex, a chateau of square form, with two symmetrical belfry-pavilions on the two sides of the court of honor, is owned by the right honorable Ford, Lord Grey, Viscount Glendale, and Earl of Tankerville.

"Newnham-Padox, in Warwickshire, which has two quadrangular fish-ponds, and a gable with glass on four sides, belongs to the Earl of Denbigh, who is also Count of Rheinselden in Germany.

"Wythame, in Berkshire, with its French garden, in which are cut four tunnels, and its grand crenellated tower with lofty battlements, is owned by Lord Montague, Earl of Abingdon, who has also Rycott, of which he is baron, and of which the principal door bears the device, *Virtus ariete fortior*.

"William Cavendish, Duke of Devonshire, has six country-seats, one of which is Chatsworth, an edifice of two stories, in the finest Greek style; his grace has also his mansion in London,

where there is a lion that turns his back on the king's palace.

"Viscount Kimalmeaky, who is Earl of Cork in Ireland, owns Burlington House in Piccadilly, with vast gardens that extend to the fields outside of London. He has also Chiswick, where there are nine magnificent main buildings. He has also Londesburgh, which is a new residence, by the side of an old palace.

"The Duke of Beaufort has Chelsea, containing two Gothic châteaux and one Florentine; he has also Badminton in Gloucestershire, which is a residence whence a number of avenues diverge after the manner of a star. The most noble and mighty prince, Henry Duke of Beaufort, is at the same time Marquis and Earl of Worcester, Baron Raglan, Baron Power, and Baron Herbert of Chepstow.

"John Holles, Duke of Newcastle and Marquis of Clare, is owner of Bolsover, of which the square donjon-keep is majestic, besides Haughton in Nottinghamshire, where there is, in the centre of a basin, a circular pyramid in imitation of the Tower of Babel.

"William, Lord Craven, Baron Craven of Hampstead, has a residence in Warwickshire, Comb Abbey, where may be seen the finest jet of water in England; also, in Berkshire, two baronies—Hampstead-Marshall, the façade of which shows five connected Gothic lanterns, and Ashdowne Park, which is a mansion at the point of intersection of several cross-roads in a forest.

"Lord Linnæus Clancharlie, Baron Clancharlie and Hunkerville, Marquis of Corleone in Sicily, derives his peerage from the Castle of Clancharlie, erected in 914, by Edward the Elder, against the Danes; he has also Hunkerville House in London, which is a palace; also, at Windsor, Corleone Lodge, which is the same thing; also eight dependencies, one at Buxton on the Trent, with tolls upon the alabaster quarries; then Gumdraith, Homble, Moricambe, Trenwardraith, Hell-Kerters, where there is a marvellous well; Pillinmore and its peat-bogs, Reculver near the ancient town Vagniacœ, Vinecaunton on the mountain Moilembli; also nineteen market-towns and villages with bailiffs, and the whole country of Pens-neth-chase, which together bring in to his lordship a rent of forty thousand pounds sterling.

"The one hundred and seventy-two peers flourishing under James II. possess among them, in lump sum, an annual revenue of twelve hundred and seventy-two thousand pounds sterling, which is the eleventh part of the revenue of England."

On the margin, by this last name, Lord Linnæus Clancharlie, might be read this note in the handwriting of Ursus:

A rebel; in exile; goods, houses, and domains under sequestration. So much the better.

IV.

Ursus admired Homo. We admire that which is akin to us. This is a law.

To be always furious without outburst, this was the internal condition of Ursus; grumbling was his external condition. Ursus was the malcontent of creation. He was, in Nature, the one that gives rise to opposition. He took the universe in bad part. He gave no certificate of well-doing to any person or any thing. Making honey did not absolve the bee from stinging; a full-blown rose did not excuse the sun for the yellow fever and the black vomit. It is probable that within himself Ursus often criticised the Deity. He said: "Evidently, the devil is set on springs, and the mistake of God is in having pulled the trigger." He scarcely approved any

one but princes, and he had his own peculiar manner of applauding them. One day, when James II. presented a massive golden lamp to the Virgin of a Catholic chapel in Ireland, Ursus, who was passing by with Homo, more indifferent than he, broke forth into admiration before all the people, and exclaimed: "It is certain that the holy Virgin has much more need of a golden lamp, than these little barefooted children have of shoes."

Such proofs of his devotion, and the evidence of his respect for the established powers, contributed probably not a little to making the magistrates tolerate his vagabond existence and his misalliance with a wolf. Sometimes, in the evening, from a feeling of friendly weakness, he allowed Homo to stretch his limbs a little and wander at liberty around the cart.

The wolf was incapable of an abuse of confidence, and bore himself in society, that is to say among men, with the discretion of a poodle-dog. However, if they had had to do with ill-tempered constables, this might have given rise to inconvenience; therefore Ursus kept, so far as was possible, the honest wolf chained up. In a political point of view, his label about the gold, having become undecipherable and being otherwise scarcely intelligible, was nothing else than a daub upon the façade, and did not denounce him. Even after James II., and under the "respectable" reign of William and Mary, the little county-towns of England could see his cart prowling round about in peace. He travelled, without hinderance, from one end of Great Britain to the other, retailing his philters and his phials, enacting, in partnership with his wolf, his ambulant-doctor mummeries; and he passed with ease through the meshes of the nets spread by the police of that epoch all over England, for picking clean the migratory tribes, and specially for arresting the *Comprachicos* on their way.

And this was just. Ursus was of no tribe. Ursus lived with Ursus; *tête-à-tête* of himself with himself, into which a wolf poked his muzzle. The ambition of Ursus might have been to be a Carib; this unattainable, he was the personification of solitude. The recluse is a modified savage, accepted by civilization. The more one wanders, the more one is alone. Thence his perpetual shifting from place to place. To remain anywhere seemed to him the being tamed. He passed his life in passing on his way. The sight of towns redoubled in him his preference of brushwood, thickets, thorns, and holes in rocks. His home was the forest. He did not find himself much out of his element amid the hubbub of public places, which sufficiently resembles the murmur of trees. A crowd satisfies to some extent one's craving for the desert. That which worried him in his crib was that it had a door and windows, and looked like a house. He would have attained his ideal, if he could have put a cavern on four wheels, and travelled about in a cave.

He did not smile, as we have said; but he laughed sometimes; frequently even. It was a bitter laugh. There is something of content in the smile, whilst the laugh is often a refusal.

His grand business was to hate the human race. He was implacable in this hate. Having come to a definite conclusion that human life is a hideous affair, having remarked the superimposition of plagues—kings upon peoples, war upon kings, pestilence upon war, famine upon pestilence, stupidity upon every thing—having recognized a certain amount of chastisement in the mere fact of existence, having established that death is a deliverance, when they brought to him a sick man, he cured him. He had cordials and

beverages for prolonging the life of old persons. He set up on their feet cripples squatting in a wooden bowl, and threw at them this sarcasm: "There you are, upon your pins; may you walk for many a day, through the valley of tears!" When he saw a poor fellow dying of hunger, he gave him all the farthings he had about him, while growling out: "Live, miserable wretch! eat! last a long time yet! I am not the man to abridge your term in the convict prison!" After this, he rubbed his hands, and said: "I do men all the harm I can."

Passers-by, looking through the hole in the back window, could read on the roof of the crib this sign, written inside, but visible from without, and charcoaled in large letters: "URSUS, PHILOSOPHER."

II.—THE COMPRACHICOS.

I.

WHO is acquainted at this day with the word *Comprachicos*, and who knows what it means?

The *Comprachicos*, or *Comprapequeños*, were a hideous and strange nomadic affiliation, famous in the seventeenth century, forgotten in the eighteenth, unknown in our time. The Comprachicos are, like the "succession powder," an ancient and characteristic social mark. They form a part of the old human squalor. For the sweeping glance of history, which brings all into one view, the Comprachicos belong to the immense fact, slavery. Joseph, sold by his brethren, is a chapter of their story. The Comprachicos have left a trace in the penal legislations of Spain and of England. You find here and there, in the dark confusion of English laws, the pressure of this monstrous reality, as you find the footprint of the savage in a forest.

Comprachicos, as also Comprapequeños, is a compound Spanish word, which means the buyers of little ones.

The Comprachicos drove a traffic in children.

They bought them, and they sold them.

They did not steal them. Stealing children is another trade.

And what did they make of these children?

Monsters.

Why monsters?

For laughter's sake.

The people are bound to laugh; the rocks also. There must be the merry-andrew for the public cross-ways; there must be the buffoon for Louvres. The one is called Turlupin, the other Triboulet.

The efforts of man to procure himself distraction are sometimes worthy of the philosopher's attention.

What are we sketching in these few preliminary pages?—a chapter of the most terrible of books, of the book that might be entitled, *The Utilization of the Unfortunate by the Fortunate.*

II.

A CHILD destined to be a plaything for men—that has existed. (It exists still in this day.) At epochs artless and ferocious, this constitutes a special pursuit. The seventeenth century, called the great century, was one of these epochs. It was an age decidedly Byzantine; it was marked by a corrupted ingenuousness and a delicate ferocity, a curious variety of civilization. A tiger making pretty faces. Madame de Sévigné mincing, à propos of the stake and the wheel. This century did much in working-up children. Historians, flatterers of the period, have hidden the sore; but they have let us see the remedy—Vincent de Paul.

That the human rattle may succeed, it must be taken early in hand. The

dwarf ought to be little when he begins. They played on infancy. But a well-made infant is not very amusing. A hunchback is more gay.

Thence an art. There were bringers-up. They took a man, and they made an abortion; they took a face, and they made a snout. They bent down growth; they kneaded physiognomy. This artificial production of monstrosities had its rules. It was altogether a science. Let an orthopedist be imagined in the inverse sense. There, where God had placed vision, this art placed strabismus. There, where God has put harmony, they put deformity. There, where God has put perfection, they reëstablished the rough draft. And, in the eyes of connoisseurs, it was the rough draft that was perfect. There were equally tamperings with his work for animals. Piebald horses were invented. Turenne rode a piebald. Do we not, in our day, paint dogs in blue and in green? Nature is our canvas. Man has always desired to add something to God. Man retouches the creation, sometimes for good, sometimes for evil. The court buffoon was nothing else than an attempt to bring back man to the ape. Progress to the rear. Masterpieces going backward. At the same time, they tried to make the ape man. Barbe, Duchess of Cleveland and Countess of Southampton, had a monkey for her page. In the household of Frances Sutton, Baroness Dudley, eighth peeress on the barons' bench, tea was handed by a baboon dressed in gold brocade, that Lady Dudley called her negro. Catherine Sidley, Countess of Dorchester, went to a sitting of Parliament in a carriage bearing her coat-of-arms, behind which stood up, their muzzles in the air, three monkeys, in full livery. A Duchess of Medina-Cœli, whose levee was attended by a Cardinal, had her stockings put on by an orang-outang. These baboons, thus promoted, were a counterweight against brutalized and bestialized men. This promiscuousness between man and beast, willed by the great, was especially called into action through the dwarf and the dog. The dwarf never quitted the dog, that was always bigger than himself. The dog was the dwarf's pet. They were like two coupled links in a necklace. This juxtaposition is proved by a host of domestic monuments, notably by the portrait of Jeffroy Hudson, dwarf of Henriette of France, the daughter of Henry IV., the wife of Charles I.

To degrade man is equally to deform him. The suppression of his natural state was completed by disfiguring him. Certain vivisectors of those times had great success in effacing the divine stamp from the human countenance. Doctor Conquest, a member of the College in Amen Street, and a sworn inspector of the chemists' shops in London, has written a book in Latin on this perverted surgery, of which he gives the proceedings. If we may believe Jusens Carrick-Fergus, the inventor of this surgery was a monk named Aven-more, an Irish word that signifies great river.

The dwarf of the Elector Palatine, Perke, whose doll—or the ghost of it—jumps out of a box in the cavern of Heidelberg, was a remarkable illustration of this science, so varied in its applications.

Thus were beings made, whose law of existence was monstrously simple: permission to suffer, order to be amusing.

III.

This fabrication of monsters was practised on a large scale, and comprised divers sorts.

There must be some for the Sultan; there must be some for the Pope. For

the one, to help him guard his wives; for the other, to make his prayers. It was a style apart, unable to reproduce itself. These approaches to humanity were useful to voluptuousness and to religion. The seraglio and the Sistine Chapel put into requisition the same kind of monsters, here ferocious, there gentle.

They knew how, in those times, to produce things that are no more produced now; they had talents that we lack, and it is not without cause that smart fellows complain of our falling-off. Sculpture no longer knows how to work upon plain human flesh. This is because the art of corporal punishment is being lost. There were virtuosi in this branch; there are none now. The art has been simplified to such a point, that it will, perhaps, soon disappear entirely. In cutting off the limbs of living men, in opening their bellies, in taking out their bowels, one lighted on phenomena, one had his godsends; we must give that up, and we are deprived of the progress that the executioner was making in surgery.

This vivisection of other days was not limited to perfecting phenomena for the public resort, buffoons for the palace—a species of improvement upon the courtier—and eunuchs for sultans and popes. It abounded in variations. One of its triumphs was the making a cock for the King of England.

It was the custom, in the English king's palace, that there should be a sort of nocturnal man, who could crow like a cock. This watcher, up while others slept, prowled round the palace, and uttered, from hour to hour, this cry of the poultry-yard, repeated as often as was needed for supplying the place of a clock. This man, promoted to be a cock, had for this purpose undergone, in childhood, an operation on the pharynx, which was a portion of the art described by Dr. Conquest. Under Charles II., the salivation resulting from the operation having disgusted the Duchess of Portsmouth, the office was kept up, so as not to diminish the lustre of the crown, but a man not mutilated was made to do the crowing. For this employment a veteran officer was usually selected. Under James II., this functionary called himself William Sampson Cock, and received annually, for his crowing, nine pounds two shillings and sixpence.*

Scarcely a hundred years ago, as the memoirs of Catherine II. tell us, when the Czar or Czarina was displeased with any Russian prince, the prince was made to cower down in the grand antechamber of the palace, and remained in this posture an appointed number of days, mewing, by order, like a cat, or clucking like a hen that is sitting, and pecking at his food on the floor.

These modes are out of fashion—less, however, than one supposes. To-day, the courtiers, who cluck to please, modify a little their intonation. More than one picks up from the ground—we do not say from the mud—what he eats.

It is very fortunate that kings cannot deceive themselves. In this way their contradictions never embarrass them. Approving unceasingly, one is sure to be always right—which is pleasant. Louis XIV. would not have liked to see at Versailles either an officer playing the cock, or a prince playing the turkey. What enhanced the royal and imperial dignity in England and in Russia would have seemed to Louis the Great incompatible with the crown of St. Louis. His annoyance is well known when Madame Henriette, one night, so far forgot herself as to see a hen in a dream, in fact a grave breach of etiquette for a person of the court. When one belongs to the lofty, one ought not to dream of the lowly. Bossuet, it will

* See Dr. Chamberlayne's "Present Condition of England," 1688, 1st part, chap. xiii., p. 179.

be remembered, like Louis XIV., thought it scandalous.

IV.

The trade in children, during the seventeenth century, was made complete, as we have just explained, by a craft. The Comprachicos followed this trade and practised this craft. They bought children, worked up a little this first material, and presently sold it again.

The sellers were of every kind, from the miserable father getting rid of his family, to the master utilizing his stud of slaves. Selling men was a very simple affair. In our day, one is punished for maintaining this right. It may be remembered that, less than a century ago, the Elector of Hesse sold his subjects to the King of England, who wanted men for killing in America. They went to the Elector of Hesse as to a butcher to buy meat. The Elector of Hesse kept gun-flesh. This prince hung up his subjects on nails in his shop. Bargain! they are for sale. In England, under Jeffreys, after the tragical adventure of Monmouth, many a lord and gentleman was decapitated and quartered. These victims left wives and daughters—widows and orphans, whom James II. presented to the queen his wife. The queen sold these ladies to William Penn. It is probable that this king had discount allowed him, and so much per cent. What is surprising is, not that James II. should have sold these women, but that William Penn should have bought them.

The bargain by Penn is excused or explained herein, that Penn, having a desert to sow with men, had need of women. The women were a part of his implements.

These ladies were a good thing for her gracious majesty the queen. The young ones brought a high price. One has the uncomfortable sense of a complicated scandal, in reflecting that Penn probably got the old duchesses very cheap.

The Comprachicos were called also the *Cheylas*, a Hindoo word that signifies the spoilers of child-nests.

For a long period, the Comprachicos only half hid themselves. There is, sometimes, in the social arrangement, a penumbra, not unfavorable to nefarious crafts; they keep themselves alive therein. We have witnessed in our day, in Spain, an affiliation of this sort, directed by the bandit Ramon Selles, last from 1834 to 1866, and keep for thirty years three provinces in a state of alarm, Valencia, Alicante, and Murcia.

Under the Stuarts, the Comprachicos were not in bad odor at court. At need, state-craft made use of them. They were, for James II., almost an *instrumentum regni*. It was the epoch when cumbersome and refractory families were thinned off, when dependants were cut short, when heirs were abruptly suppressed. Sometimes one branch was defrauded for the benefit of another. The Comprachicos had one talent—that for disfiguring—which recommended them politically. To disfigure is more advantageous than to kill. There was, in truth, the iron mask, but that was an awkward weapon. One can't people Europe with iron masks, whilst deformed mountebanks haunt the streets quite naturally. Besides, the mask of iron can be snatched off, and the masks of flesh cannot. Masking you forever with your own countenance—nothing is more ingenious. The Comprachicos worked up man as the Chinese work up a tree. They had secrets, as we have said; they had special dodges. This is a lost art. A certain fantastic stunting came from their hands. It was preposterous, but deep-set. They touched

up a little being with so much tact that its father would not recognize it. Et que méconnaîtrait l'œil même de son père, says Racine, with an error in his French. Sometimes they left the dorsal column straight, but they remade the face. They took the mark out of a child as one takes the mark out of a handkerchief. The progeny intended for jugglers had their joints dislocated in a scientific way. They might be said to be boned. This made gymnasts.

Not only did they take away from the child his countenance; they also deprived him of his memory. At least they took away all they could. The child was unconscious of the mutilation that he had undergone. This fearful surgery left a trace upon his face, not in his mind. At the best he could but remember that, one day, he had been seized by certain men, that he had gone to sleep, and that then he had been cured. Cured of what?—he did not know. Burnings with sulphur and incisions by steel—he could recall nothing. The Comprachicos, during the operation, deadened the little patient by means of a stupefying powder that passed for magical, and that suppressed pain. This powder has been always known in China, and is used there to this day. China has had, before us, all our inventions—printing, artillery, aërostation, chloroform. Only, the discovery, that in Europe springs at once into life and growth, remains in embryo in China, and though preserved is dead. China is a glass bottle for a fœtus.

As we are in China, let us stay there a moment, for certain details. In China, from time immemorial, ingenuity and handicraft have been applied to this matter: namely, the moulding of the living man. They take a child of two or three years old, and put it into a porcelain vase, more or less quaint, but without lid or bottom, so that the head and the feet are exposed. In the daytime the vase is kept upright; at night it is lain on its side, so that the child may sleep. Thus the child grows bigger without growing taller, filling up the embossments of the vase with its compressed flesh and twisted bones. This growth in the bottle lasts for several years. At a given period it is without remedy. When it is decided that the mould has taken, and that the monster is made, they break the vase, the child comes out from it, and they have a man with the form of a pot.

It is convenient; one can order one's dwarf beforehand, of any desired shape.

V.

James II. tolerated the Comprachicos; and for good reason—he made use of them. At least this happened to him more than once. One does not always disdain what one despises. Such lower calling, excellent expedient sometimes for the higher calling that is termed politics, was voluntarily left miserable, but was not persecuted. No superintendence, but a certain attention. It might be useful. The law shut one eye; the king opened another.

Sometimes the king went so far as to avow his complicity. Such is the effrontery of monarchical terrorism. The disfigured object was *fleur-de-lysed;* the mark of God was removed, and the mark of the king put on. Jacob Astley, knight and baronet, lord of the manor of Melton, constable of the county of Norfolk, had in his family a child that had been sold, on whose forehead the vendue-master had imprinted, with a hot iron, a *fleur-de-lys.* In certain cases, if it were desirable from any cause to establish the royal origin of the child's newly-made condition, this method was employed. England has always done us the honor to utilize, for personal objects, the *fleur-de-lys.*

The Comprachicos—with the distinction that separates a calling from fanat-

icism—were analogous to the Thugs of India; they lived apart by themselves, in bands, with a dash of the mountebank, but for pretext. Moving about was thus easier for them. They camped here and there, but grave, religious, and—differing herein from all other nomads—incapable of theft. People have for a long time erroneously confounded them with the morris-dancers of Spain and the morris-dancers of China. The Spanish morris-dancers were coiners of false money; the Chinese morris-dancers were sharpers. Nothing of this sort with the Comprachicos. They were honest folk. One may think what one pleases of them, they were sometimes sincerely scrupulous. They pushed open a door, went in, bargained for a child, paid, and carried it off. This was done with all preciseness.

They were of all countries. Under this name, Comprachicos, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Castilians, Germans, and Italians, fraternized. One same thought, one same superstition, the following out the same trade in common, bring about these fusions. In this fraternity of vagabonds, Levantines represented the East, and seamen of the western coast of France represented the West. Many a Basque therein held dialogue with many an Irishman. The Basques and the Irish understand each other; they speak the same Punic jargon. Add to this the intimate relations of Catholic Ireland with Catholic Spain. Such relations ended in the hanging at London of a quasi-king of Ireland, the Welsh lord of Brany, which brought about the earldom of Leitrim.

The Comprachicos were rather an association than a tribe, rather a residue than an association. It was all the beggardom of the universe, having a crime for a calling. It was a sort of harlequin people, made up of all manner of rags. To take a man into it was to patch up a tatter.

To wander was the law of the Comprachicos' existence. To appear; then to disappear. He who is only tolerated takes no root. Even in kingdoms where their craft was a court purveyor, and, at need, an auxiliary of the royal power, they were at times and all at once treated harshly. Kings made use of their art, and sent the artists to the galleys. These inconsistencies are in the come-and-go of royal caprice. Such is our good pleasure.

Rolling stone and wandering industry gather no moss. The Comprachicos were poor. They might have said what the lean and tattered sorceress said, when she saw the torch lighted at the stake, "The game is not worth the candle." Possibly, probably even, their chiefs, remaining in the background, the wholesale adventurers in the trade in children, were rich. This point, after two centuries, it would be difficult to clear up.

It was, we have said, an affiliation. It had its laws, its oath, its formulas. It had almost its cabal. Whoever desires to learn much to-day concerning the Comprachicos, has only to go into Biscay and into Galicia. As there were many Basques among them, it is in these mountains that their legends remain. They still talk of the Comprachicos at this very hour at Oyazzun, at Urbistondo, at Leso, at Astigarraga. *Aguárdate, niño, que voy á llamar al comprachicos!** is still in that district the intimidating cry of mothers to their children.

The Comprachicos, like the Tchiganes and the gypsies, appointed meetings among themselves; from time to time their chiefs exchanged colloquies. There were, in the seventeenth century, four principal points of gathering. One was in Spain, the defile of Pancorbo; one in Germany, the glade

* "Take care, child, I am going to call the Comprachico!"

called the Bad Woman, near Dickirsch, where there are two enigmatical bas-reliefs, representing a woman who has a head, and a man who has none; one in France, the hillock whereon was the colossal statue *Massue-la-Promesse*, in the ancient sacred wood Borvo Tomona, near Bourbonne-les-Bains; one in England, behind the garden-wall of William Chaloner, Esquire, of Gisborough, at Cleveland, in Yorkshire, between the square tower and the main gable, pierced with an ogive door.

The laws against vagrants have always been very rigorous in England. England, in her Gothic legislation, seemed to inspire herself with this principle: *Homo errans ferâ errante pejor.* One of her special statutes describes the man without a home as "more dangerous than the asp, the dragon, the lynx, and the basilisk" (*atrocior aspide, dracone, lynce, et basilico*). England had for a long time the same solicitude about gypsies, of whom she desired to be rid, as about wolves, which she had swept away.

The English law, nevertheless, in the same way as it tolerated, as we have seen, the tamed and domesticated wolf, become in some sort a dog, tolerated the vagabond by profession, become a subject. They did not trouble the mountebank, nor the travelling barber, nor the physician, nor the pedlar, nor the out-of-doors man of science, seeing that these had a trade for their livelihood. Beyond this, and with very few exceptions, the sort of free man that there is in the wandering man gave disquietude to the law. A passer-by was a possible public enemy. That modern invention, sauntering, was unknown; all that was known was the old action, prowling round. The "bad look," that indescribable something that all the world comprehends and that nobody can define, sufficed for society's taking a man by the collar. "Where do you live?" "What do you do?" And, if he could not answer, rude penalties awaited him. Steel and fire were in the code. The law practised the cauterization of vagabondism.

Thence, throughout the English territory, a true "law for suspected persons," applied to trampers—willingly evil-doers, let us say—and especially to gypsies, whose expulsion has been erroneously compared to the expulsion of the Jews and the Moors from Spain, and of the Protestants from France. As for us, we do not confound a battue with a persecution.

The Comprachicos, let us insist upon it, had nothing in common with the gypsies. The gypsies were a nation; the Comprachicos were a compound of all nations; a residue, we have said; a horrible wash-hand basin of impure waters. The Comprachicos had not, like the gypsies, an idiom of their own; their jargon was a jumble of idioms; all languages intermingled made up their language; they spoke a gibberish. They had finished by being, as well as the gypsies, a people winding its way among peoples; but their common bond was affiliation, not race. At all the epochs of history, one can distinguish, in this vast liquid mass, that which is humanity, from the sluices of venomous men flowing apart, with something of poison all about them. The gypsies were a family; the Comprachicos were a freemasonry—a masonry having not a noble aim, but a hideous pursuit. Last point of difference, religion. The gypsies were pagans; the Comprachicos were Christians—and even good Christians, as becomes an association which, albeit compounded of all peoples, had taken its rise in Spain, a devout locality.

They were more than Christians, they were Catholics, they were more than Catholics, they were Romans; and so distrustful in their faith and so pure, that they refused to unite with

the Hungarian nomads of the comitat of Pesth, commanded and conducted by an old man who had for his sceptre a staff with a silver top, surmounted by the double-headed eagle of Austria. It is true that these Hungarians were schismatics to such a degree as to celebrate the Assumption on the 27th of August, which is an abomination.

In England, so long as the Stuarts reigned, the association of the Comprachicos was—we have let the motive be understood — almost patronized. James II., a devout man, who persecuted the Jews, and hunted down the gypsies, was a good prince for the Comprachicos. You have seen wherefore. The Comprachicos were buyers of the human commodity, in which the king was a dealer. The good of the state demanded an occasional disappearance. A troublesome heir, at an early age, whom they took and manipulated, lost his form. This made confiscations easy; the transfer of lordships to favorites was facilitated thereby. The Comprachicos were extremely discreet and very taciturn; they pledged themselves to silence, and kept their word, which is essential in state affairs. There was scarcely an instance of their having betrayed the king's secrets. This, it is true, was their own interest. And, if the king had lost confidence in them, they would have been greatly in danger. They were, therefore, a resource, in the political point of view. Besides, these artists supplied the Holy Father with singers. The Comprachicos were useful for Allegri's *Miserere*. They were particular devotees to Mary. All this was acceptable to the papism of the Stuarts. James II. could not be hostile to religious men, who pushed their devotion to the Virgin so far as to manufacture eunuchs. In 1688, there was a change of dynasty in England. Orange supplanted Stuart.

James II. went to die in exile, where miracles were wrought over his tomb, and where his relics cured the Bishop of Autun of a fistula—worthy recompense of this prince's Christian virtues.

William, not having the same views or the same practices as James, was severe with the Comprachicos. He set about crushing out these vermin with hearty good-will.

A statute of the early period of William and Mary hit hard this association of child-buyers. It was a terrible blow for the Comprachicos, henceforth ground to powder. By the terms of this statute, the men of this association, taken and duly convicted, were to be branded upon the shoulder with a hot iron imprinting an R, which stands for rogue, that is to say, beggar; upon the left hand a T, standing for thief, that is to say, robber; and upon the right hand an M, signifying man-slayer, that is to say, murderer. The chiefs, "presumed to be rich, though of beggarly aspect," were to be punished by the *collistrigium*, which is the pillory, and marked on the forehead with a P, besides having their possessions confiscated, and the trees of their woods rooted up. Those who failed to denounce the Comprachicos were to be punished by confiscation and perpetual imprisonment, as for the crime of misprision. As for the women found among these men, they were to undergo the "cucking-stool," which is a trap, the name of which, composed of the French word *coquine* and the German word *stuhl*, has an indecent signification. English law being gifted with a strange longevity, this punishment still stands on record for "quarrelsome women." The cucking-stool is suspended over a river or pond; the culprit is seated thereon, and is then allowed to tumble into the water; then she is drawn out; and this ducking of the woman is recommenced three times, "to refresh her anger," says the commentator Chamberlayne.

PART I.

SEA AND NIGHT.

PART FIRST.

SEA AND NIGHT.

BOOK I.

NIGHT LESS DARK THAN MAN.

I.

THE SOUTH POINT OF PORTLAND.

An obstinate north wind blew without intermission over the continent of Europe, and with special violence over England, during all the month of December, 1689, and all the month of January, 1690. Hence the destructive cold which caused this winter to be noted as one "to be remembered by the poor," on the margins of the old Bible in the Non-Jurors' Chapel of London. Thanks to the useful solidity of the old royal parchment employed in the official registers, long lists of poor, found dead of hunger and want of clothing, may still be read to-day in many local repositories, particularly in the archives of Clink Liberty Court, in Southwark Borough, of the Pie-Powder (*pieds poudreux*, "dusty-foot") Court, and of Whitechapel Court, held at the village of Stepney by the seigniorial bailiff. The Thames was frozen over, which happens only once in a century, as ice forms on it with difficulty, owing to the agitation of the water. Carts rolled on the frozen river; there was a fair on the Thames, with bear-baitings and bull-baitings; an ox was roasted whole on the ice. This thick ice lasted two months. The doleful year 1690 surpassed in severity even the celebrated winters at the beginning of the seventeenth century, so minutely observed by Doctor Gideon Delaun, who was honored by the city of London with a bust on a bracket, in his quality of apothecary to King James I.

One evening, toward the close of one of the coldest days in this month of January, 1690, there was going on in one of the many inhospitable creeks of Portland Gulf something unusual, which caused the seamews and wild-geese to scream and circle around the entrance of the creek, afraid to reënter it.

In this creek, the most dangerous, during the prevalence of certain winds, of all those running in to the gulf, and consequently the least frequented, convenient, by reason of this very danger, for ships that seek concealment, a little vessel, almost touching the cliff, thanks to the depth of the water, was moored to a point of rock. It is wrong to say *night-falls;* we ought to say *night-rises*, for darkness begins from the earth. It was already night at the bottom of the cliff; it was still day above. Had any one approached the moored vessel he would have recognized a Biscayan ork.

The sun, hidden all day by the mist, had just set. Men began to feel that dark and deep grief which may be called anxiety for the absent sun.

As the wind did not come from the sea, the water of the creek was calm.

It was a lucky exception, especially in winter. Nearly all these Portland creeks have bars. In bad weather there is a high sea on the bar, and much skill and practice are required to pass it safely. These little harbors, more apparent than real, perform their function badly. It is fearful to enter them and terrible to leave them. That evening, for a wonder, no danger.

The Biscayan ork is an old species of lighter, now gone out of fashion. These orks, which did good service, even in war-navies, were stout hulls, barks in size, ships in strength. There were orks in the Armada; true, the war-orks reached a heavy tonnage, thus the flag-ship *Grand Griffon*, commanded by Lope de Medina, was a vessel of six hundred and fifty tons, mounting forty cannon; but the merchant and smuggling ork was on a very small pattern. Seamen considered this kind of lighter a petty vessel. The cordage of the ork was made of hempen strands, some ropes having a heart of iron wire, which shows a probable, though unscientific, design of obtaining indications in case of magnetic tension. The delicacy of this rigging did not exclude large working cables, the *cabrias* of the Spanish galleys and the *cameli* of the Roman triremes. The tiller was very long, which construction has the advantage of great leverage, but the disadvantage of small play; two sheaves on sheave-holes at the end of the tiller corrected this defect, and somewhat made up for the loss of force. The compass was well housed in a binnacle perfectly square, and well balanced by its two copper frames placed one within the other horizontally on little pivots, just as in a Cardan lamp. There was knowledge and cleverness in the construction of the whole ork, but it was ignorant science and barbarous cleverness. The ork was as primitive as the Dutch praam and the Indian canoe, having the former's solidity and the latter's speed, and possessing, like all vessels born of the fishing and piratical instinct, wonderful sea-going qualities. It was equally good for close and open waters; the play of its sails, complicated with stays and very peculiar, allowed it to beat well in the enclosed bays of Asturia, which are almost basins, passages for instance, and to run with a free wind on the open sea; queer ships of all work were they, good for a stagnant pool, good for an ocean-storm. The ork was among ships what the water-wagtail is among birds, one of the smallest and one of the boldest; the wagtail scarcely bends the reed on which it perches, yet traverses the ocean in its flight.

The Biscayan orks, even the poorest, were gilt and painted. This tattooing is in accordance with the genius of a people, charming, but the least bit savage. The magnificent motley of their mountains, checkered with snows and meadows, has taught them the stern prestige of ornament at any price. They are poor and grand; they put coats-of-arms on their hovels; they have big asses which they trick out with bells, and big oxen which they deck with feathers; their carts, whose wheels you may hear creaking two leagues off, are bepainted, carved, beribboned. Your cobbler has a bas-relief over his door; Saint Crispin and an old shoe, but it's stone. They trim their leather jackets with gold lace; they don't mend a tatter, but they embroider it. Such is the depth and pride of their gayety. Like the Greeks, the Basques are children of the sun. While the Valencian shelters his sad nudity under a covering of red wool, with a hole for his head to go through, the Galicians and Biscayans rejoice in fair linen shirts, bleached in the dew. Their

door-steps and windows overflow with fresh, blond faces, laughing under garlands of maize. A jovial and proud serenity is conspicuous in their simple arts, in their manufactures, in their customs, in the dress of their girls, in their songs. Those colossal ruins, the mountains, become masses of light in Biscay; the sunshine circulates through all their gaps. The savage Jaizquivel is full of idyls. Biscay is the embodied grace of the Pyrenees, as Savoy is of the Alps. In the perilous bays adjoining Saint Sebastian, Leso, and Fontarabia, you have tempest and cloud, foam spirting above the capes, rage of wave and wind, horror, confusion, and boat-women crowned with roses. Whoever has seen the Basque country wishes to see it again. There is a blessing on the land. Two crops a-year, villages resounding with gayety, a lofty poverty, all Sunday long a noise of guitars and dances, castanets and love-making, houses clean and well lighted, storks in the steeples.

Return we to Portland, that harsh mountain of the coast.

The peninsula of Portland, in its geometrical projection, presents the appearance of a bird's head, the bill turned toward the sea, and the back of the head toward Weymouth; the isthmus is the neck.

Portland, to the great deterioration of its wild picturesqueness, has now a manufacturing existence. The Portland hills were discovered by quarry-men and plasterers about the middle of the eighteenth century. Since that time, the cement called Roman has been made with Portland rock, a utilization which enriches the country and disfigures the bay. Two hundred years ago, these coasts were cliffs in ruins, now they are quarries in ruins; the pickaxe consumes on a small scale, the wave on a large; hence, a diminution of beauty. Man's measured cutting has replaced the grand waste of ocean. This measured cutting has annihilated the creek where the Biscayan ork was moored. To find any trace of this little harborage now demolished, one would have to look on the eastern side of the peninsula, toward the point, beyond Folly Pier and Dirdle Pier, beyond Wakeham even, between the places called Church-Hope and Southwell.

The creek, walled in on all sides by bluffs higher than it was wide, was every moment more encroached upon by the night; the indistinct mist peculiar to twilight grew thicker in it; it was like the spreading darkness at the bottom of a well; the narrow channel, where the creek gave passage to the sea, marked a whitish cleft in this interior darkness where the wave wandered. One must have been quite close to perceive the ork moored to the rocks, and hidden as it were in the cloak of their great shadow. A plank thrown from on board to a low, flat projection of the cliff, the only point where one could land, connected the bark with the shore; black figures were walking on this movable bridge, and crossing one another in the darkness; people were embarking.

It was less cold in the creek than at sea, thanks to the screen of rock that rose on the north of this basin; but the difference was not sufficient to hinder these people from shivering. So they made haste.

Twilight has the effect of bringing out figures as if they were stamped; certain fringes in the dress of these people were visible, showing that they belonged to the class called in England *the ragged*.

Among the projections of the cliff a winding footpath was just distinguishable. The girl who hangs her staylace over the back of an arm-chair, and leaves it trailing, sketches, without suspecting it, nearly all the foot-roads of cliffs and

mountains. The path leading to this creek, full of knots and angles, almost perpendicular, fitter for goats than men, ended at the platform where the plank was. Cliff roads are generally of a steepness far from tempting; they present themselves like a fall rather than a way, they crumble under your feet rather than lead you down. This one, probably a branch of some road on the plain, was so perpendicular that it was unpleasant to look at. From below you saw it zigzag up to the high ledges of the cliff, whence it opened out upon the table-land over sundry clefts, and through a notch in the rock. By this path must have come the passengers, for whom this bark was waiting in this creek.

Around the movement of embarkation in the creek, a movement evidently scared and unquiet, all was solitude. Not a step was heard, not a sound, not a breath. One could just perceive on the other side of the roadstead, at the entrance of Ringstead Bay, a flotilla of shark-fishers, which had clearly blundered in there. These polar vessels had been driven from the Danish waters into the English by the caprice of the deep. Northern gales play such tricks on fishermen. These men had just sought refuge in the anchorage of Portland, and this fact was a presumable sign of bad weather and danger on the open sea. They were employed in casting anchor. The chief bark, placed on sentry, according to the old custom of Norwegian flotillas, marked all its rigging in black on the white level of the sea, and forward might be seen the great fishing-fork, that bore all sorts of hooks and harpoons, destined for the *scymnus glacialis*, the *squalus acanthias*, and the *squalus spinax niger*, as well as the net for catching the *grand selache*. Except these few vessels, all swept into the same corner, the eye recognized nothing that lived in the vast horizon of Portland. At this time the coast was uninhabited, and at this season the roadstead was uninhabitable.

Whatever the aspect of the weather, the persons whom the Biscayan ork was to carry off, hurried their departure none the less for it. They formed, on the border of the sea, a sort of group, busy and confused, rapid in their movements. It was difficult to distinguish one from the other, impossible to see if they were old or young. The indistinctness of evening mixed them up, like the figures in a rough sketch. A mask of shade was upon their faces. They were profiles on the night. Their number was eight, one or two of whom were probably women, not easy to distinguish under the rags and tags in which the whole group was muffled, accoutrements which were no longer either men's or women's dresses. Tatters have no sex.

A smaller shadow, going and coming among the large ones, indicated a dwarf or a child.

It was a child.

II.

ISOLATION.

This is what might have been observed on closer inspection.

All wore long cloaks, full of holes and patches, but made of stout cloth, hiding them up to the eyes if required—a good protection against the north wind and the curious. They moved with agility under these cloaks. Most of them, instead of hats, wore a handkerchief rolled round the head, a sort of rudimentary turban used by Spaniards. This head-gear was not at all extraordinary in England. The South, just then, was in fashion at the North, probably because the North used to beat the South. It triumphed over what it admired. After the defeat of the Arma-

da, Castilian was an elegant court dialect with Elizabeth. To speak English before the English queen was almost "shocking." To be influenced a little by the manners of those, to whom he gives law, is the custom of the barbarous victor in face of the polite vanquished. The Tartar contemplates and imitates the Chinaman. This is why Spanish fashions penetrated into England, while, on the other hand, English interests were working themselves into Spain.

One of the men in the embarking group looked like a leader. He wore Spanish buskins, his rags were embroidered and gilt, and a spangled waistcoat shone under his cloak like a fish's belly. Another pulled down over his face a great felt hat shaped like a *sombrero*. This hat had no hole for a pipe—mark of a learned man.

Over his tatters, on the principle that a man's coat makes a boy's cloak, the child wore, or was wrapped in, an old reefing-jacket that reached to his knees. His size denoted a boy of ten or eleven. He was barefoot.

The crew of the ork consisted of a master and two men.

Probably she came from Spain, and was returning thither. Doubtless she was on secret service from coast to coast.

The persons whom she was about to take in kept whispering together.

Strangely mixed was the mutual whispering of these creatures: now a Spanish word, now a German, now a French; sometimes Welsh, sometimes Basque. It was a *patois*, unless it was slang.

They seemed to be of all nations, and of the same band. The crew were probably of themselves, since they connived at their departure.

This diverse troop seemed a company of comrades, perhaps a set of accomplices.

Had there been a little more light, and had one regarded them a little carefully, there might have been seen on these people chaplets and scapularies half concealed under their rags. One of the might-be women mixed with the group had a rosary nearly equal in the size of its beads to a dervish's, and easy to recognize as a rosary of Llanymthefry, called also Llandiffry.

Had it not been so dark, one might also have observed a *Nuestra Señora* with her *niño*, carved and gilt, in the forepart of the ork, probably the Basque Virgin, a sort of *panagia* of the old Cantabrians. Under this image, which took the place of a figure-head, was a cage for combustibles, at present unlighted, an excess of precaution which showed extreme care for concealment. This fire-cage was clearly for two purposes: when lit, it burned in honor of the Virgin, and also lighted the sea, like a beacon doing duty as church candle.

The cutwater, long-curved and sharp under the bowsprit, sprang from the bow like a crescent horn. Low down in the cutwater, under the Virgin's feet, knelt an angel, his back against the stem, and his wings spread, regarding the horizon through a spy-glass. The angel was gilt like the Virgin.

In the cutwater were openings and passages to admit the waves, another chance for gilding and arabesque.

Under the Virgin was painted, in gilt capitals, the word *Matutina*, the ship's name, now illegible by reason of the darkness.

At the foot of the cliff was deposited, in the pell-mell disorder of their flight, the lading which these passengers took with them, and which, thanks to the plank serving as gangway, passed rapidly from the shore into the vessel. Bags of biscuit, a keg of stockfish, a box of portable soup, three barrels, one of fresh water, one of malt, one of tar, five or six bottles of ale, an old port-

manteau, with straps and buckles, some trunks, some chests, a ball of tow for torches and signals, such was this lading. These ragged gentry had baggage, which seemed to indicate a wandering life; walking beggars are obliged to own something; at times they would fain fly away like birds, but they cannot do so without abandoning their means of livelihood. Whatever their wandering business may be, they must have boxes of tools and instruments to work with. So these men carried this luggage, an encumbrance on more than one occasion.

It could not have been easy to transport all these traps to the bottom of such a cliff. The fact, moreover, disclosed an intention of quitting for good. No time was lost; there was a continual movement from the shore to the ship, and from the ship to the shore; each took his part of the work; one carried a bag, another a box. The possible or probable women in this mixed mass worked like the rest. The child was overloaded.

It may be doubted if this child had father or mother in the band. They took no notice of him. They made him work, that was all. He seemed, not a child in a family, but a slave in a tribe. He waited on everybody, and nobody spoke to him.

But he made haste, and, like all the doubtful troop of which he formed a part, seemed to have only one thought, that of embarking speedily. Did he know why? Probably not. He hurried mechanically, because he saw the others hurry.

The ork was a decked vessel. The stowage of the freight in the hold was promptly arranged; the moment had come to weigh anchor. The last case had been landed on the deck; there were only the men to ship. Those two of the band who appeared to be their women were already on board; six, including the child, were still on the low platform of the cliff. A movement of departure was made in the vessel, the master seized the tiller, a sailor took an axe to cut the mooring cable. To cut it, a sign of haste; one casts off when there is time. He of the six who seemed their chief, and had spangles on his rags, said in a low voice, *Andamos* ("We are going"). The boy darted toward the plank, to pass first. As he was putting his foot on it, two of the men, rushing forward at the risk of throwing him into the water, entered before him; a third shouldered him aside and passed; the fourth kept him off with his fist and followed the third; the fifth, who was the chief, bounded into the bark rather than entered it, and, as he leaped in, pushed with his heel the plank, which fell into the sea; an axe-stroke severed the cable, the tiller shifted, the ork left the shore, and the boy remained on land.

III.

SOLITUDE.

The boy remained motionless on the rock, his eyes fixed. He uttered no call. He made no remonstrance. Yet it was unexpected; but he said not a word. In the ork there was the same silence. On both sides a mute acceptance of the increasing interval. Not a cry from the child to these men, not an adieu from these men to the child. It was like a separation of shades on the banks of a Styx. The child, as if nailed to the rock which the high tide was beginning to wash, looked after the departing ship. He seemed to understand—what? The dark.

Another moment, and the ork had reached and entered the strait which led out of the creek. The top of the mast was visible against the clear sky above the cloven blocks through which,

as between two walls, the strait wound its way. The topmast quivered above the rocks, and seemed to sink into them. It disappeared. All was over. The bark had gained the sea.

The child beheld this disappearance, astonished, but reflecting. His stupefaction was complicated with a dark proof of what life is. There seemed to be some experience in this young creature. Perhaps he was already a judge. Trials, come too soon, sometimes form in the depth of childhood's dim reflections a strange and fearful balance, in which these poor little souls weigh their God.

Feeling himself innocent, he submitted. Not a complaint. The irreproachable reproaches not.

The brusque elimination made of him could not wring from him even a gesture. He seemed to stiffen from within. Under this sudden assault of fate, which threatened to put the end of his existence almost before its beginning, the boy did not bend. He received this thunder-stroke upright.

To one who could have seen him thus astonished but not crushed, it would have been evident that, in the group who were abandoning him, nothing loved him, and he loved nothing.

Thoughtful, he forgot the cold. Suddenly the water moistened his feet; the tide was rising; a breath passed through his hair; the gale was coming. He shuddered. In waking from his trance he trembled from head to foot.

He cast his eyes around him. He was alone.

Till that day there had been for him no other men on earth than those now in the ork. These men had just fled.

Let us add, strange as it must sound, that these men, the only ones whom he knew, were unknown to him. He could not have told who they were.

His infancy had been passed among them, without his feeling that he was one of them. He was in contact with them; nothing more.

And now they had just forgotten him.

He had no money about him, no shoes on his feet, hardly clothes on his back, not even a bit of bread in his pocket.

It was winter and night; he had several leagues to go before reaching a human dwelling.

He knew not where he was. He knew nothing, except that those who came with him to the border of this sea had gone away without him. He felt himself put out of life. He felt his kind give way from under him.

He was ten years old.

The boy was in a desert, between depths where he saw the night rise, and depths where he heard the waves growl.

He stretched his thin little arms and yawned. Then suddenly, like one who has made up his mind, and bravely shaking off his lethargy, with the nimbleness of a squirrel—or a clown if you will—he turned his back to the creek and began to mount along the cliff. Alert and fearless of danger, he scaled the path, left it, came back to it. He was now hurrying toward the land as if he had a map of his route. Yet he was going nowhere. He was hastening without an object, like a fugitive before destiny.

Man climbs, brutes creep up; he climbed and crept. The Portland bluffs looking toward the south, there was scarcely any snow on the path. But what there was had been converted by the intense cold into powder, inconvenient enough to walk in. The boy got on as he best could. His man's jacket, too large for him, was an additional encumbrance. From time to time he found on an overhanging ledge, or in a declivity, a little ice which tripped him

up. After hanging some moments over the precipice, he would hook himself on to a dry branch or projecting stone. Once he had to do with a flawed vein of rock which suddenly crumbled under him, drawing him along in its ruin. These clefts in flawed rocks are treacherous. The child slid for some seconds like a tile on a roof; he rolled down to the very verge of destruction and clutched a tuft of grass just in time to save himself. He did not scream at the abyss any more than he had screamed at the men; having made good his footing, he recommenced the ascent in silence. The face of the cliff was lofty, so that he met with changes and chances. Darkness increased the size of the precipice. This perpendicular rock had no end. It receded before the boy in the heights above. The summit seemed to rise in proportion as he rose. Even in the act of climbing, he gazed on the black entablature, placed like a barrier between him and the sky. At last he reached the top.

He leaped upon the upland. We might almost say he landed, for he issued from the gulf.

Hardly was he off the cliff when he shivered. He felt in his face the night gale biting him. The sharp northwest wind was blowing. He hugged his sailor's jacket against his breast. It was a good garment. In naval language it is called a sou'wester, because this kind of woollen coat is impenetrable by the southwest rains.

The child, having reached the upland, stopped, planted his two naked feet firmly on the frozen soil, and looked around.

Behind him the sea, before him the land, overhead the heaven. But a heaven without stars. An opaque mist masked the zenith.

On reaching the top of the rocky wall, he found himself turned toward the land, and looked at that first. It stretched before him far as he could see, flat, frozen, covered with snow. Some tufts of heath shivered here and there. No roads visible. Nothing, not even a shepherd's hut. In some spots were seen pale, eddying wreaths, whirlwinds of fine snow torn from earth by the gale and flying away. The horizon was plated, as it were, with successive undulations of land, now suddenly wrapped in mist. The great wan plains were disappearing under the white fog. Profound silence; the expanse of infinity, the quiet of the tomb.

The child turned round to the sea.

The sea was as white as the land, the one with snow, the other with foam. Nothing could be so melancholy as the light of this double whiteness. Some night illuminations have very hard and clean shadows; the sea was steel, the cliffs ebony. From the elevation at which the boy stood, Portland Bay appeared almost as on a map, all wan within its semicircle of hills; there was something dreamy about this nocturnal landscape, a pale circle enclosed in a dark crescent. The moon sometimes presents a similar appearance. From one cape to the other, along all the coast, not a single spark could be seen to indicate a hearth-fire, a window-light, an inhabited house. On earth, as in heaven, there was absence of light; not a lamp below, not a star above. The wide, smooth waves of the gulf were here and there suddenly uplifted. The wind disarranged and wrinkled them like table-cloths. The fleeing bark was still visible in the bay, a black triangle gliding over the livid waves. Far off, the watery wastes were vaguely agitated, in the gloomy visible darkness of immensity.

The *Matutina* shot swiftly along. She grew smaller every moment. Nothing is so rapid as the melting away of a ship in the sea distance. At one moment she lit her bow lantern; proba-

bly the darkness about her was growing troublesome, and the helmsman felt the need of light on the water. This luminous point, this spark visible from afar, clung sadly to the high, long, black shape. It was like a winding-sheet upright and walking in the midst of the sea, and some one prowling under it with a star in his hand.

There was a storm threatening in the air. The child did not regard it, but a sailor would have trembled. It was that moment of prescient anxiety when it seems as if the elements are about to become persons, and we are going to be present at the mysterious transformation of the wind into Aquilo. The sea will be Ocean; the forces of Nature will reveal themselves as wills; what we take for a thing is a soul. We shall soon see. Hence comes horror; the soul of man fears to be thus confronted with the soul of Nature.

Chaos was coming on the stage. The wind, ruffling the fog, and piling up the clouds behind, was arranging the scenery for that terrible play of wave and winter which is called a snow-storm.

The symptom of returning ships showed itself. Within a few minutes the roadstead was no longer empty. Scared barks, hurrying toward the anchorage, rose to view at every moment behind the capes. Some doubled Portland Hill, others Sainte Albans' head. Sails were coming from the farthest distance. It was who should find a refuge first. Southward, the darkness was increasing, and the clouds, full of the night, were descending on the sea. The weight of the overhanging storm mournfully hushed the waves. It was not a time for starting. Yet the ork had gone.

She had steered southward, was already out of the gulf and on the open sea. Suddenly the wind blew a squall; the *Matutina*, which could still be clearly seen, covered herself with canvas, as if resolved to profit by the hurricane. It was a northwester, sullen and angry; it fell on the ork with stubborn fury. Taken in flank, the vessel heeled over, but did not hesitate, and kept out to sea. This indicated a flight rather than a voyage, less fear of the sea than of the land, and more anxiety about the pursuit of men than about that of the winds.

Passing through all the stages of diminution, she buried herself in the horizon; the little star which she trailed with her, into the shadow, grew pale; the ork, melting more and more into the night, disappeared, this time forever. At least the boy seemed to understand it so. He ceased looking at the sea. His eyes went back to the plains, the downs, the hills, the places where it was perhaps not impossible to find something alive. He started in this unknown land.

IV.

QUESTIONS.

What was this fugitive band that had left this child behind? Were these runaways *Comprachicos?*

We have already seen in detail the measures taken by William III., and voted by Parliament, against the malefactors, male and female, called *Comprachicos*, or *Comprapequeños*, or *Cheylas*.

There are enactments that have a scattering effect. This statute falling on the Comprachicos caused a general flight, not only of the Comprachicos, but of vagabonds of every kind. It was a regular devil-take-the-hindmost. Most of the Comprachicos went back to Spain. We have said that many of them were Basques.

The first result of this law to protect childhood was singular enough—a sudden abandonment of children. The penal statute brought forth at once a crowd

of foundlings, that is to say lostlings. Nothing easier to understand. Every wandering troop that contained a child was suspected; the mere fact of the child's presence was an information. These are probably Comprachicos—such was the first idea of the sheriff, the provost, the constable. Arrests and investigations followed. People, simply wretched, reduced to prowl about begging, were terrified at the idea of passing for Comprachicos, which they were not—but the weak are shy of the possible mistakes of justice. Besides, these vagabond families are habitually timorous. The charge against the Comprachicos was the utilization of others' children. But such are the comminglings of poverty and distress that it was sometimes difficult for a father and mother to prove that their own child *was* theirs. Where did you get this child? How could they prove that he came from God? The child became a danger; they got rid of him: flight was easier alone; father and mother decided to lose him, it might be in a wood, or on the sea-shore, or in a well. Drowned children were found in cisterns.

Let us add that, in imitation of England, the Comprachicos were from that time fair game all over Europe. The signal for pursuit had been given. There is nothing like setting a mark on people. Henceforth, there was rivalry among all the police-forces to seize them, and the alguazil kept as sharp a watch as the constable. Only twenty-three years ago, you might still read, on a stone of the gate of Otero, an inscription untranslatable—for the wording of law disregards decency—marking, moreover, in a very matter-of-fact way, the shade of difference between the child-trader and the kidnapper. Here it is in the original rough Spanish: *Aquí quedan los orejas de los comprachicos y las bolsas de los robaniños. Mientras que se van ellos al trabajo de mar.* You see that the confiscation of their ears, etc., did not hinder them from going to the galleys. So there was a general rout of the vagabonds. They started in fear, they arrived in a tremble. Along all the coast of Europe these stealthy arrivals were watched. It was impossible for a band to embark with a child, for it was dangerous to disembark with one. To lose the child was the shortest way.

Who had cast off the child, whom we have just seen darkly in the dark solitude of Portland?

Probably some Comprachicos.

V.

HUMAN INTERVENTION.

It might be about seven in the evening. The wind had lulled, a sign that it would soon rise again. The boy was on the extreme south upland of Portland point.

Portland is a peninsula. But the child knew not what a peninsula was, and did not even know the word Portland. But one thing he did know, that a person may walk till he drops. An idea is a guide, but he had no ideas. They had brought him there, and left him there. *They* and *there*, these two riddles, represented his whole destiny; *they* were the human race, *there* was the universe. Here below he had absolutely no starting-point except the small portion of ground where he placed his heel, hard ground it was too, and cold to his naked feet. In the great world opening all around him in the dim twilight, what was there for this child? Nothing.

Toward this nothing he was advancing.

All around him spoke of the total absence of man.

He crossed the first plateau diagonally, then a second, then a third. At the end of each, the boy found a break in the ground; the slope was sometimes

abrupt, but always short; for the high, barren downs of Portland point are like great flagstones partly overlapping. The south side seems to underlie the preceding plain, and the north side rises above the next one. These places the boy had to cross by jumping, which he did with much agility. From time to time he checked his progress, and seemed to hold counsel with himself. The night was growing very dark, and his range of vision shortening; he could only see a few steps off.

Suddenly he stopped, listened a moment, and a slight movement of the head showed his satisfaction, as he turned rapidly and made for a moderate elevation which he perceived dimly on his right, at that spot of the plain which was nearest the cliff. On this eminence was a form which, through the mist, resembled a tree. The child had just heard in that quarter a noise, which was not the noise of the wind or the sea, neither was it the cry of any animal. He thought some one was there.

A few strides brought him to the foot of the mound. There was some one there, sure enough.

The doubtful object on the top of the elevation was now clearly visible. It was like a great arm rising straight out of the earth. At the upper end of this arm a sort of forefinger, propped underneath by its thumb, reached out horizontally. This arm, this thumb, and this forefinger, traced a carpenter's square against the sky. At the junction of this sort of thumb and sort of finger was a cord from which hung something black and shapeless. This cord, moved by the wind, made a noise like a chain, and this was the sound which the child had heard.

The cord, seen close, was what its sound denoted, a chain; a ship-chain with half-solid rings.

By that mysterious law of amalgamation which, throughout all nature, accumulates appearances upon realities, the place, the hour, the mist, the tragic sea, the distant agitations in the horizon, all heaped themselves on this profile and made it seem of enormous size.

The object attached to the chain resembled a large sheath. It was swaddled like an infant and as tall as a man. The upper part was round, and the end of the chain wound about it. The bottom was jagged, and bones came through the holes.

A light breeze shook the chain, and that which hung on the chain waved softly. This passive mass obeyed the vague quiverings of surrounding space. It had an indefinable horror; the fear which makes objects disproportionate had almost taken away its size in leaving its shape. It was an essence of blackness with an aspect of its own, night above and night within. It was a prey to sepulchral exaggeration. Twilights, moon-rises, and star-sets, the clouds, those log-lines of space, all the winds of the compass, had finally entered into the composition of this visible nonentity. This block hanging in the wind shared the impersonality scattered far over sea and sky, and the darkness was finishing the thing that had been a man.

It was that which no longer is.

To be a remnant—human language cannot express the idea. To exist no longer and yet to persist, to be in the gulf and out of it, to reappear above the wave of Death as if refusing to be swallowed up—there is a certain amount of impossibility mixed with such realities, and therefore they are unspeakable. This being—if it was a being—this sombre witness—here were remains and terrible remains. Remains of what? First of nature, then of society. Cipher, and total.

The elements in their unmitigated rigor had it at their mercy. The profound forgetfulness of solitude encompassed it. Exposed to unknown ad-

ventures, without defence against the will of the darkness, it was forever suffering. The hurricanes were upon it, fulfilling their gloomy mission.

This spectre was given up to plunder. It suffered that horrible outrage, putrefaction in the open air. An outlaw of the coffin, it was annihilated without reposing, falling into ashes by summer and into mud by winter. Death needs a veil, the tomb requires modesty; there was no veil, no modesty here. Shameless and open rottenness. When Death shows his work, he is impudent. He insults all the decencies of the shade when working outside of his laboratory, the tomb.

This dead creature was stripped. Stripping the stripped, inexorable end. No more marrow in his bones, no more entrails in his stomach, no more voice in his throat. A corpse is a pocket, turned inside out and emptied by death. If he had possessed a personality, where was it? Perhaps still there, and that was grievous to think of. Something flitting around, something chained. Can one imagine a more ghastly feature of darkness?

There are realities here below resembling egresses to the unknown, by which it seems possible for our thoughts to go out, and which our conjectures seize upon. Imagination has its *compelle intrare*. Pass through certain places and before certain objects; you cannot help stopping, giving yourself up to dreams and letting your mind go on. In the invisible there are dim gates ajar. None could have lighted on this dead man without meditating.

He was wasting silently, but on a great scale. His blood had been drunk, his skin eaten, his flesh stolen. Nothing had passed without taking something from him. December had borrowed of him its cold, midnight its terrors, the iron its rust, the plague its miasma, the flower its perfume. His slow disintegration was a toll—a toll paid by the corpse to wind, rain, and dew, birds, and reptiles. All the dark hands of night had rummaged this body.

A strange, indescribable dweller this, who dwelt in the night. He was in a plain and on a hill, and he was not there. He could be touched, and yet he had vanished. He was something shadowy that made the darkness complete. After the disappearance of the day, in the vast, still gloom, he was gloomily of a piece with every thing. By his mere presence he increased the melancholy of the storm and the calm of the stars. The inexpressible sense of the desert became concrete in him. Waif of an unknown destiny, he figured in all the savage concealments of night. In his mystery was a vague reflection of all enigmas.

All round him was sensible a diminution of life, as it were, which went to the very depths. The inanimate neighborhood had less certainty and confidence. The shudder of the grasses and brushwood, a lonely melancholy, an anxiety that seemed conscious, tragically appropriated all the landscape for this dark figure hanging by its chain. The presence of a spectre on the horizon aggravates solitude.

It was a phantom, implacable because exposed to blasts that were never lulled. The eternal commotion made it terrible. It seemed, fearful to say, a centre of space, with something immense resting on it. Who knows? Perhaps that equity, dimly seen and defied here, which is beyond our justice. In its sojourn outside the tomb, men's vengeance was mixed with its own. It bore testimony in the twilight and the desert. It proved that matter may disquiet us, for the matter before which we tremble is the ruin of our spiritual body. For dead matter to trouble us, mind must have inhabited

it. This object denounced the lower law to the higher. Placed there by man, it waited for God. Huge, fantastic shadows, with all the dubious turns of cloud and wave, floated above it.

Behind this vision was some dark, indefinite obstacle. Around this corpse was infinity, broken by nothing; not a tree, not a roof, not a traveller. When the vastness that overhangs us, be it heaven or abyss, life, death, eternity, appears open, it is then that we feel every thing inaccessible, shut off, walled up. The opening of the infinite is the most formidable closing.

Before this thing stood the child, mute, astonished, staring.

For a man it would have been a gallows, for the boy it was a ghost. Where the man would have seen the body, the boy saw the spectre. Besides, he did not understand it.

There are fascinations of all kinds. There was one on the top of this mound. The child took a step, then two. He ascended, though he wanted to descend, and advanced, though he wanted to retreat.

Bold, yet trembling, he went to make a close examination of the phantom. When he had arrived under the gibbet, he raised his head and took a survey.

The phantom was tarred; in places it shone. The child could make out the face. It was coated with bitumen, and this sticky, tenacious mask seemed to shape itself by the nocturnal reflections. The boy saw the mouth, which was a hole, the nose, which was a hole, the eyes, which were two holes. The body was wrapped and almost packed in a coarse canvas impregnated with naphtha. This canvas was rotten and cracked. A knee passed through. One slit exposed the ribs. Part was body, part bones. The face was clay-color; some slugs had wandered over it, leaving vague silvery ribbons. The canvas, sticking to the bones, brought them out, like the drapery of a statue. The skull, cracked and split, was parted like a rotten fruit. The teeth had remained human; they had preserved their smile. A departing cry seemed to sound in the open mouth. There were some whisker-hairs on the cheeks, and the head, hanging on one side, seemed to pay attention.

There had been recent restoration. The face was freshly tarred, as well as the knee which projected through the canvas, and the exposed ribs. The feet below were uncovered. Just under them in the grass might be seen two shoes, grown shapeless in the snow and rain. They had fallen from the body.

The barefooted child looked at these shoes. The wind, more and more threatening, had those lulls which are part of the preparations for a storm; for some minutes it had ceased entirely. The carcass did not stir. The chain was motionless as a plumb-line.

Like all new-comers into life (taking into account the special pressure of his destiny), the child had in him doubtless that awakening of ideas peculiar to young years which tries to open the brain, and resembles the peckings of a bird in the egg; but all that his slight consciousness embraced at that moment was resolved into stupor. Excess of sensation, like too much oil in a lamp, finishes by stifling thought. A man would have questioned himself; the boy kept on looking.

The tar gave a moist aspect to this countenance. The drops of bitumen, congealed in what had been eyes, looked like tears. Moreover, thanks to the bitumen, the waste of death had been visibly slackened, if not stopped, and reduced to the least possible damage. What the child had before him was an object of care. This man was evidently valuable. He had not been worth

keeping alive, but they made a point of preserving him when dead. The gibbet was old and worm-eaten, but solid, and had been many years in use.

It was an immemorial English custom to tar smugglers. They were hung on the shore, coated with bitumen, and left hanging; warnings require open air, and tarred warnings keep better. And this tar was humane, for thus the gibbeted ones required renewal less frequently. The gallows were placed at intervals along the coast, as lamp-posts are now. The hanged man did duty for lantern. He lighted, after his fashion, his comrades, the smugglers. They saw the gibbets far off at sea. Here's one, first notice; there's another, second notice. All which did not stop smuggling, but social order is built up of such things. This fashion lasted in England down to the beginning of our century. In 1822 three varnished culprits might be seen hanging before Dover Castle. Nor was the protective process limited to smugglers. England put her robbers, her incendiaries, and her assassins to the same use. John Painter, who set fire to the dockyard of Portsmouth, was hanged and tarred in 1776. The Abbé Coyer, who calls him John the Painter, saw him again in 1777. John Painter was hanged in chains over the ruin of his own making, and furbished up from time to time. This carcass lasted, one might almost say, lived, nearly fourteen years. In 1788 he was still in good working order, but in 1790 he had to be replaced. The Egyptians set store by kings' mummy; people's mummy, it seems, can be useful also.

The wind, having a strong hold on the mound, had stripped it entirely of snow. The grass was reappearing on it, with some thistles here and there. The hill was covered with that close, short marine turf which makes the tops of cliffs look like green cloth. Under the gallows, at the very spot above which hung the criminal's feet, was a high, thick tuft, remarkable on that barren soil. The bodies fallen piecemeal there for ages explained the beauty of the grass. The earth fattens upon man.

A sad fascination held the child. He remained there, open-mouthed. He only stooped down a moment for a nettle which pricked his legs, and stung him like a reptile. Then he stood straight again and looked up to the face which looked down on him. Looked at him all the more because it had no eyes. It was a general gaze, an indescribable, darkly gleaming stare, which came from the skull and the teeth as much as from the void spaces under the eyebrows. The whole head of the dead man looks at you, and that makes it terrible. You feel you are seen without eyeballs; this makes the spectre horrid.

Gradually the child himself became terrible. He did not stir. Torpor was gaining on him. He did not perceive that he was losing consciousness. He was growing numb and stiff. Winter was silently betraying him to night, for winter is treacherous. The child was almost a statue. The petrifying cold penetrated his bones; the darkness was creeping into him like a reptile. The stupefying emanation of the snow rises in man like a dim tide; the boy was slowly absorbed in an immobility resembling that of the spectre before him. He was about to fall asleep.

In the hand of sleep is the finger of death. The boy felt himself seized by that hand. He was on the point of falling under the gibbet, and could no longer tell whether he stood.

The end always imminent, no transition between being and ceasing to be, the return to the crucible, the possible slipping off at any moment, such a precipice is creation.

A moment more, and child and corpse, the life just sketched and the life in ruins, would be joined in the same annihilation. The spectre seemed to understand this and wish to prevent it. Suddenly it began to move. It looked as if it would warn the child. It was the wind beginning to blow again.

Nothing so strange as this corpse in motion. The body at the end of the chain, impelled by an invisible breath, assumed an oblique attitude, rose to the left, fell back, rose to the right, kept rising and falling with a slow and deadly mechanical precision. Frightful see-saw! One might have imagined in the gloom the pendulum of eternity's clock.

It lasted some time. At this agitation of death the boy felt awakened, and was positively frightened through his chill. The chain, at every oscillation, creaked with hideous regularity. It seemed to take breath, then began again, and its creaking was like the chirp of a tree-cricket.

An approaching squall causes sudden puffs of wind. The breeze became a gale all at once. The swing of the carcass received a funereal emphasis. It was no longer balanced but shaken, and the chain screamed instead of creaking.

It seemed that the scream was heard. If a call, it was answered. From the far horizon a great noise came up. It was the noise of wings.

An incident was at hand, the stormy incident of churchyards and solitudes, the arrival of a flock of ravens.

Black flying spots dotted the clouds, pierced the fog, grew larger, drew nearer, joined, thickened, as they hurried toward the hill, uttering their cry. It was like the coming of a legion. These winged vermin of the gloom pounced upon the gibbet. The child recoiled in terror.

Swarms obey orders. The ravens were grouped on the gallows. Not one on the body. They talked together. Croaking is frightful. Howling, hissing, roaring belong to life; croaking is a satisfied acceptance of putrefaction. It is like the sound which breaks the silence of the tomb. Croaking is a voice with night in it. The boy was petrified—with fright even more than with cold.

The ravens stopped croaking. One of them lighted on the skeleton. This was the signal. All threw themselves upon it; there was a cloud of wings; then all the feathers closed, and the spectre disappeared under a cluster of black blisters stirring in the darkness. At this moment the dead man shook himself.

Was it he or the wind that did it? He gave a frightful bound. The rising hurricane came to his help. The phantom went into convulsions. It was the squall, now blowing its hardest, that took hold of him and shook him in every direction. He became horrible. He struggled like a madman. Fearful puppet, with a gallows-chain for string! Some ghostly jester had seized the cord and was playing with the mummy. It turned and jumped as if about to disjoint itself. The birds flew away in terror: all these loathsome creatures rebounded, as it were. Then they came back, and a fight began.

The dead man seemed endowed with monstrous life. The blasts lifted him as if they would carry him off, he looked as if struggling and trying to get away; his fetters kept him back. The birds followed all his motions, recoiling, then rushing on, scared but obstinate. On one side a strange attempt at flight, on the other pursuit of a chained object. Impelled by every spasm of the gale, the corpse threw somersets, had fits of anger, went and came, rose and fell, repelling the scattered swarm. The dead man was a club, the ravens powder. The flock of fierce assailants obstinately refused

to quit its hold. The corpse, as if maddened under this pack of beaks, multiplied his blind blows in the void, like strokes of a stone tied to its sling. Sometimes he had all the claws and wings upon him, then nothing; the band would vanish and immediately return in full fury. Frightful punishment, continuing after life. The birds seemed frenzied. Such swarms ought to issue from the air-holes of hell. Blows of beak and claw, tearings-off of fragments no longer flesh, crackings of the gallows, rustlings of the skeleton, clankings of rusty iron, shrieks of the squall—what struggle could be more dismal? A spectre was matched against demons.

At times, when the gale redoubled its violence, he pivotted upon himself, faced the swarm on all sides at once, seemed to wish to run after the birds; his very teeth looked as if desirous to bite them. He had the wind for him and the chain against him, as if the dark deities were involved in the affair. The hurricane joined in the battle. The corpse twisted itself, the flock of birds rolled over him in a spiral.

It was a whirl in a whirlwind.

And below all was heard a huge rumbling. That was the sea.

The boy saw this vision. Suddenly he began to tremble in all his limbs, a shiver coursed through his body, he staggered, shook, all but fell, turned round, pressed both hands on his forehead, as if it were a support, then, haggard, with dishevelled hair and closed eyes, he descended the hill at full speed and took to flight, leaving this nocturnal battle behind him.

VI.

THE NORTH POINT OF PORTLAND.

He ran till he was blown, at random, lost, in the snow, in the plain, in space. This flight restored him to warmth. He needed it: without the run and the scare he would have died.

When his wind gave out, he stopped. But he dared not look back. He thought that the birds must be pursuing him, that the corpse must have unfastened its chain and was probably coming the same way as himself, that doubtless the very gibbet was running down the hill after the corpse. He feared to see this if he looked round.

When he had recovered his breath a little, he renewed his flight.

To sum up facts is not the province of childhood. Despite his growing terror he received impressions, but without connecting them in his mind or drawing conclusions. He was going, it mattered not whither or how, running with the pain and difficulty of one in a nightmare. Nearly three hours had passed since he was deserted; now his forward march, while remaining uncertain, had changed its object; before he was in search, now he was in flight. He was no longer hungry or cold, only frightened. One instinct had replaced another. His only thought now was to escape. Escape from what? from every thing. Life, from all sides, seemed like a horrible wall around him. Could he have escaped from things altogether, he would have done it.

But children are not acquainted with that jail-breaking which we call suicide.

So he ran on.

He ran for an indefinite time. But breath gives out, and so does fear also.

All at once, as if seized with a sudden access of energy and intelligence, he stopped, looking ashamed of running away; he drew himself together, stamped his foot, boldly lifted his head; and turned about.

There was no more hill, nor gibbet, nor flight of ravens.

The fog had regained possession of the horizon.

The boy pursued his course.

But now he did not run; he walked. To say that this meeting a corpse had made a man of him, would be to limit the manifold and confused impression which he was undergoing. There was much more and much less in it. This gibbet, very dubious in the rudimentary apprehension of his thoughts, remained for him an apparition. But an overcome terror strengthens, and he felt himself stronger. Had he been old enough to fathom his own mind, he would have found in himself a thousand other incipient meditations, but the reflection of children is unformed; it is much if they feel the bitter after-taste of the thing, for them obscure, which the developed man calls indignation.

Besides, a child has the gift of promptly accepting the close of a sensation. Those distant and vanishing outlines, which form the aggravation of painful things, escape his notice. The child is protected against too complex emotion by the very weakness which is his deficiency. He sees the fact, and few things with it. The difficulty of contenting one's self with partial ideas does not exist for him. The trial of life begins later, when experience arrives with its brief. Then the groups of encountered facts are confronted, a grown and instructed intelligence compares them, the recollections of youth reappear under our passions like a palimpsest under its erasures; these recollections are logical grounds, and what was a vision in the child's brain becomes a syllogism in the man's. But experience varies, turning out well or ill according to the difference of natures. The good ones ripen, the bad ones rot.

The boy had run a full quarter of a league, and walked another quarter. Suddenly he felt a cramp in his stomach; then occurred suddenly to him an idea which immediately eclipsed the hideous apparition on the hill—that of eating. Luckily there is in man an animal nature which brings him back to reality.

Eat? what? and where? and how?

He felt in his pockets—mechanically, for he well knew that they were empty.

Then he quickened his steps. Without knowing whither he went, he hastened toward a possible lodging.

This faith in an inn is one of the roots of man's trust in providence.

To believe in a sleeping-place is to believe in God.

But on this snowy plain there was nothing that resembled a roof.

The child kept walking, the upland still spread before him, naked as far as the eye could reach.

There had never been a human habitation on this table-land. It was at the foot of the cliffs, in holes of the rock that they dwelt formerly, for want of wood to build huts—those old primitive inhabitants who had slings for weapons, dried cow-dung for fuel, for religion the idol Heil that stood in a clearing at Dorchester, and for occupation the fishery of that gray false coral which the Welsh used to call *plin* and the Greeks *Isidis plocamos*.

The child reconnoitred as he best could. All our life is a meeting of cross-roads where the choice of directions is perilous. This young creature had an early option of doubtful chances. Still he kept on; but though his legs seemed of steel, he began to tire. No paths in this plain; if there had been any, the snow had effaced them. Instinctively he continued to shift his course eastward. Sharp stones had flayed his heels; had it been light enough, there might have been seen, in his footsteps on the snow, red marks of blood, his blood.

He remembered nothing. He was

crossing the table-land from south to north, and the band with which he came had probably crossed it from west to east, for fear of meeting some one. They had apparently started in some fisher's or smuggler's bark from some point of the Uggescombe coast, such as Saint Catherine-Chap or Swansea, to catch at Portland the ork which awaited them there, and they must have disembarked in one of the creeks of Weston to reëmbark in one of the creeks of Eston. This route was cut at right-angles by that which the lad now took. It was impossible for him to recognize his road.

The Portland table-land has here and there high swells, cut short by the proximity of the coast, and perpendicular toward the sea. The boy came to one of these lofty points and stopped there, hoping to find more signs in a larger space, trying to see something. All his horizon was a vast livid opacity. He examined it attentively, and, under his fixed look, it became less indistinct. At the bottom of a distant fold of land, eastward, under this livid opacity, this sort of wan, moving bluff, which looked like a cliff cut out of night, crept and floated some dim black rags, a species of scattered fragments. This pale opacity was the fog, these black rags were smoke. Where there is smoke there are men. The child bent his steps that way.

At some distance he could just see a descent, and at the foot of the descent, among the shapeless forms of rock looming through the mist, something like a sand-bank or tongue of land, which probably joined the table-land that he had just crossed to the plains on the horizon. That was clearly his way. In fact, he had arrived at the isthmus of Portland, a sort of delta called Chess Hill.

He entered on the slope of the table-land. It was a hard descent, the counterpart of the ascent which he had made to get out of the bay, only less rugged. Whatever goes up, must come down. He rolled down, after having climbed up.

He leaped from one rock to another at the risk of a sprain or a tumble into the dim depth. To hold himself back while slipping over the rocks and the ice, he clutched at the long rushes of the downs and the prickly furze, and all their points pierced his fingers. Sometimes he found a smooth declivity for a little way, and took breath as he descended; then it was steep again, and every step required a manœuvre. In descending precipices, every movement solves a problem; you must be skilful under pain of death. The boy solved these problems with an instinct which a monkey would have remarked, and a science which a mountebank would have admired. The descent was steep and long, but he came to the end of it. The moment gradually approached when he would land on the dimly-seen isthmus.

At intervals, without ceasing to jump or slide from rock to rock, he pricked up his ears, like a deer listening. Far off on his left, he heard a faint, pervading noise, like the low note of a trumpet. There was in the air that movement of blasts preparatory to the terrific north wind, which one hears coming from the pole like a host of clarions. At the same time the child felt now and then on his forehead, his eyes, his cheeks, something which had the effect of the palm of a cold hand laid on his face. It was the large icy flakes, at first dropping gently, then in whirls, announcing the snow-storm. The child was covered with them. The snow-storm, which for more than an hour had been on the sea, was reaching the land. It invaded the downs gradually. It entered obliquely by the northwest on to Portland Heights.

BOOK II.

THE ORK AT SEA.

I.

THE OUTER LAWS.

The snow-storm is one of the unknown quantities of the sea. It is the most obscure of meteors, obscure in every sense of the word; a mixture of fog and tempest, a phenomenon not yet well explained. This uncertainty causes many disasters.

Men try to explain every thing by the wind and the current. Now, there is in the air a force which is not wind, and in the water a force which is not current. This force, the same in the air as in the water, is effluvium. The air and the water are two masses of liquid, nearly identical, and changing mutually into each other by condensation and dilation, so much so, that breathing is a species of drinking; the effluvium alone is fluid. The wind and the current are only impulses, the effluvium is a steady stream. The wind is visible in its clouds, the current in its foam; the effluvium is invisible. Yet from time to time it says, *There I am*, and its way of saying so is a thunder-clap.

The snow-storm presents a problem analogous to that of the dry fog. If an explanation of the Spaniards' *callina*, and the Ethiopian's *quobar*, be possible, this explanation will certainly be made by attentive observation of the magnetic effluvium.

Without the effluvium, a host of facts remain enigmatic. The altered velocity of the wind, changing in a storm from three feet to two hundred and twenty feet a second, may possibly cause the alteration of the waves, rising from three inches in a calm, to thirty-six feet in a stormy sea; the horizontalness of the blasts, even in a squall, may possibly make us understand how a wave thirty feet high can be fifteen hundred feet long; but why the waves of the Pacific are four times higher near America than near Asia, that is to say, higher at the west than at the east; why it is the contrary in the Atlantic; why, under the Equator, it is the middle of the sea which is highest; why these ocean swells change their place: this is what the magnetic effluvium, combined with the rotation of the earth and the attraction of the heavenly bodies, can alone explain.

Does it not require this mysterious complication to understand an oscillation of the wind, going, for instance, by the west, from southeast to northeast, then returning abruptly by the same great round, from northeast to southeast, so as to make, in thirty-six hours, the prodigious circuit of five hundred and sixty degrees, which was the course run over by the snow-storm of March 17, 1867?

The storm-waves of Australia reach eighty feet in height; Australia is near the pole. A tempest in our latitudes is due less to the disturbance of the winds, than to continuous electric submarine discharges; in 1866, the transatlantic cable was regularly impeded in its working two hours out of the twenty-four, from noon till two P. M., by a sort of intermittent fever. Certain compositions and decompositions of forces cause phenomena, and thrust themselves on the sailors' calculations, under pain of shipwreck. The day when navigation, now a routine, shall become a mathematical science; the day, for instance, when men will try to find out why, in our climate, hot winds sometimes come from the north, and cold ones from the south; the day when we shall understand that the diminutions of temperature are proportioned to the depths of the sea; the day when we shall have before our minds the fact that the globe

is a great magnet polarized in space, having two axes, one of rotation, one of effluvium, cutting each other at the centre of the earth, and that the magnetic poles revolve round the geographic; when those who risk their lives shall choose to risk them scientifically; when the unstable medium of navigation shall have been studied; when every captain shall be a meteorologist, every pilot a chemist—then will many catastrophes be avoided. The sea is as much magnetic as watery; an ocean of forces floats, unknown, in the ocean of currents; down-stream, we may say. To see in the ocean only a mass of water is not to see it at all; the ocean is a coming and going of fluid as much as a flux and reflux of liquid, affected even more by attraction than by hurricanes. Molecular adhesion (shown by capillary attraction, among other phenomena) shares, in the ocean, the grandeur of the ocean's volume, and the waves of effluvium sometimes assist, sometimes oppose, the waves of the air and the water. He who knows not the electric laws knows not the hydraulic, for they interpenetrate. True, no study is more difficult or more doubtful; it borders on imposture, as astronomy borders on astrology. But without it there is no real navigation.

This said, let us pass on.

The snow-storm is one of the most dangerous compounds of the sea. It is above all magnetic. The pole produces it, as it produces the aurora borealis, inspiring the fog of the one and the gleam of the other; the effluvium is perceptible in the snow-flake as well as in the striated flame.

Tempests are the nervous attacks and fits of madness to which the sea is subject. The sea has its sick-headaches. Storms may be compared to sicknesses; some are mortal, others not; you may escape from this one, and not from that. The whirlwind of snow passes for being usually fatal. Jarabija, one of Magellan's pilots, styled it "a cloud that came from the bad side of the devil."*

The old Spanish sailors called this kind of whirlwind *La Nevada* when it snowed, and *La Helada* when it hailed. According to them, bats fell from the sky in the snow.

Snow-storms belong to the polar latitudes. But sometimes they slip, one might almost say crumble, there is so much ruin in these aërial incidents, as far down as our climes.

We have seen that the *Matutina*, in leaving Portland, entered on a great nocturnal risk, aggravated by an approaching storm. She had confronted all these threats with a sort of tragic audacity. Nevertheless, let us not forget it, she had had her warning.

II.

FILLING UP THE ORIGINAL PROFILES.

As long as the ork was in Portland gulf, there was little sea; the waves were almost still. However dark the ocean, it was still light in the sky. The ork hugged as closely as possible the cliff which was a good screen for it.

There were ten persons on board the little Biscayan felucca, three of the crew, and seven passengers, two of these, women. By the light of the open sea (for extent illumines twilight) all the figures were now clearly brought out. Besides, they were no longer hiding, no longer embarrassed; each resumed his liberty of motion, uttered his cry, showed his face; their departure was a deliverance.

The motley nature of the group was strikingly apparent. The women were of no age; a wandering life cuts youth short, and poverty is a wrinkle of itself. One was a Basque of the dry-ports, the other, the woman with the

* *Una nube saleida del malo lado del diablo.*

large rosary, Irish. They had the careless air of poor devils. On entering, they had crouched down together on some boxes at the foot of the mast. They conversed; Irish and Basque, as we have said, are kindred tongues. The Basque woman's hair smelled of onions and basil. The master of the ork was a Guipuscoan Basque; one sailor was a Basque of the north slope of the Pyrenees, the other a Basque of the south slope, that is to say, of the same nation, though nominally the former was a Frenchman and the latter a Spaniard. The Basques do not recognize the official division. *Mi madre se llama montana*, "My mother's name is mountain," said the muleteer Zalarens. Of the five men accompanying the two women, one was a Frenchman of Languedoc, one a Frenchman of Provence, one from Genoa, one, the old fellow who had the hat without a pipe-hole, seemed to be a German, the fifth, their leader, was a Basque from the moors of Biscarossa. It was he who, at the moment when the child was going to enter the ork, had kicked the footbridge into the sea. This man, stout, fidgetty, quick in his movements, covered, it will be remembered, with embroideries, spangles, and tinsel that made his rags shine, could not keep in one place, stooped, rose again, went and came unceasingly from one end of the craft to the other, as if distracted between what he had just done and what was going to happen.

This leader of the band, and the master of the ork and the two men of the crew, all four Basques, spoke now Basque, now Spanish, and then again French, all these tongues prevailing on the two slopes of the Pyrenees. The others, except the woman, spoke something like French, which was the staple of their slang. At this time the French tongue was beginning to be chosen by the nations as a medium between the preponderance of consonants at the North and the preponderance of vowels at the South. Business men in Europe talked French; so did thieves. It may be remembered that the London robber, Gibby, understood Cartouche.

The ork was a good sailer and went at a good rate; nevertheless, ten persons with their baggage made a heavy cargo for so small a craft.

This saving of a troop by the vessel did not necessarily imply the affiliation of the crew with the troop. It sufficed that the master of the vessel was a *Vascongardo*, and the leader of the band another. With this race, mutual assistance is a duty admitting no exception. A Basque, we have just said, is neither French nor Spanish, he is Basque, and bound to save another Basque, always and everywhere. Such is the brotherhood of the Pyrenees.

All the time that the ork was in the gulf, the sky, though it had an awkward look, was not angry enough to disturb the fugitives or occupy their attention. They were running away, they were escaping, they were brutally gay. One laughed, another sang. The laugh was dry but unrestrained, the song low but careless.

The Languedocian cried, *Caoucagno!* "Cockaigne" expresses the height of satisfaction in Narbonne. He was a half-sailor, native of the maritime village of Gruissan, on the south slope, a sea-going man rather than a seaman, but clever in handling the scows of the pond at Bages, and drawing up on the dark sands of Saint Lucia the drag-net full of fish. He was one of that race who wear red caps, make complicated signs of the cross, Spanish fashion, drink wine from goat-skins, squeeze the sack, scrape the ham-bone, kneel down to swear, and invoke their patron saints with a threat: Great Saint, grant me what I ask, or I'll throw a stone at your head, "ou té feg' un pic." He

might, at need, be a useful addition to the crew.

The Provençal, in the galley, was making up a turf-fire under an iron pot, and cooking the soup.

This soup was a sort of *puchero*, in which fish replaced the meat, and the Provençal kept throwing into it small peas, little square bits of salt pork, and cloves of red pepper, concessions made by the bouillabaisse eater to the olla-podrida eaters. By his side was one of the provision-bags, unpacked. Over his head he had lighted an iron lantern with talc sides, that swung from the galley ceiling. Alongside it was suspended, on another hook, the kingfisher weathercock. It was then a popular belief that a dead kingfisher, hung up by the beak, always turned his breast to windward.

While he went on making the soup, the Provençal occasionally put the stem of a gourd to his mouth and swallowed a mouthful of brandy. It was one of those wicker-covered gourds, broad and flat, with handles, which were hung from the side by a strap and then called "hip-gourds." Between each swallow he mumbled a couplet of one of those country songs the subject of which is just nothing; a hollow road, a hedge; you see in the meadow, through an opening in the thicket, the lengthened shadow of a horse and cart in the setting sun, and from time to time the end of the fork loaded with hay appears and disappears above the hedge. No more is required to make a song.

A departure relieves or overwhelms, according to what is on the heart or the brain. All seemed relieved except one, who was the patriarch of the band, the man with the pipeless hat.

This old man, who seemed German more than any thing else, although he had one of those faces in the depths of which nationality is lost, was bald, and so grave that his baldness seemed a tonsure. Every time he passed before the Virgin at the bow, he lifted his felt hat, disclosing the swollen veins of his aged head. A sort of large cloak, of brown Dorchester serge, worn and torn, in which he was wrapped, only half hid his body coat, light, narrow, and hooked up to the collar like a cassock. His two hands were always coming together, joining mechanically, as if accustomed to prayer. He had what might be called a white look, for looks are above all a reflection of the mind, and it is an error to suppose that ideas have no color.

This look was evidently the surface of a strange interior, result of a medley of contradictions, tending some to good, others to evil. To an observing mind it was the revelation of an imperfect humanity, which might fall below the tiger or rise above the man. Such chaotic souls exist. There was something in this face that could not be deciphered, a very essence of secrecy. This man had evidently known the calculating foretaste and the blank after-taste of guilt. On his impassiveness, perhaps only apparent, were imprinted the signs of two ossifications, that of the heart, belonging to the executioner, and that of the mind, belonging to the mandarin. One might affirm (for monstrosities have their way of being perfect) that every thing was possible to him, even an emotion. Every learned man has a little of the corpse in him; this man was learned. Only by looking at him, you might detect the philosopher in the movements of his body and the folds of his cloak. His was a fossil face, yet the wrinkled, polyglottic mobility, which degenerates into grimace, marred its seriousness. Still it was severe; no hypocrisy, but no cynicism. The man was a tragic dreamer, whom crime had left pensive. He had a bandit's eyebrows softened by an archbishop's eyes. His scanty gray

hairs were white on the temples. You perceived in him the Christian modified by Turkish fatalism. Chalk-stones deformed his skeleton fingers; he was ridiculously tall, but had good sea-legs. He walked slowly on the deck, with an air of sombre conviction, looking at no one. The gleam of his eyeballs, fixed yet vague, revealed a soul that watched the gloom, without escaping the pricks of conscience.

From time to time the leader of the band, abrupt and alert, zigzagging swiftly through the vessel, came to whisper in his ear. The old man replied by a nod. It was like the lightning consulting the night.

III.

UNQUIET MEN ON AN UNQUIET SEA.

Two persons in the vessel, the old man and the master of the ork (who must not be confounded with the leader of the troop), were entirely occupied, the master with the sea, the old man with the sky. The eyes of the one never quitted the waves, the other kept watching the clouds. The behavior of the water caused the captain's anxiety; the old man seemed to suspect the heavens. He watched the stars through every opening in the clouds.

It was the moment when it is still light, and a few stars begin to twinkle feebly in the evening sky.

The horizon had a singular aspect, with different sorts of mist.

The fog was chiefly over the land, the clouds mostly over the sea.

Even before emerging from Portland bay, the master, anxious about the sea, had gone through a long series of manœuvres. He did not wait till he had rounded the point. He examined the braces, satisfied himself that the stays of the lower shrouds were in good order, and held taut the futtock-shrouds, precautions which showed the daring of a man bent on speed.

The defect of the ork was that it drew more water forward than aft.

The master moved every moment from the sailing to the variation compass, sighting all the objects along the coast, for the purpose of finding to what point of the card they corresponded. A breeze on the bowline first showed itself; he did not seem vexed at this, though it varied five points from their course. Most of the time he held the tiller himself, as if he could only trust himself to lose no momentum, the effects of the rudder being commensurate with the rapidity of headway.

The difference between the true and the apparent rhumb being greater in proportion as the vessel has more speed, the ork seemed to make more way to windward than she really did. She was not going very close to the wind; but to know the true rhumb accurately you must go before the wind. If we see in the clouds long streaks, ending in the same point of the horizon, that point is the source of the wind; but that evening there were several winds, and the point of the rhumb was doubtful, so that the master mistrusted these illusory indications.

He steered cautiously, yet boldly, braced up to the wind, kept sharp watch for sudden shifts, would not let the vessel come up in the wind, noted the lee-way, observed little jerks of the tiller, had an eye on all the incidents of the vessel's motion, all the variations of their headway, kept constantly, for fear of accidents, some points clear of the land that he was coasting, above all, made the angle of the vane with the keel larger than the angle of the sails, the wind-line indicated by the compass being always doubtful, owing to the small size of

the instrument. His eyes, immovably cast down, examined every change of the deep.

Once, however, he lifted them into space, and tried to see the three stars in Orion's belt; these stars are called the Three Magi, and an old proverb of the old Spanish pilots says: "He who sees the Three Magi is not far from the Saviour."

This glance of the master toward heaven coincided with a grumbling aside of the old man at the other end of the vessel.

—We cannot even see the *Claire des Gardes* or Antares, red as he is. Not a star is distinct.

No anxiety among the other fugitives.

Nevertheless, when the first joy of escape was over, they could not help perceiving that they were at sea in the month of January, and that the gale was icy cold. Impossible to stow themselves in the cabin, much too narrow, and, moreover, encumbered with baggage and bales. The baggage belonged to the passengers, the bales to the crew, for the ork was not a pleasure-vessel, she was a smuggler. The passengers had to establish themselves on deck; such wanderers were easily resigned to it. Out-door habits simplify the night arrangements of vagabonds; the open air is their friend; the cold helps them to sleep, sometimes to die.

The Languedocian and the Genoese, while waiting for supper, rolled themselves up near the women at the foot of the mast, on tarpaulins, which the sailors threw to them.

The bald old man stood in the bow, immovable and seemingly insensible to the cold.

The master of the ork uttered, from the tiller where he stood, a sort of guttural summons not unlike the cry of the bird called in America the Exclaimer; at this interjection, the leader of the troop and the master thus apostrophized him: *Etcheco jaüna.* These two Basque words, which mean "laborer of the mountain," are, among these antique Cantabrians, a solemn formula for entering on business.

Then the master pointed out the old man to the leader with his finger, and the dialogue continued in Spanish, not entirely correct, as it was mountain-Spanish:

Etcheco jaüna, que es est hombre?*
Un hombre.
Que lenguas habla?
Todas.
Que cosas sabe?
Todas.
Qual pais?
Ningun y todos.
Qual Dios?
Dios.
Como le llamas?
El Tonto.
Como dices que le llamas?
El Sabio.
En vuestra tropa que esta?
Esta lo que esta.
El gefe?
No.
Pues que esta?
La alma.

The leader and the master separated,

* Laborer of the mountain, who is this man?
A man.
What tongues speaks he?
All.
What things knows he?
All.
What country?
None and all.
What God?
God.
How do you call him?
The madman.
How do you say you call him?
The sage.
What is he in your band?
He is what he is.
The chief?
No.
What then is he?
The soul.

each returning to his own train of ideas, and soon after the *Matutina* issued from the gulf. The great undulations of the open sea began.

Where the ocean was free from foam it had a sticky appearance; the waves, losing their sharp edges in the twilight, looked like puddles of gall. Here and there a flattened billow showed cracks and stars, like a window at which stones had been thrown. At the centre of these stars, in eddying apertures, trembled a phosphorescence which recalled the cat-like after-gleam of departed light in the screech-owl's eyes.

Proudly and like a stout swimmer, the *Matutina* crossed the dangerous vibration of Chambers bank. Chambers bank, a hidden obstacle at the entrance of Portland roads, is not a bar, but an amphitheatre. A circus of sand under water, benches carved by the rolling waves, an arena round and symmetrical, round as the Jungfrau, but submerged, an ocean Coliseum of which the diver has glimpses in the moments of his plunge—such is Chambers bank. Hydras fight there, leviathans meet there: there, say the legends, at the bottom of the gigantic funnel, lie the carcasses of ships seized and sunk by the huge spider-kraken, called also the mountain-fish. Such is this frightful ghoul of the sea.

These spectral realities, unknown by man, show themselves at the surface by a slight shiver.

In the nineteenth century, Chambers bank is a ruin. The breakwater recently constructed has upset and cut down, by the surf it causes, this lofty specimen of submarine architecture, just as the pier built at Croisic, in 1760, altered by a quarter of an hour the tidal computation there. Yet the tide is eternal; but eternity obeys man more than is commonly supposed.

IV.

A CLOUD, DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHERS, COMES UPON THE SCENE.

The old man, whom the leader of the band had at first called a madman, and then a sage, did not leave the bow any more. Since passing over the Chambers bank, his attention had been divided between the sky and the sea. He lowered his eyes; then he raised them. What he looked at most closely was the northeast.

The master gave up the tiller to a seaman, strode over the hatch of the cable-tier, traversed the gangway, and came upon the forecastle.

He made up to the old man, but not fronting him. He kept himself a little in his rear, with elbows stuck into his hips, hands spread out, head bent down upon his shoulder, eye opened, eyebrow elevated, a corner of the lips smiling—which is the bearing of curiosity, when it vacillates between irony and respect.

The old man—it may be that he was in the habit of talking sometimes when alone; it may be that feeling some one behind him induced him to speak—began to talk to himself as he scanned the distance.

— The meridian, whence one reckons the true ascension, is marked in this age by four stars, the Polar, Cassiopea's chair, Andromeda's head, and the star Algenib that is in Pegasus. But no one of these is visible.

These words succeeded each other involuntarily, confused, scarcely spoken out, and as though he had nothing to do with pronouncing them. They floated out of his mouth, and were lost. The monologue is the smoke of the mind's internal fires.

The master broke in:

— Seignior!

The old man, perhaps a little deaf as well as very pensive, continued:

— Not enough stars and too much wind. The wind always leaves its course, to throw itself upon the coast. It flings itself there perpendicularly. This is because the land is warmer than the sea. Its air is lighter. The cold and heavy sea-wind precipitates itself on the land, to take its place. This is why, in the open sky, the wind blows toward the land from all sides. It would be important to make lengthened tacks between the estimated and the presumed parallels. When the latitude by observation does not differ from the presumed latitude more than three minutes in ten leagues, and four in twenty, one is on a fair course.

The master bowed, but the old man did not notice him. This personage, who wore what resembled a university gown of Oxford or Gottingen, did not budge from his haughty or stubborn attitude. He looked upon the sea, as a connoisseur of the waters and of men. He studied the waves, but almost as though he were about to seek in their tumult for the turn of his words, and to impart something to them. There was in him a touch of the pedagogue and of the seer. He had the air of a pedant of the abyss.

He pursued his soliloquy, uttered perhaps, after all, to be listened to.

— One might struggle on, if there were a wheel instead of a tiller. At the rate of four leagues an hour, thirty pounds of weight upon the wheel can produce three hundred thousand pounds of effect upon the direction. And more still, for there are occasions when one can make two additional turns.

The master bowed a second time, and said:

— Seignior. . . .

The old man's eye fixed itself upon him. The head turned, without the body moving.

— Call me doctor.

— Seignior doctor, it is I who am the captain.

— So be it! replied the doctor.

The doctor—we shall call him thus henceforward — appeared willing to talk.

— Have you an English octant?

— No.

— Without an English octant, you cannot take an altitude at either end.

— The Basques, replied the master, took soundings before there were any Englishmen.

— Don't trust to springing your luff.

— I ease away when necessary.

— Have you measured the vessel's speed?

— Yes.

— When?

— Just now.

— By what means?

— By means of the log.

— Were you careful in keeping your eye upon the reel?

— Yes.

— Does the sand-glass make exactly its thirty seconds?

— Yes.

— Are you sure that the sand has not worn the aperture between the two globes?

— Yes.

— Have you tested the sand-glass by the vibration of a musket-ball suspended to a spun-yarn drawn from above the soaked hemp?

— Certainly.

— Did you wax the spun-yarn, for fear that it might stretch?

— Yes.

— Have you made a counterproof of the log?

— I have made a counterproof of the sand-glass by the musket-ball, and a counterproof of the log by the cannon-ball.

— What diameter had your ball?

— A foot.

— Good weight?

— It is an old cannon-ball of our old war-ork, the *Casse de Par-grand.*

— That was in the Armada?

— Yes.

— And that carried six hundred soldiers, fifty seamen, and twenty-five guns?

— The wreck knows all that.

— How have you estimated the force of the water acting against the ball?

— By means of a German steelyard.

— Have you made allowance for the impulsion of the wave against the cord to which the ball is attached?

— Yes.

— With what result?

— The force of the water was a hundred and seventy pounds.

— That is to say that the vessel makes four French leagues an hour.

— And three Dutch leagues.

— But that is only the surplus of the speed of the wake over the speed of the vessel.

— Assuredly.

— Where are you steering?

— For a creek that I am acquainted with, between Loyola and St. Sebastian.

— Put yourself as quickly as you can on the parallel of the place to which you are bound.

— Yes. The least possible falling off.

— Mistrust the winds and the currents. The former provoke the latter.

— The traitors!

— No abuse! The sea can hear. Insult nothing. Be satisfied with watching.

— I have watched, and I do watch. The tide is at present against the wind; but soon, when it will run with the wind, we shall have an improvement.

— Have you got a set of charts?

— No; not for these waters.

— Then you grope your way as you navigate?

— No; I have the compass.

— The compass is one eye; the book of charts is the other.

— A man, blind of one eye, sees.

— How do you measure the angle that the vessel's course makes with the keel?

— I have my compass of variation, and then I guess.

— Guessing is well; knowing is better.

— Columbus guessed.

— When there is a constant shifting, and when the card in the compass-box turns about balefully, one knows no longer what to do with the wind, and the end of it is having no estimated point, and no corrected one. An ass that knows his way is worth more than a diviner with his oracle.

— There is none of this shifting in the northeaster yet; and I see no ground for alarm.

— Ships are flies in the spider-web of the sea.

— For the moment all is well enough in sea and wind.

— A tremor of black points upon the flood; such is man upon the ocean.

— I do not look forward to any thing bad for to-night.

— There may come such inky darkness, that you will be troubled to get out of the mess.

— So far, all goes well.

The doctor's eye fixed itself upon the northeast.

The master continued:

— Let us only get into the Bay of Biscay, and I answer for every thing. Ah! yes, indeed, I am at home there. I have it fast, my Bay of Biscay! It is a hand-basin often in a terrible fume; but I know all its depths of water, and all the nature of its bottom: mud before San Cipriano, shell before Cizarque, sand off Cape Penas, small pebbles at Boucaut de Mimizan; and I can distinguish the color of all the pebbles.

The master stopped; the doctor was no longer listening.

The doctor was looking steadily at the northeast. Something more than ordinary passed across that icy visage. All the terror conceivable upon a mask of stone was there depicted. His mouth dropped out this expression:

— Well and good!

The pupil of his eye, become all at once that of the owl, and quite round, dilated with stupefaction, as he seemed to probe a point in the distance.

He added:

— It is right. For my part, I am willing.

The master looked at him.

The doctor resumed, speaking to himself, or to some one in the void:

— I say yes.

He was silent; opened his eyes wider and wider, redoubling his attention to what he saw; then continued:

— It comes from a long way off; but what it will do, nobody knows but itself.

The segment of space, whereinto the eye and the thought of the doctor were plunged, being opposite the west, was illuminated by the ample reflection of twilight, almost as by day. This segment, very circumscribed and surrounded by patches of grayish vapor, was entirely blue; but the blue was leaden, not azure.

The doctor, turned altogether to the side of the sea, and without looking further at the captain, pointed out with his forefinger this airy segment, and said:

— Do you see that?

— What?

— That.

— What?

— Away there.

— The blue? Yes.

— What is it?

— A bit of sky.

— For those who are going to heaven, said the doctor. For those who are going elsewhere, it is something else.

And he emphasized these enigmatical words with a fearful look, lost in the obscurity.

There was silence.

The master, reverting to the double estimate put upon this man by the leader, debated within himself this question: Is he a madman? Is he a sage?

The doctor's bony and rigid forefinger remained at point, as though fixed there, toward the blue and overcast bit of the horizon.

The master examined this blue.

— In fact, muttered he to himself, it is not sky; it is cloud.

— Blue cloud worse than black cloud, said the doctor; and he added:

— It is the cloud of the snow.

— *La nube de la nieve*, said the master, as if he sought to understand the phrase better by translating it to himself.

— Do you know what the cloud of the snow is? asked the doctor.

— No.

— You will know before long.

The master betook himself again to studying the horizon. All the while that he was observing the cloud, the master spoke between his teeth.

— A month of squalls, a month of rain, January coughing, and February crying; that's the whole winter for us Asturians. Our rain is warm. We have snow only in the mountains. Ay, indeed, look out for the avalanche! The avalanche knows nothing whatever. The avalanche is a beast.

— And the whirlwind of snow is a monster, said the doctor.

The doctor, after a pause, added:

— Look, here it comes!

He resumed:

— Several winds are setting themselves to work at the same time; a hard wind from the west, and a slow-blowing wind from the east.

—That one is a hypocrite, said the master.

The blue cloud grew bigger.

—If the snow, continued the doctor, is formidable when it descends from the mountain, judge what it is when it hurls itself down from the pole.

His eye was glassy. The cloud seemed to be increasing upon his countenance, as it was upon the horizon.

He went on, as though in a reverie:

—Every minute brings on the hour. The will from on high is revealing itself.

The master again put this question to himself internally: Is he a madman?

—Captain, asked the doctor, his eye all the time fixed upon the cloud, have you navigated much in the Channel?

The master answered:

—To-day is the first time.

The doctor, who was absorbed in the blue cloud, and who, as a sponge can only hold so much water and no more, could only feel a certain amount of anxiety, was not moved by this reply of the master, beyond a very slight shrugging of his shoulders.

—How so?

—Seignior doctor, my voyages are generally to Ireland. I sail from Fontarabia to Black Harbor, or to Akill Island, which is two islands. I go sometimes to Bractipult, which is a point in Wales. But I steer always above the Scilly Islands. I am not acquainted with this sea.

—That is serious. Unfortunate he, who spells out the ocean. The Channel is a sea that must be read off-hand. The Channel—it is the sphinx. Beware of its bottom.

—We are in twenty-five fathoms here.

—You must get into the fifty-five fathoms that are to the westward, and keep clear of the twenty that are to the eastward.

—We will sound as we go.

—The Channel is not a sea like any other. The rise and fall is fifty feet at spring, and twenty-five at neap-tides. High-water flood is not low-water ebb. Ah! you look as though you were disconcerted.

—To-night we will sound.

—For sounding, you must lay-to; and you will not be able.

—Why?

—On account of the wind.

—We will try.

—The hurricane is a sword in the reins.

—We will sound, Seignior doctor.

—You will not be able even to bring-to.

—Trust in God.

—Prudence in words! Pronounce not lightly the irritable name.

—I shall sound, I tell you.

—Be diffident. You are soon going to be cuffed by the wind.

—I mean that I shall try to sound.

—The rush of the water will prevent the lead from going down, and the line will break. Ah! this is your first visit to these latitudes?

—The first.

—Well, in that case, listen, captain!

The accentuation of this word, "listen," was so imperative, that the master bowed.

—Seignior doctor, I am listening.

—Haul on board your larboard sheets, and stand off to starboard.

—What do you mean?

—Stand to the west!

—Caramba!

—Stand to the west!

—Not possible.

—As you please. What I tell you is for the others. For myself, I accept.

—But, Seignior doctor, standing in to the west...

—Yes, captain.

—Is the wind in one's teeth.

— Yes, captain.

— Is the devil's own pitching.

— Choose other words! Yes, captain.

— It is the vessel on the rack.

— Yes, captain.

— It is, perhaps, the mast carried away.

— Perhaps.

— You want me to steer to the west?

— Yes.

— I cannot.

— In that case, battle it out with the sea as you please.

— It would be necessary to have a change of wind.

— It will not change, all night.

— Why?

— This is a blast twelve hundred leagues long.

— Beat against this wind? Impossible.

— Steer westward, I tell you.

— I will try. But, in spite of every thing, we shall fall to leeward.

— There's the danger.

— The gale drives us to the east.

— Do not go to the east!

— Why?

— Captain, are you aware what for us is the name of death, in these days?

— No.

— Death is called the East.

— I will steer to the west.

The doctor, this time, looked at the master and looked at him with a look that bears hard, as though to drive home an idea into a brain. He had turned entirely round to the master, and he uttered these words slowly, syllable by syllable:

— If, to-night, when we are in mid-water, we hear the sound of a bell, the vessel is lost.

The master looked at him, stupefied.

— What do you mean?

The doctor made no reply. His look, one instant gone forth from him, had now reëntered. His eye had again become introspective. He did not seem to take in the master's startled question. He was now only attentive to that which he listened to within himself. His lips articulated, as if mechanically, these few words, low as a murmur:

— The moment is come for black souls to wash themselves.

The master made the expressive wry face, that brings all the lower part of the countenance up toward the nose.

— He is more of madman than of sage, grumbled he.

And he walked away.

Nevertheless he laid his course for the west.

But the wind and the sea were getting up.

V.

HARDQUANONNE.

Shapeless, in all sorts of swellings, the fog gathered at once upon every point of the horizon, as though invisible mouths were occupied in puffing up the leather bags of the tempest. The form of the clouds became threatening.

The blue cloud held all the lower part of the sky. There was as much of it now in the west, as in the east. It worked up against the gale. These contradictions belong to the law of winds.

The sea, which, a moment before, had scales, now had a skin. Such is this dragon. It was no longer the crocodile; it was the boa. This skin, livid and foul, appeared thick, and wrinkled itself heavily. At the surface, bubbles of spume, isolated and resembling pustules, rounded themselves, then burst. The scum was like leprosy.

It was at this instant that the ork, still visible in the distance to the child left behind, lighted up its signal-light.

A quarter of an hour passed away.

The master cast his eyes about in search of the doctor. He was no longer on deck.

Immediately on the master leaving him, the doctor had stooped his inconvenient height under the companion-way, and had gone into the cabin. There he seated himself near the stove, upon a block. He drew from his pocket a shagreen inkhorn, and a Spanish-leather portfolio. He took out of the portfolio a piece of parchment with four folds, old, spotted, and yellow. He smoothed out the parchment, took a pen from the pen-holder of his inkhorn, laid the portfolio flat upon his knee, and the parchment on the portfolio, and began to write upon the second side of the parchment, making use of the light that came from the cook's lantern. The motion caused by the sea troubled him. The doctor wrote a long time. As he wrote, he remarked the gourd-bottle of aguardiente, that the Provençal tasted each time that he put spice into the lobscouse, as though he consulted it as to the seasoning.

The doctor noticed this gourd, not because it was a bottle of brandy, but on account of a name woven in the wicker-work, in red withes upon the black withes. There was light enough in the cabin to read this name.

Pausing in his work, the doctor spelled it to himself in low tone:

— Hardquanonne.

Then he turned to the cook:

— I had not previously noticed this gourd. Did it belong to Hardquanonne?

— To our poor comrade Hardquanonne? said the cook. Yes.

The doctor went on:

— To Hardquanonne, the Fleming from Flanders?

— Yes.

— Who is in prison?

— Yes.

— In the strong keep at Chatham?

— It is his gourd, replied the cook, and he was my friend. I keep it as a souvenir of him. When shall we see him again? Yes, it was the gourd he carried slung about him.

The doctor took up his pen again, and began, with difficulty, tracing lines, somewhat irregular, upon the parchment. He was evidently taking pains that they should be quite legible. Notwithstanding the trembling of the vessel and his trembling from age, he got to the end of what he wished to write.

It was time, for suddenly there was a shock of a wave; a very heavy sea struck the ork, and that sort of shivering began to be perceptible, with which vessels welcome the tempest.

The doctor got up, approached the stove, all the while bending his knees adroitly at each abrupt pitch or roll, dried at the fire the lines he had just written, refolded the parchment in the portfolio, and replaced the portfolio and the writing apparatus in his pocket.

The stove was not the least ingenious bit of the ork's furniture down below. It stood well, by itself. Nevertheless, the seething-pot rocked. The Provençal watched it.

— Fish-soup, said he.

— For the fishes, replied the doctor. Then he went again upon deck.

VI.

THEY THINK THEY OBTAIN HELP.

In the midst of his increasing preoccupation, he passed as it were under review the circumstances of the case; and any one who had been near him might have heard these words fall from his lips: — Too much rolling, and not enough pitching.

And the doctor, recalled by the dark laboring of his mind, went down again into his thoughts as a miner into his mine. But this meditating in no way

hindered his observation of the sea. Gazing upon the sea is a reverie.

The sombre chastisement of the waters, eternally tormented, was about to begin. A lamenting voice went up out of all this waste. Preparatives, doleful and confused, were being made in immensity. The doctor studied what was under his eye, and lost not one of its details. Otherwise, there was nothing of contemplation in his look. One does not contemplate hell.

A vast commotion, still half latent, though plain enough in the troubled distance, accentuated and aggravated more and more the wind, the mists, the surgings. Nothing is so logical as the ocean, nothing more absurd. This incongruity with itself is inherent in its sovereignty, and is one of the elements of its amplitude. The wave is, without ceasing, for and against. It coils itself up, only to uncoil itself. One of its swashes attacks, another delivers. No sight like that of the billows. How paint those alternated and scarcely actual hollows and reliefs, those valleys, those hammocks, those heavings of the breast, those rough outlines? How express those thickets of foam, made up of mountain and of dream? The indescribable is there, everywhere, in the racking to pieces, in the frowning, in the restlessness, in the perpetual contradiction, in the lights and shadows, in the cradling of the clouds, in the vaulted key-stones forever displaced, in the disintegration without gap and without fracture, and in the funereal din that is made by all this frenzy.

The wind came out due north. It was so favorable in its strength, and so fair for getting away from England, that the master of the *Matutina* decided to crowd her with canvas. The ork broke away in the foam as at a gallop, all sails spread, wind astern, bounding from wave to wave, with rage and glee. The fugitives, enraptured, laughed. They clapped their hands, and applauded the rolling, the waves, the puffs of wind, the sails, the speed, the flight, the future unexplored. The doctor appeared not to see them, and was dreaming.

Every trace of day was eclipsed.

It was at this moment that the child, watching upon the distant cliffs, lost sight of the ork. Up to this time his look had remained fixed, and, as it were, dependent on the vessel. What part had this look in destiny? At the instant when distance blotted out the ork, and when the child no longer saw anything, he went his way northward, while the ork stood on her course to the south.

All burying themselves in the night.

VII.

SACRED HORROR.

On their part, but with opened hearts and joyfulness, those whom the ork was carrying away saw the hostile ground recede and diminish behind them. Little by little the dark, round outline of the ocean grew higher, obscuring, in the twilight, Portland, Purbeck, Tineham, Kimmeridge, the two Mathavers, the long strips of misty cliff, and the coast marked out with light-houses.

England became obliterated; the fugitives had no longer any thing around them but the sea.

All at once the night was terrible.

There was no more distance or space. The sky was turned into blackness, and shut itself down upon the vessel. Slowly the fall of snow began. Some flakes appeared. One might have thought them souls. Nothing was longer visible on this the race-course of the wind. One felt one's self delivered over. Every thing possible is therein—deception.

It is by this cavernous obscurity that

the polar whirlwind of snow makes its début in our clime.

A vast turbid cloud, like the underbody of a hydra, weighed upon the ocean, and in places this livid belly adhered to the waves. Where it adhered, there was the resemblance of pockets full of holes, exhaling vapor, and filling themselves with water. These suctions threw up, here and there upon the waves, cones of spume.

The boreal hurricane threw itself upon the ork; the ork flung up its heels therein. The gust and the vessel came together, as though to insult each other.

In the first infuriate onset, not a sail was brailed up, not a jib was lowered, not a reef was taken in—so frenzied was the onward rush. The mast creaked and bent backward as though affrighted.

Cyclones, in our northern hemisphere, work from right and left, like the hands of a watch, with a whirling movement that equals sometimes sixty miles an hour. Though she was entirely at the mercy of this fierce rotatory assault, the ork behaved as though under control, with no other precaution than that of keeping herself upright, and of presenting her head to the first blast, while receiving another on her side, and avoiding another astern. This *quasi* prudence would have served no purpose, in the event of the wind veering suddenly from one quarter to the opposite.

A hollow sound inflated an inaccessible region.

The bellowing of the abyss—nothing is comparable to this. It is the immense bestial voice of the world. What we call matter—that unfathomable organism, that amalgamation of immeasurable energies wherein one sometimes recognizes an imperceptible amount of horrifying intention, that cosmos blind and nocturnal, that Pan incomprehensible — has a cry, a cry strange, prolonged, obstinate, continued, which is less than the Word and more than thunder. This cry, it is the tempest. Other voices—songs, melodies, clamor, words—issue from nests, from hatchings, from pairings, from marriages, from dwelling-places; this one, the whirlwind, issues from the Nothing which is All. Other voices express the soul of the universe; this one tells of its monster. It is a shapeless howling. It is the inarticulate spoken by the indefinite. Fact, pathetic and full of terror! These noises carry on dialogues above and beyond man. They rise up, are lowered, fluctuate, induce waves of sound, give rise to all sorts of indignant surprises in the mind, now burst forth close to our ears with the importuning of a flourish on trumpets, now have the husky hoarseness of the far-off-disordered hurly-burly that resembles a language, and that is a language in truth; it is the effort that the world itself makes at speaking; it is the stammering of prodigy. In this wailing, confusedly manifests itself all that an enormous sinister palpitation endures, undergoes, suffers, accepts, and rejects; most frequently, this wailing reasons falsely; seems to be an access of chronic malady, is rather a widespread epilepsy than a force employed; one imagines one's self assisting at a fall from an epileptic fit into the infinite. At intervals, one has glimpses of the reëstablishment of the normal order of things, one knows not what feeble attempt of chaos to reassert its sway over creation. At intervals, it is a complaint; space laments and justifies itself, somewhat as though the cause of the world were being pleaded. One fancies that the universe is a lawsuit. One listens, one tries to seize the reasons assigned, the tremendous for and against. Such groaning of the shades has the tenacity of a syllogism. Vast trouble for the thought! The

cause of existence of mythologies and of polytheisms lies therein. To the fearfulness of these prodigious murmurs are added superhuman profiles, vanishing away as soon as perceived, indistinct Eumenides, breasts of Furies outlined in the clouds, Platonian chimeras partially defined. No horror equals that of these sobs, these laughings, these waverings of hubbub, these questions and these answers undecipherable, these appeals to unknown auxiliaries. Man knows not what to make of himself in the presence of this awful incantation. He cowers under the enigma of these Draconian intonations. What meaning underlies them? What signify they? What do they threaten? Whom do they supplicate? There is, as it were, an unchaining. Vociferations from precipice to precipice, from air to water, from wind to waves, from rain to rock, from zenith to nadir, from stars to foam, the muzzle taken off the abyss: such is this tumult, a complication of evil consciences with one knows not what of mysterious disentanglement.

The loquacity of the night is not less lugubrious than its silence. You feel therein the anger of the unknown.

Night is a presence. Presence of whom?

This mist, mysterious and nocturnal, is the struggling, the fleeting, the crumbling, the baleful. You feel the earth no more; you are sensible of another reality.

In the shadow, infinite and indefinite, there is something or some one, of the living; but what is living there is parcel of our death. After our earthly passage, when this shadow shall be a a light for us, the life which is beyond our life will take hold upon us. Awaiting this, it seems to be touching us. Darkness is a pressure. Night is a sort of hand laid upon our soul. At certain hours, hideous and solemn, we feel encroaching upon us that which lies behind the wall of the tomb.

Never is this proximity of the unknown more palpable than in storms at sea. The horrible gains growth therein from the fantastic. The possible interrupter of human actions, the ancient cloud-gatherer, has there at his disposal, for moulding the event at his good pleasure, an inconsistent element, an unlimited incoherence, force diffused without defined intention. This mystery, the tempest, accepts and executes, at every instant, one knows not what changes of will, apparent or real.

Poets in all times have called this the caprice of the waves.

But there is no caprice at all.

Disconcerting occurrences that, in Nature, we call caprice, and, in destiny, chance, are fragments of a law seen imperfectly.

VIII.

NIX ET NOX.

What characterizes the snow-whirl is that it is black. The habitual aspect of nature in a storm—earth or sea obscure, the sky wan—is reversed; the heavens are black, the ocean is white. Below, foam; above, darkness. An horizon walled with smoke, a zenith ceiled with crape. The tempest is like the interior of a cathedral hung with mourning. But there are no lights in this cathedral; no St. Elmo fires upon the points of the waves; no sparks; nothing phosphoric; nothing but one immense shadow. The polar cyclone differs from the tropical cyclone in this, that the one sets blazing all the lights, and the other extinguishes them all. The world becomes suddenly a cavern-vault. From this night falls a dust of pale specks, that hesitate between this sky and this sea. These specks, which are

flakes of snow, glide, wander, float. It is almost as though the tears upon a winding-sheet should take to life and put themselves in motion. With this sowing a maddened blast commingles. A blackness in crumbs of white, the furious in the obscure, all the tumult whereof the sepulchre is capable, a tornado under a catafalque—such is the snow-storm.

Beneath, trembles the ocean, masking formidable depths unknown.

In the polar wind, which is electric, the flakes become immediately hailstones, and the air is filled with projectiles. The water crackles under the grape-spot.

No thunder-claps. The lightning of the Boreal hurricanes is silent. What one says sometimes of a cat—"she spits"—may be said of this lightning. It is the threat of a half-opened jaw, strangely inexorable. The snow-storm is a storm blind and dumb. When it is over, the ships are often blind and the sailors dumb.

To get out of such a gulf is not easy.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that shipwreck is absolutely inevitable. The Danish fishermen of Disco and of Balesin, the cruisers after black whales, Hearn going toward Behring's Straits to examine the mouth of the Coppermine River, Hudson, Mackenzie, Vancouver, Ross, Dumont-d'Urville, experienced, at the Pole itself, the most inclement snow-storms, and escaped from them.

It was into a tempest of this sort that the ork had entered, under full sail and in triumph. Frenzy against frenzy. When Montgomery, stealing out of Rouen, threw his galley at full speed of oars upon the chain barring the Seine at La Bouille, he had the same hardihood.

The *Matutina* flew. Her laying over under canvas made at times, with the sea, a fearful angle of fifteen degrees; but her good tun-bellied keel stuck to the water as though glued to it. The keel resisted all the pressure of the hurricane. The fire-cage lighted up the bow. The cloud charged to the full with blasts, spreading its tremor over the ocean, narrowed in and preyed upon the water round about the ork more and more. Not a gull, not a cliff-swallow; nothing but the snow. The visible extent of the waves, though small, was frightful.

One saw but three or four, immeasurable.

From time to time a vast flash of lightning, of the color of red copper, appeared behind what was obscurely piled from the horizon to the zenith. This vermilion widening set off the horror of the clouds. The sudden lighting up of the depths, upon which, during a second, stood out the foregrounds of the clouds and the distant summits of the celestial chaos, brought the abyss into perspective. On this fiery background the flakes of snow became black, and they might have been called sombre butterflies flying in a furnace.

The first outburst over, the squall, ever chasing the ork, began to roar in continued bass. This is a phrase in rumbling, a fearful diminution of the hubbub. Nothing so disquieting as this monologue of the tempest. The gloomy recitative resembles a breathing-spell of the mysterious opposing forces, and indicates a sort of watchfulness in the unknown.

The ork continued her headlong course. Her two principal sails fulfilled, above all, a terrific function. The sky and the sea were of ink, with jets of foam leaping higher than the mast. Every moment floods of water traversed the deck like a deluge; and at every lurch, whether to port or starboard, the scupper-holes became so many open mouths revomiting the spume to the sea. The women had taken refuge in the cabin: but the men remained on

deck. The blinding snow whirled in eddies; the spittings of the wave-crests were added. All was in a state of fury.

At this moment, the leader of the band, standing up, aft, on the transom, with one hand holding on to the shrouds, and with the other pulling off his cotton cap that he shook in the glimmer of the fire-cage, arrogant, happy, his face puffed with pride, intoxicated by all this gloom, cried out:

—We are free!

—Free! free! free! repeated those who had escaped.

And all the band, clutching the rigging, stood up on the deck.

—Hurrah! cried the chief.

And the band howled in the tempest:

—Hurrah!

At the instant when this clamor was drowned in the squalls, a voice, loud and solemn, was heard from the other end of the vessel. It said: Silence!

All the heads were turned to it.

They had recognized the voice of the doctor. The darkness was thick. The doctor was leaning his back against the mast, with which his lean figure was blended; they did not see him.

The voice went on:

—Hark!

All were hushed.

Then was heard distinctly in the gloom the tolling of a bell.

IX.

A CHARGE CONFIDED TO THE FURIOUS SEA.

The master of the bark, who was at the tiller, broke out into a laugh. —A bell! That's good. We are driving to larboard. What does this bell prove? That we have land on our right hand.

The firm and measured voice of the doctor answered:

—You have not got land a-starboard.

—But, yes! cried the master.

—No.

—But this bell sounds from ashore.

—This bell, said the doctor, sounds from the sea.

There was a shudder among these hardy men. The haggard faces of two women appeared in the square of the cabin-hatchway, like two evil spirits evoked. The doctor made a step, and his tall, dark form detached itself from the mast. They heard the bell tolling in the depth of the night.

The doctor resumed:

—There is in the middle of the sea, half way between Portland and the Channel Islands, a buoy, placed there to give warning. This buoy is moored with chains to the bottom, and floats on a level with the water. On this buoy an iron trestle is fixed, and at its intersection a bell is hung. In heavy weather, the sea being shaken, shakes the buoy, and the bell rings. That bell is the one you hear.

The doctor let a very heavy gust sweep by, waited till the sound of the bell was heard over all, and continued:

—To hear this bell in a storm, when the whirlwind blows, is to be lost. Why? Observe: if you hear the sound of the bell, it is the wind that brings it to you. Now the wind comes from the west, and the breakers of Aurigny lie eastward. You can only hear the bell, because you are between the buoy and the breakers. It is on these breakers that the wind drives you. You are on the wrong side of the buoy. If you were on the right side, you would have ample sea-room, in a safe course, and you would not hear the bell. The wind would not bring you the sound. You would pass near the buoy, without knowing that it is there. We are out of our course. The bell—it is

shipwreck sounding the tocsin. Now, make the best of it!

The bell, while the doctor was speaking, lowered in tone by a lull of the blasts, sounded slowly, stroke after stroke; and this intermittent tinkling seemed to be suggested by the old man's words. It might have been termed the death-bell of the deep.

Breathless, they all listened; now to the voice, now to the bell.

X.

STORM IS THE GREAT SAVAGE.

Nevertheless, the master had seized his speaking-trumpet:—*Cargate todo, hombres!* Let fly the sheets! Rowse in upon your down-haul! Lower away the ties and brails of your courses! Hug up to the west! Let's take more sea-room! Head for the buoy! Head for the bell! There's sea-room away there! All isn't over!

—Try it, said the doctor.

Let it be noted in passing, that this sounding-buoy, a sort of sea-bell, was suppressed in 1802. Very old sailors remember having heard it. It gave warning, but somewhat late.

The master's order was obeyed. The Languedocian made a third sailor. Every one helped. They did better than brailing; they furled. They tautened all the gaskets, they knotted the reef-points and bowlines; they put horse-irons on the stoops, which might thus serve as midship shrouds; they fished the mast; they nailed fast the port-lids, which is a way of walling-in the vessel. The manœuvre, although executed with the yards peaked, was none the less successful. The ork, in fact, was brought down to a complete state of readiness. But in proportion as the craft, making all snug, grew as it were smaller, the turning upside down of air and water increased upon her. The height of the danger attained almost polar dimensions.

The tempest, like an executioner who is hurried, took to quartering the vessel. There was, in the twinkling of an eye, a fearful wrenching of every thing, the topsails blown out of the bolt-ropes, the bulwarks cut down, the chess-trees thrown out of joint, the shrouds tangled in a heap, the mast sprung, all the hubbub of disaster flying into pieces. The bigger ropes parted, although they had only four fathoms' clinch.

The magnetic tension, incidental to snow-storms, aided the parting of the cordage. It broke, as much from the effects of this, as from the wind. Chains were jerked out of their pulleys and of no more use. The bows forward, and the quarters aft, bent under the enormous pressure. One wave carried away the compass, with the binnacle. Another carried away the boat, slung like a portmanteau under the bowsprit, after the strange Asturian fashion. Another carried away the spritsail yard. Another carried away the image of Our Lady at the prow, together with the fire-cage.

There remained the rudder only. The place of the extinguished signal-light was supplied by a torch made of flaming tow and lighted tar, which was hung from the rudder-post.

The mast, snapped in two, all bristling with quivering tatters, with cordage, with tackling-blocks, and with yards, encumbered the deck. In falling, it had smashed a portion of the starboard bulwark.

The master, still at the tiller, shouted out:—As long as we can steer, nothing is lost. The lower planking holds good. Axes! axes! Overboard with the mast! Clear the deck!

Crew and passengers were fevered by this supreme struggle. It was but an affair of some blows with the axe.

They hove the mast over the side. The deck was cleared.

—Now, said the master, take a halyard and lash me to the tiller.

They bound him to the helm.

While they were fastening him, he laughed. He called out to the sea:

—Bellow away, old woman, bellow away! I've seen worse off Cape Machichaco.

And, when he was securely tied, he grasped the tiller with both hands, with that delirious joy that peril engenders.

—All goes well, comrades! Hurrah for Our Lady of Buglose! Let us steer for the west!

A colossal cross-wave came, and flung itself down upon the after-body. There is always in tempests a sort of tiger-wave, ferocious, and bringing all to an end, that reaches a certain point, crawls sometimes as though on its belly along the sea, then bounds, roars, gnashes its teeth, pounces on the ship in distress and tears it to pieces. An engulfment of foam covered all the poop of the *Matutina;* and in the midst of the water and the darkness was heard a rending asunder. When the foam was dissipated, when the stern reappeared, there was no more master, nor rudder.

All had been swept away.

The tiller and the man, that they had just bound together, had gone with the wave into the howling pell-mell of the tempest.

The chief of the band looked fixedly into the gloom, and exclaimed:

—*Te burlas de nosotros?* *

To this cry of revolt succeeded another cry:

—Let us let go the anchor! Let us save the master!

They ran to the capstan. They let the anchor go. Orks have but one. This led only to the losing it. The bottom was living rocks, the swell maddening. The cable snapped like a hair.

The anchor rested at the bottom of the sea.

Of the cutwater, there remained only the angel figure-head looking through his spy-glass.

From this moment, the ork was no more than a waif. The *Matutina* was irredeemably crippled. The vessel, but a while ago, winged and almost terrible in her course, was now impotent. Not a bit of rigging that was not mutilated and out of gear. Unresisting and passive, she obeyed the weird furies of the waters. It is on the ocean alone that one sees, in some few minutes, an eagle transformed into a being paralyzed and helpless.

The breathing of space became more and more monstrous. The tempest is horrible in the way of lungs. It unceasingly aggravates the blackness that has no light and shade. The mid-sea bell rang furiously, as though shaken by a furious hand.

The *Matutina* drifted on at the mercy of the waves; a cork has similar undulations. She no longer sailed; she merely floated. She seemed ready, every instant, like a dead fish, to turn up her belly to the surface. That which saved her from total loss was the good condition of the hull, that was perfectly water-tight. Not a plank beneath the water-line had given way. There was neither crack nor crevice, nor a drop of water in the hold. Fortunately so, for the pump was damaged, and could not be of any use.

The ork danced hideously in the anguish of the waves. The deck had convulsions, as the diaphragm when it strains to vomit. One might have said that it strained to eject the doomed men. They, inert, clung to the standing-rigging, to the bulwarks, to the

* "Are you making game of us?"

carlings, to the davits, to the gaskets, to broken places in the started planking, to the useless riders, the nails of which tore their hands, to all the miserable shreds of ruin. From time to time they listened. The sound of the bell grew more feeble. It might have been said that it, too, was *in extremis*. Its tolling was no more than an intermittent rattle. Then the rattle itself died away. Where were they, then, and how far from the buoy? The noise of the bell had scared them. Its silence terrified them. The nor'wester made them take a course perhaps irreparable. They felt themselves carried away by a frantic blast of breath. The wreck swept on rapidly in the blackness. Than a blind swiftness, nothing is more frightful. They felt the precipice before them, under them, above them. It was no more a course; it was a fall.

Abruptly, amidst the tumult of the thickened snow, a red spot appeared.

—A light-house! cried the unhappy men.

XI.

THE CASKETS.

It was in fact the light-house on the Caskets. A light-house in the seventeenth century was a high cylindrical and bell-shaped work of masonry, surmounted by a lighting apparatus altogether scientific. That on the Caskets, at this day, is a triple white tower, and bearing three tiers of lights. These three fire-houses revolve and pivot on clock-work wheels with such precision, that the man on watch, who observes them from the offing, invariably takes ten steps in his walk on deck during the irradiation, and twenty-five during the eclipse. All is calculated in the focal plane, and in the rotation of the octagonal drum formed of eight broad simple lenses one over the other, and having, above and below, its two series of dioptric rings—algebraic gear guarded against gusts of wind or shocks of the sea by glass windows one millimetre in thickness, yet sometimes broken nevertheless by sea-eagles that throw themselves against it, great moths of these giant lanterns. The masonry that encloses, upholds, and serves as a setting for this mechanism is, like it, mathematical. All is sober, exact, unadorned, precise, correct. A light-house is a numeral figure.

In the seventeenth century, a light-house was a highly ornamental object on land beside the sea. The architecture of the tower was magnificent and extravagant. Upon it were lavished balconies, balustrades, little turrets, small lodges, alcoves, weathercocks. There was nothing but masks, statues, foliage, volutes, round bosses, figures and little figures, modillions, with inscriptions. *Pax in Bello*, said the Eddystone light-house. Let us look at it in passing. This declaration of peace did not always disarm the ocean. Winstanley repeated it on a light-house that he erected, at his own expense, on a wild spot before Plymouth. The building completed, he placed himself in it, for the purpose of trying it against a storm. The storm came, and carried off the light-house and Winstanley. For the rest, these exaggerated buildings offered on all sides a hold for the wind-gusts, as generals too much bedizened are apt to attract the bullets in battle. Besides their fantasies in stone, there were fantasies in copper, in wood; the iron-work made relief, the carpenter's work made projections. Everywhere, on the outside of the building, fastened to the wall among the arabesques, implements of all kinds figured abundantly, the useful and the useless, winches, tackling, pulleys, balance-weights, ladders, cranes for loading, grappling-irons in case of accident. On

the top, around the lighting-chamber, delicately wrought iron-work supported large chandeliers of iron, in which were junks of cable steeped in rosin, wicks that burned tenaciously, and that no wind could extinguish. And from top to bottom the tower was covered with maritime standards, with streamers, with banners, with flags, with pennons that mounted from staff to staff, from stage to stage, amalgamating all the colors, all the forms, all the blazons, all the signals, all these varieties, up to the radiated cage, and made in the storm a joyous flutter around the flaming centre. This effrontery of light on the very verge of destruction was as it were a defiance, and inspired shipwrecked mariners with audacity. But the Caskets Light-house was not of this fashion.

It was then a simple, old, and rude affair, such as Henry I. had caused to be constructed after the loss of the *Blanche Nef*—a burning pile under a trellis-work of iron on the crown of a rock. Live coal behind a grating, and a long-haired flame in the wind.

The only improvement made in this light-house since the twelfth century was a forge-bellows moved by a chain and hook with stone weights, which had been adjusted to the fire-cage in 1610.

The flight of sea-birds against these antique light-houses was more tragical than with those of our day. The birds flocked thither, attracted by the brilliance, threw themselves upon it, and fell into the brasier, where one might see them flutter, as it were, black spirits agonizing within their hell. Sometimes, too, they fell upon the rock outside of the reddened cage, smoking, limping, blinded, like flies half-burned by the flame of a lamp.

To a vessel under sail, well found, provided with all the appliances of gear, and manageable by the pilot, the Caskets' light is useful. It cries, "Take care!" it warns him of the rock. To a disabled ship it is simply terrible. The hull, paralyzed and inert, without means of resisting the insensate action of the water, without defence against the pressure of the wind, a fish without fins, a bird without wings, can but go whither the blasts may hurry her. The light-house indicates to her the supreme locality, signalizes the place for annihilation, throws a gleam upon the spot for swallowing up. It is the candle over the tomb.

There is no more tragic irony than this lighting-up the inexorable yawning, this warning against the inevitable.

XII.

HAND TO HAND WITH THE ROCKS.

THE poor wretches in distress on board the *Matutina* took in at once this mysterious derision, the supplement of shipwreck. The appearance of the light-house cheered them at first, then overwhelmed them. There was prayer to be uttered; nothing to be done. What has been said of kings may be said of the waves. We are their people; we are their prey. All that they rave, we undergo. The nor'wester drove the ork with the currents upon the Caskets. Thither went they; there was no refusal. They drifted rapidly upon the reef. They felt the bottom rising up toward them. The lead, if lead could have been used, would not have given them more than three or four fathoms. The poor men listened to the rumbling engulfment of the waves within the hollows of the deep rock below the surface. They could make out above the light-house, like a dark strip between two bands of granite, the narrow strait of the hideous, small, and savage haven, that they surmised as full of men's skeletons, and the carcasses of ships. It was a cavern's mouth, rather than the entrance of a port. They heard the

crackling of the fire high above them in its iron cage; a haggard purple hue illuminated the storm; the meeting of the flame and the hail troubled the mist; the black cloud and the red smoke combated, serpent against serpent; a whirl of embers flew upon the blast; the snowflakes seemed to take to flight, before the rude attack of sparks. The breakers, indistinct at first, now outlined themselves clearly, a jumble of rock, with peaks and crests and vertebræ. Its angles modelled themselves in living lines of vermilion, and the declivities in bloody patches of light. As they came on, the contour of the rock grew larger, and rose higher in sinister relief.

One of the women, the Irish one, told off her beads distractedly.

In lack of the master, who was the pilot, there remained the chief, who was now captain. The Basques are all familiar with mountain and with sea. They are bold climbers, and inventive on occasions of catastrophe.

They came; they almost touched. All at once they were so close to the great north cliff of the Caskets, that suddenly it shut out the light-house. They could see it only, and the glare behind it. This rock, upright in the haze, resembled a tall woman in black with head-dress of fire.

This crag of evil omen is named the Biblet. It stands on the north, over against the rock, corresponding with another on the south, the Etacq-aux-Guilmets.

The chief looked at the Biblet, and cried out:

— A willing hand here to carry a line to the breakers! Is there any one here that can swim?

There was no answer.

Not a soul on board knew how to swim, not even the sailors; a peculiarity, by the way, common enough among seafarers.

A carling, almost detached from its fellows, oscillated in the planking. The chief grappled it with both hands, and said:

— Help me here!

They detached the carling. It was at his disposition, to do what he would with it. From being defensive, it became offensive.

It was a beam sufficiently long, in solid oak. Sound and strong, fit for serving as an engine of attack, or a means of support, a lever against a heavy weight, a battering-ram against a tower.

— Stand by, cried the chief.

They ranged themselves, six in number, buttressed against the stump of the mast, holding the carling horizontally overboard, and straight as a lance toward the projecting part of the rock.

The manœuvre was perilous. The idea of pushing against a mountain is audacity. The six men might be thrown into the water by the rebound.

These are the diversities of the struggle with a tempest. After the squall, the reef; after the wind, the granite. One has to deal, now with the unseizable, now with the immovable.

It was one of those minutes in which the hair turns white. The rock and the vessel were about to fall foul of each other.

A rock is passive. It awaited.

A wave broke in, disorderly. It put an end to the waiting. It took the ork underneath, lifted it up and balanced it for a moment, as the sling balances the projectile.

— Hold fast! shouted the chief. It is only a rock; we are men.

The beam was at poise. The six men were a part of it. The jagged pegs of the carling lacerated their armpits; but they did not feel it.

The wave threw the ork upon the rock.

The shock took place.

It took place under the shapeless cloud of foam, that always covers up these catastrophes.

When the cloud fell back into the sea, when between wave and rock the normal condition was restored, the six men were rolling on the deck, but the *Matutina* was flying along the length of the breaker. The beam had held firm, and forced a deviation. In a few seconds, the hurrying-on of the surges being maddened, the Caskets were astern of the ork. The *Matutina* was, for the moment, out of immediate danger.

This does happen. It was the direct crash of his bowsprit against the cliff that saved Wood, of Largo, at the mouth of the Tay. In the rude latitudes of Cape Winterton, and under the command of Captain Hamilton, it was by manœuvring a similar lever against the redoubtable Brannodu-um rock that the *Royal Mary* escaped wreck, though she was but a frigate after Scottish model. The wave is a force so suddenly decomposed, that to divert it is easy, or at least possible, even in concussions the most violent. There is something of the brute in the tempest. The hurricane is the bull, and he can be put off his cue.

Endeavoring to pass from the secant to the tangent—all the secret of escaping shipwreck lies therein.

This was the service that the carling had rendered to the ork. It had done the duty of an oar; it had held the place of a rudder. But this liberating manœuvre once performed, it could not be recommenced. The beam was gone. The violence of the collision had made it leap overboard from the grasp of the men, and it was lost in the waters. To unloosen another plank was to dislocate all the ribs.

The hurricane carried off the *Matutina*. All at once the Caskets appeared as a useless encumberment on the horizon. Nothing has more the air of being put out of countenance, than a rock on the like occasion. There is in Nature, on the side of the unknown, there where the visible and the invisible are complicated, a fixed and soured aspect, as though indignant at a prey let go.

So looked the Caskets, while the *Matutina* fled away.

The light retreated, grew pale, grew white, and then went out.

This extinction was rueful. The thicknesses of the mist overlaid the flaming, now diffused. The rays of light were dilated in the immensity of moisture. The flame floated, struggled, buried itself, lost form. You might say that it was drowned. The brasier became a candle-end; it was no more than a trembling, vague and wan. All around, a circle of extravasated light grew larger. It was as though light were crushed out in the clutches of night.

The bell, which had been a threat, was silent; the light-house, which had been a threat, had vanished. Nevertheless, when these two menaces had disappeared, it was even more terrible. The one was a voice, the other a torch. They had something human in them. In their absence, remained the abyss.

XIII.

FACE TO FACE WITH THE NIGHT.

The ork found itself in measureless obscurity.

The *Matutina*, escaped from the Caskets, went down from billow into billow. Respited, but engulfed. Driven crosswise by the wind, acted on by the thousand tractions of the water, she repelled all the maddened oscillations of the waves. She scarcely pitched any longer, fatal sign of a vessel's distress. Waifs can only roll. Pitching is the convulsion of the conflict. The helm can only act when the vessel is propelled.

In a tempest, and especially in a me-

teoric snow-storm, the sea and night conclude by merging and amalgamating, and by becoming one and the same exhalation. Mist, whirlwind, blast, gliding in every sense, no point of support, no place of mark, no breathing-spell, a perpetual recommencement, one opening after another, no horizon visible, profound recoiling—in all this the ork was wafted on.

Getting clear of the Caskets, eluding the rocks, this had been a victory for the poor mariners. But, above all, a stupefaction. They had given vent to no hurrahs; at sea, imprudences of this sort do not happen twice. To throw a provocation, where one could not throw a lead-line—this is serious.

To have repelled the rock was to have accomplished the impossible. They were astounded at it. By degrees, however, they began to hope. Such are the irrepressible loomings-up of the soul. No trial is there which, even at the most critical instant, does not see its gloom illuminated by the wonderful uprising of hope. These poor wretches asked no more than inwardly to avow that they were saved. They stammered it to themselves.

But a formidable object grew vast before them, all at once, in the night. To larboard, uprose, defined, and cut itself out of the background of mist, a lofty mass, opaque, vertical, right-angled, a tower standing square in the abyss.

They looked at it, open-mouthed.

The blast impelled them toward it.

They knew not what it was. It was the rock Ortach.

XIV.

ORTACH.

The reef recommenced. After the Caskets, Ortach. The tempest is no artist; it is brutal and all-powerful, and does not vary its means.

Darkness is not to be exhausted. It is never at the end of its snares and its perfidies. Man, himself, quickly reaches the extremity of his resources. Man expends himself; the abyss does not.

The wretched men turned toward their chief, their hope. He could only shrug his shoulders, the sullen disdain of impotence.

The rock Ortach is a graved spot in the midst of the ocean. All of one piece, lifted above the opposing shock of the surges, it rises vertically eighty feet. Ships and the waves shiver themselves upon it. An immutable cape, it plunges perpendicularly its rectilinear sides into the countless and waving curves of the sea.

At night, it figures as an enormous headsman's block, posed upon the folds of vast black drapery. In a storm, it awaits the stroke of the axe, that is to say, of the thunder-clap.

But never is there clap of thunder in the whirlwind of snow. The ship, it is true, has a bandage over its eyes; all possible darkness is bound fast upon it. It is ready as though for the executioner. As for the thunderbolt, which were a prompt ending—there is no room to hope for it.

The *Matutina*, being no more than a stranded object afloat, moved on toward this rock as she had moved on toward the other. The unfortunate ones, who for a moment believed themselves saved, reëntered into anguish. The wrecking, which they had left behind them, reappeared before them. The rock rose up again from the bottom of the sea. Nothing was done.

The Caskets are honeycombed into a thousand compartments; the Ortach is a wall. To be wrecked upon the Caskets is to be cut in pieces; to be wrecked on the Ortach is to be ground small.

There was, however, one chance.

Upon these bold fronts—and the Ortach is a bold front—the wave has no more ricochet than a bullet would have. It is reduced to a simple game. It comes in a breaker, and returns a ground-swell.

In such cases, the question of life and death resolves itself into this: if the billow casts the vessel on the rock, she is broken up, she is lost; if the surf retreats before the vessel touches, it brings her back, she is saved.

Poignant anxiety. The victims saw in the haze the vast supreme wave approaching them. When would it near them? If it broke upon the vessel, they would be impelled upon the rock, and shattered to pieces. If it passed underneath the vessel....

The wave did pass underneath the vessel.

They breathed.

But what of its return? What would the swell make of them?

The swell bore them away.

Some minutes later, the *Matutina* was clear of the waters about the rock. The Ortach grew indistinct, as the Caskets had grown indistinct.

It was the second victory. For the second time, the ork had been on the very verge of wreck, and had recoiled in season.

XV.

GIGANTIC CAPRICES.

Meanwhile a thickening of the mist had come down upon these hopeless ones adrift. They knew not where they were. They could scarcely see a few cables' length around the ork. Despite a veritable stoning by the hail which forced them all to hold down their heads, the women were determined not to go down again into the cabin. Never a wretch in despair, who did not prefer to be wrecked under the open sky. So near to death, a ceiling above one seems to be a foretaste of the coffin.

The swell became more and more short. This short swell indicates compression; in foggy weather certain ripplings are signs of a strait. In fact, unknown to themselves, they were coasting along Aurigny. Between Ortach and the Caskets on the west, and Aurigny on the east, the sea is bound in and cramped, and a fretted state for the sea determines locally the conditions of the storm. The sea suffers, like any thing else; and then, where it suffers, it becomes irritated. This pass is held in terror.

The *Matutina* was in this pass.

Let any one imagine, below the water, a turtle-shell as large as Hyde Park or the Champs Elysées, of which each longitudinal mark is a hollow, and each embossment a reef. Such is the western approach of Aurigny. The sea covers over and hides this contrivance for shipwreck. Over this callapash of submarine breakers, the wave, broken into shivers, leaps and foams. In calm, a ripple; in storm, chaos.

The poor fellows noticed this new complication, without explaining it to themselves. Suddenly, they comprehended it. There was a partial lighting up at the zenith, and a slight pallor spread itself over the water; this lividness unmasked on the larboard hand a long bar running crosswise to the east; and toward this a furious gust of wind was driving, as it chased the vessel before it. This bar was Aurigny.

What was this bar? They trembled. They would have trembled far more, if a voice had answered them—Aurigny!

No island defended against the coming of man, like Aurigny. It has, above water and under water, a ferocious guard, whereof Aurigny is the sentinel. Toward the west, Barhou, Sauteriaux, Aufroque, Niangle, Fond-du-Croc, les Jumelles, la Grosse, la Clanque, les

Equillons, le Vrac, la Fosse-Malière; toward the east, Sauquet, Hommeau Floreau, la Brinebetais, la Queslinque, Croquelibore, la Fousche, le Saut, Noire Pute, Coupie, Orbue. What are all these monsters? Hydras? Yes; of the rock species.

One of these reefs is called le But, as if to indicate that every voyage ends there.

This encumberment of rocks, simplified by the water and the night, appeared to the hapless men under the plain form of an obscure line, a black streak on the horizon.

Shipwreck is the ideal of impotence. To be near the land, and unable to reach it; to float, and to be unable to sail on; to have a foot on something that appears solid, and is fragile; to be full of life and full of death at the same instant; to be a prisoner in extended space; to be walled in between sea and sky; to have the infinite above one as a dungeon; to have around one the immense breakings-loose of gusts and of waves; and to be seized, garroted, paralyzed—this weight of burden stupefies and makes indignant. You fancy that you recognize the sneers of some inaccessible combatant. That, which holds you fast, is the very same that lets go the birds, and gives the fish their liberty. This seems nothing, and it is every thing. You are dependent on this air, that you can disturb by a breath; dependent on this water, that you can hold in the hollow of your hand. Draw from this tempest a glassful—it is but a small embittered draught. A mouthful—it is nausea; the billow—it is extermination. The grain of sand in the desert, the flake of foam in the ocean, are giddy manifestations. The all-power takes not the trouble to conceal its atoms; it makes feebleness force; it fills the nothingness with its all; and it is with the infinitely little that the infinitely great overwhelms you. It is with its drops that the ocean crunches you. You feel yourself a plaything.

A plaything; how terrible the term!

The *Matutina* was a little above Aurigny, which was in her favor; but she drifted toward the northern point, which was fatal. The wind, northwest, just as a bent bow lets fly an arrow, launched the craft toward the northern cape. There exists at this point, a little on this side of Havre de Corbelets, what the seamen of the Norman archipelago call a "singe."

The "singe"—*swinge*—is a current of the furious order. A chaplet of funnels in the shoals produces in the waves a chaplet of whirlpools. When one lets you go, another takes hold of you. A vessel, snapped up by the "singe," twirls about, therefore, in one spiral after another, until some sharp-pointed rock pierces her hull. Then, burst asunder, she stops; the stern rears itself out of the water; the bow plunges; the whirlpool completes its turn of the wheel; the stern drives downward, and all is closed again. A puddle of foam enlarges itself and floats, and one only sees upon the surface a few bubbles here and there, caused by stifled respirations beneath the water.

In the whole Channel, the three most dangerous "singes" are, the one that is near the famous sand-bank, Girdled Sands, the one that is at Jersey, between le Pignonnet and the point of Noirmont, and the "singe" of Aurigny.

A local pilot, had there been one on board the *Matutina*, would have made her crew aware of this new peril. In place of a pilot, they had instinct; in extreme situations there is a second-sight. Wreaths of foam were flying high along the coast, under the maddened pillaging of the wind. This was the spitting of the "singe." In this ambush many a ship has capsized. Without knowing what was there, they drew near with horror.

How double this cape! There was no expedient.

Just as they had seen the Caskets rise up, then Ortach rise up, at present they saw the point of Aurigny, all of high rock, stand before them. These were as giants, one following the other. A series of fearful duels.

Charybdis and Scylla are only two; the Caskets, Ortach, and Aurigny, are three.

The same phenomenon of the horizon invaded by rock reproduced itself with grandiose monotony. The battles of the ocean, like the battles of Homer, have their sublime repetition.

Each billow, as they drew near, added twenty cubits to the headland, frightfully amplified in the mist. The decrease of interval appeared more and more without remedy. They touched the skirts of the "singe." The first fold that seized them would drag them down. One more wave, and all would be ended.

All at once the ork was thrust astern, as though by a blow from a Titan's fist. The billow reared up beneath the vessel and turned upon itself, throwing back the waif in its crest of spume. The *Matutina*, under this impulsion, got clear of Aurigny.

The sport of agony, she found herself once more in the offing.

Whence came this help? From the wind.

The breath of the storm had changed its direction.

The water had been playing with them. Now it was the turn of the wind. They had disengaged themselves from the Caskets: before Ortach, the action of the sea had brought about a revolution; before Aurigny, it was the north-wind. There had been a sudden shift from north to south.

The sou'wester had succeeded the nor'wester.

A current is the wind in the water; the wind is the current in the air. These two forces had come into contact, and the wind had the caprice to withdraw its prey from the current.

The abrupt movements of the ocean are inexplicable. They form a perpetual perhaps. When at their mercy, one can neither hope, nor despair. They make; they unmake. The ocean amuses itself. All shades of animal ferocity are in this vast and cunning sea, which Jean Bart called "the gross beast." It is the clutch of a sharp claw, with intervals, at will, of velvet handling. Sometimes the storm finishes a shipwreck off-hand. Sometimes it gets one up with care—it might almost be said, with caresses. The sea has its own time. Those, who are at the point of death, perceive this.

Sometimes, let it be said, these delays in execution announce deliverance. Such instances are rare. Be that as it may, dying men are prompt to believe in safety; the smallest abatement in the threats of the tempest is sufficient for them; they affirm to themselves that they are out of danger; after deeming themselves buried, they are ready to avail themselves of a resurrection; they accept feverishly that they are not yet in actual possession; it is evident that all their evil chances are exhausted; they declare themselves satisfied; they are saved; they hold God quits. But it is well not to be in too great haste to give these receipts to the Unknown.

The sou'wester made its début in a whirlwind. Seamen in distress have none but crabbed auxiliaries. The *Matutina* was impetuously dragged away by what remained of her rigging, as a dead woman by her hair. This was like the deliverances accorded by Tiberius, at the cost of violation. The wind brutalized those whom it saved. It did them service, in a fury. Its help was without pity.

The wreck, in this liberating roughness, completed its utter dislocation.

Hailstones, of large size and hard enough for loading a swivel, crippled the vessel. At each surge of the waves, these hailstones rolled along the deck like balls. The ork, as it were between two waters, lost all form under the batterings of the waves and the foaming of the spray. Every one on board looked out for himself.

He who could, clung to something. After each swash of the sea, they wondered to find their number still complete. Several had their faces torn by splinters from the wood-work.

Happily, despair has stout fists. A child's hand, in terror, has the grip of a giant. Agony constructs a vice out of woman's fingers. A young girl, under the influence of fear, would dint her rosy nails into iron. They caught at every thing, they held on, they got hold again. But each billow brought with it the agony of keeping their balance.

All at once, they were relieved.

XVI.

THE ENIGMA SUDDENLY RELAXES.

The tempest had stopped short.

In the air, there was no more either of sou'wester or nor'wester. The infuriate clarions of space were silenced. The whirlwind passed away out of the atmosphere, without previous diminution and without transition, as though it had slid down perpendicularly into an abyss. They knew no longer where it was. Flakes had replaced the hailstones. The snow began again to fall leisurely.

No more swell. The sea flattened itself.

These sudden cessations are common in hurricanes of snow. The electric effluvium being spent, all becomes tranquil; even the wave, that in ordinary storms keeps up, above all, a protracted agitation. Not so here. No prolonging of anger in the waters. Like a laborer after fatiguing work, the sea moderated all at once, which is almost a contradiction of statistical laws, but which never astonishes veteran pilots, for they know that the ocean is subject to all manner of surprises.

At the expiration of some minutes, it was calm all around the ork.

At the same time, for the last phase resembles the first, one can no longer distinguish any thing. All, that had become visible during the convulsion of meteoric clouds, again became obscure; the wan outlines melted away and were diffused; the gloom of the infinite gathered from all sides about the vessel. This wall of night, this impenetrable circle, this inner side of a cylinder whose diameter grew less from minute to minute, enveloped the *Matutina*, and, with the sinister slowness of an iceberg that is forming, formidably contracted itself. At the zenith, nothing—a lid of mist—an enclosure. The ork was as though at the very bottom of an abyss.

In this pit, a puddle of liquid lead; that was the sea. The water stirred no more. A gloomy immovableness. The ocean is never more fierce, than when a pool.

All was silence, stillness, blindness.

The silence of things partakes, perhaps, of the nature of taciturnity.

The last ripples glided along the sides. The deck was horizontal, with imperceptible declinations. Some disjointures stirred feebly. The grenade-shell that took the place of the signal-lantern, and in which the tow steeped in pitch was burning, trembled no longer on the bowsprit, and threw no more its flaming drops into the sea. What there was of breath remaining in its shower of sparks made no noise.

The snow fell, thick, soft, and scarcely oblique. They heard the foaming of no more breakers. The peace of gloom.

This repose, after these exasperations and these paroxysms, was, for the hapless ones so long tossed about, an unspeakable well-being. It seemed to them that they ceased to be put upon the rack. They saw around them and above them a willingness that they should be saved. They regained confidence. All that had been fury was now tranquillity. This appeared to them the signing of peace. Their miserable chests dilated. They could let go the end of the rope or the plank they had been grasping, could rise up, straighten themselves, keep themselves standing upright, walk, move about. They felt themselves inexpressibly calmed. In the hidden depths of these heavenly changes, there was preparation for something else. It was clear that they were, beyond peradventure, out of the squalls, out of the foam, out of the blasts, out of the raging, set free.

Henceforward, all chances were in their favor. In three or four hours it would be daylight, they would be seen by some passing ship, they would be picked up. The worst was over. They were coming back into life. The important fact was, their having been able to keep afloat until the close of the storm. They said to themselves: "This time it is over!"

All at once they perceived that all, in fact, was over. One of the sailors, a northern Basque, named Galdeazun, went down into the hold, to look for some cordage; then came up, and said:

— The hold is full.

— Of what? asked the leader.

— Of water, replied the seaman.

The chief cried out:

— What's the meaning of that?

— The meaning is, answered Galdeazun, that in half an hour we shall founder.

XVII.

THE LAST RESOURCE.

There was a rift in the keel. A leak was sprung. At what moment? No one could say. Was it in coming alongside the Caskets? Was it before Ortach? Was it in the plashings of the shallows west of Aurigny? The most probable solution was, that they had touched the "Singe." They had received an unexplained stab. It was not heeded amid all the convulsive blows that had shaken them. In lock-jaw, one does not feel a prick.

Another sailor, the southern Basque, who called himself Ave-Maria, went down in his turn into the hold, came up again, and said: "The water is two *vares* deep."

About six feet.

Ave-Maria added:

— In less than forty minutes, down we go.

Where was the leak? It was not visible. It was drowned. The body of water, that filled the hold, hid the rift. The vessel had a hole in her belly, somewhere below the floating-line, indeed far below the careening line. Impossible to find it. Impossible to plug it. There was a wound, but they could not dress it. The water, however, was not coming in very fast.

The leader cried out:

— We must pump.

Galdeazun replied:

— We have no more pumps.

— Then, rejoined the chief, let us get to land!

— Land? Where?

— I don't know.

— Nor I.

— But it is somewhere.

— Yes.

— Let some one take us there, continued the leader.

— We have no pilot, said Galdeazun.

— Take the tiller, you.

—We have no more tiller.

—Let's rig one up with the first spar we can lay our hands on. Nails! A hammer! Quick! Tools!

—The carpenter's chest is overboard. We have no more tools.

—Let's steer, all the same; no matter where!

—We have no more rudder.

—Where is the boat? Let's jump into it! Let's row!

—We have no longer a boat.

—Let's row the hull!

—We have no more oars.

—Up sail, then!

—We have no more sails, and no more mast.

—Let's make a mast out of a carling! Let's make a sail out of a tarpaulin. Let's get out of this. Let's trust ourselves to the wind.

—There is no more wind.

The wind, in fact, had left them. The storm had gone away; and this departure, which they had taken for their salvation, was their loss. The sou'wester, if still blowing, would have driven them madly upon some coast, would have gained upon the leak by swift movement, would have carried them perhaps to some good propitious sand-bank, and would have grounded them before they went down. The rapid hurrying away of a blast might have caused them to drive ashore. No wind, no hope! They were dying from the absence of the hurricane!

The supreme situation was before them.

The wind, the hail, the squall, the whirlwind, are disorderly combatants whom one may overcome. The tempest may be taken, in lack of armor. There are resources against violence that unceasingly lays itself bare, makes false moves, and gives many a side blow. But there is nothing to be done against a calm. No relief that one can lay hold on.

The winds are an attack by Cossacks; hold your ground, and they disperse. A calm is the torturing pincers of the executioner.

The water, not rapidly, but without interruption, irresistible and heavy, mounted in the hold; and, in proportion as it mounted, the ork descended. This was very slowly.

The crew of the *Matutina* felt opening beneath them, little by little, the most hopeless of catastrophes, the passive. The still and ominous certainty of the unconscionable fact took hold of them. The air did not oscillate, the sea was not dreaming. The immovable is the inexorable. The swallowing up held them in silence. Athwart the mass of speechless water, without anger, without passion, without wishing it, without knowing it, without interest therein, the fatal centre of the globe was attracting them. Horror, in quiescence, amalgamated them with itself. It was no more the yawning mouth of the ocean, the double jaw of wind and sea wickedly menacing, the grinning of the whirlwind, the spuming appetite of the surge; it was one knows not what dark gaping of the Infinite beneath these miserable men. They found themselves entering into a peaceful profundity, that was death. The extent of hull, that their craft still showed above water, was diminishing —nothing more. They could calculate at what minute she would be effaced. It was the very reverse of submersion by a rising tide. The water did not mount toward them; they descended toward it. The digging of their tomb was their own act. Their own weight was the grave-digger.

They were executed, not by the law of men, but by the law of things.

The snow was falling, and, as the vessel moved not, this white lint was converted into a cloth upon the deck,

and covered the ork with a winding-sheet.

The hold grew heavier and heavier. No means of overcoming the leak. They had not even a scoop for baling, which, besides, would have been an absurdity, and useless, the ork being decked. They lighted themselves up. They set fire to two or three torches, that they planted in holes, and as they might. Galdeazun brought some old leather buckets. They undertook to stanch the hold, and ranged themselves in file; but the buckets were past service, the leather of some had been sewed and sewed again, the bottom of others was burst through, and the buckets emptied themselves on the way. The inequality was ludicrous, between what was received and what was rendered. A ton of water entered; a glassful was discharged. They had no more success than this. It was the miser's disbursement, trying to spend a million, penny by penny.

The leader said:

— Let's lighten the wreck!

During the storm they had secured the several chests that were on deck. These had remained lashed to the stump of the mast. They undid the lashings, and rolled the chests overboard through one of the breaches in the bulwarks. One of these boxes belonged to the Biscayan woman, who could not refrain from groaning thus:

— Oh, my new cape lined with scarlet! Oh, my poor open-work stockings, with birch-bark pattern! Oh, my silver ear-rings for going to mass in Mary's month!

After clearing the deck, there remained the cabin. It was much encumbered. It contained, you may remember, the passengers' baggage, and also sundry bales belonging to the sailors.

They took away the baggage, and got rid of all that load, by the breach in the bulwark.

They drew up the bales, and pushed them overboard.

They completed the emptying of the cabin. The lantern, the mast-head cap, barrels, sacks, buckets, the larder and the pot with the soup, all went overboard.

They unscrewed the screws of the iron stove, the fire in which had been long extinguished; they unbedded it, they hoisted it on deck, they dragged it to the breach, and they precipitated it off from the vessel.

They pitched into the water every thing that could be detached, of loose planking, of riders, of shrouds, and of rigging smashed up.

From time to time, the leader took a torch, held it over the figures marking the draught that were painted on the stem, and noted how near they might be to foundering.

XVIII.

THE SUPREME RESOURCE.

The floating wreck settled a little less, but settled continuously.

Despair as to their situation found no more resource or palliative. The last expedient had been exhausted.

— Is there still any thing else to be thrown overboard? cried the leader.

The doctor, whom no one thought of any more, came out from a corner of the companion-way, and said:

— Yes.

— What? asked the chief.

The doctor replied:

— Our crimes.

There was a shudder, and they all exclaimed:

— Amen!

The doctor, standing up and turning pale, raised a finger to heaven, and said:

— To your knees!

They trembled, which is the first step toward kneeling:

The doctor resumed:

—Let us cast our crimes into the sea. They weigh us down. This is what is sinking the vessel. Let us think no more of being saved, but of salvation. Our last crime especially, the one which we have only just committed, or I should rather say completed — O wretched listeners, this it is that overwhelms us. It is impious insolence to tempt the abyss, when one leaves a murderous intention behind. What is done against a child is done against God. I know that embarking was a necessity, but it was none the less sure perdition. The storm, warned by the shadow that our action has cast, is come. It is well. For the rest, have no regret. Yonder we have, not far from us, in this obscurity, the sands of Vauville and Cape la Hougue. That is France. Spain was the only possible asylum. France is not less dangerous for us than England. Our rescue from the sea would have ended in the gibbet. To be hung, or drowned; we had no other choice. God has chosen for us. Let us render Him thanks. He accords us the tomb that washes out. Brethren, the inevitable was therein. Think that it was we who, a while ago, did all we could to transport thither on high that child, and that at this very moment, now while I am addressing you, there is perhaps a soul above our heads that accuses us, in presence of a judge who watches us. Let us profit by this latest respite. Let us force ourselves, if still it may be so, to repair, in so much as depends on us, the evil that we have done. If the child survives us, let us come to his aid. If he dies, let us strive that he may pardon us. Let us remove this heinous sin that overhangs us. Let us unload this burden from our consciences. Let us do our best, that our souls be not swallowed up before God, for terrible is the shipwreck therein. The body goes to the fish, the soul to demons. Have pity on yourselves. To your knees, I tell you. Repentance is the bark that does not founder. You have no longer a compass. I mistake. You have prayer.

The wolves became sheep. These transformations occur at times of agony. It may happen that tigers lick the crucifix. When the dark door stands ajar, belief is difficult. Non-belief is impossible. Howsoever imperfect may be the divers outlines of religion essayed by man—even though the belief be void of form, even though the contour of the dogma does not harmonize with the lineaments of eternity as imperfectly seen—there is, at the supreme moment, a quivering of the soul, the commencement of something after life. Such is the pressure of agony.

The dying moment is the falling due of a bill. At this fatal instant, one feels the coming home of a diffused responsibility. That which has been complicates that which will be. The past returns, and enters into the future. The known becomes an abyss, no less than the unknown; and these two precipices —one fraught with our faults, the other with our doom—mingle together their reverberations. It is the confusion of these two chasms, that terrifies the dying man.

They had made their last outlay of hope on this side of life. For that reason, they turned to the other side. No chance remained to them, but in this shadow. This they understood. It was an awful glimmering of light, followed all at once by a falling back into horror. What one comprehends at the last moment is like what one sees during a flash of lightning. Every thing; then, nothing. One sees; and one sees no more. After death, the eye will reopen, and that which was a flash of lightning will become a sun.

They shouted to the doctor.

—You yourself! you yourself! There is no one but you. We will obey you. What must be done? Speak!

The doctor answered:

— We have to do with passing over the unknown precipice, and with reaching that other boundary of life which is beyond the tomb. Being the one among you best informed, I am the most in peril, of all. You do well to leave the choice of the bridge to him who carries the heaviest load.

He added:

— Science sets a price upon the conscience.

Then he went on:

— How much time is still left us?

Galdeazun looked at the draught-mark, and answered:

— Rather more than a quarter of an hour.

— Good, said the doctor.

The low roof of the companion, on which he was leaning, made a sort of table. The doctor took from his pocket his inkhorn and his pen, and his portfolio, whence he drew forth a piece of parchment, the one on the back of which he had written, some hours before, a score of lines uneven and set close.

— A light, said he.

The snow, falling like the foam from a cataract, had put out the torches one after the other. One alone remained. Ave-Maria took it up, and came and took his place, standing by the doctor's side, and holding the torch.

The doctor replaced the portfolio in his pocket, put his pen and his inkhorn upon the companion, unfolded the parchment, and said:

— Listen.

Then, in the midst of the ocean, on this hulk diminishing in size, as it were the shaking floor of a tomb, began a reading gravely made by the doctor, and whereto all the darkness seemed to listen. All these condemned men bowed their heads around him. The flaming of the torch accentuated their pallor. What the doctor read was written in English. At intervals, when some one of these doleful countenances appeared to desire an explanation, the doctor stopped, and repeated in French, in Biscayan, in Spanish, or in Italian, the passage that he had just read. Stifled sighs were heard, and dull beatings of the breast. The floating wreck continued to bury herself.

The reading ended, the doctor laid the parchment flat upon the companion, took up his pen, and upon a blank margin that he had left at foot of what he had written, signed his name:

Doctor Gernardus Geestemunde.

Then, turning to the others, he said:

— Come, and sign.

The Biscayan woman drew up, took the pen, and signed, Asuncion.

She passed the pen to the Irish woman, who, not knowing how to write, made a cross.

The doctor, by the side of this cross, wrote:

— Barbara Fermoy, of *Tyrryf Island, in the Hebrides.*

Then he handed over the pen to the leader of the band.

The leader signed, Gaidoyra, *chief.*

The Genoese, below the chief, signed, Giangirate.

The Languedocian signed, Jacques Quatourze, called the Harbonnese.

The Provençal signed, Luc. Pierre Capgaroupe, *from the galleys at Mahon.*

Underneath these signatures, the doctor wrote this note:

Of the three men of the crew, the master having been swept away by a sea, there are only two remaining, and they have signed.

The two sailors affixed their names below this note. The Biscayan of the north signed, Galdeazun. The Biscayan of the south signed, Ave-Maria, *thief.*

Then the doctor said:

— Capgaroupe.

— Here, said the Provençal.

— You have got Hardquanonne's gourd?

— Yes.

— Give it to me.

Capgaroupe drained the last drop of the brandy, and handed the gourd to the doctor.

The increase of the water in the hold became more marked. The wreck sunk deeper and deeper into the sea.

The inclined edges of the deck were covered with small ripples that grew larger.

All were grouped about the vessel's sheer.

The doctor dried the ink of the signatures by the torch, folded up the parchment in folds narrower than the diameter of the bottle's neck, and thrust it into the gourd. He cried out:

— The cork.

— I don't know where it is, said Capgaroupe.

— Here's the end of a rope, said Jacques Quatourze.

The doctor corked the gourd with the rope's end, and said:

— Some pitch.

Galdeazun went forward, took a handful of tow, and with it unhooked the grenade-shell, which was dying out, from the stem, and carried it to the doctor half full of boiling pitch.

The doctor plunged the neck of the gourd into the pitch, and drew it out.

The gourd, that contained the parchment signed by all of them, was corked and pitched.

— All is over, said the doctor.

And from all mouths went forth, vaguely stammered in various tongues, the lugubrious murmur of catacombs.

— So be it!

— Meâ culpâ!

— Asi sea! *

— Aro rai †

— Amen!

One might have imagined that one heard sombre voices of Babel reëchoing through the gloom, at the fearful refusal of Heaven to hear them.

The doctor turned his back upon his associates in crimes and despair, and took a few steps toward the side. Having reached the edge of the wreck, he peered into the Infinite, and said with deep accent:

— Bist du bei mihr? *

He was speaking probably to some spectre.

The wreck was going down.

Behind the doctor all were dreaming. Prayer is an irresistible force. They did not bend, they folded themselves. There was something of the involuntary in their contrition. They hung down, as a sail hangs down when there is no breeze; and the haggard group assumed by degrees, with clasped hands and foreheads lowered, the attitude, varied but crushed, of a despairing confidence in God. It were hard to say what solemn expression, borrowed from the gloom, was outlined on these sinister faces.

The doctor returned to them. Whatever his past, the old man was great in presence of the final issue. The universal reticence around preoccupied, without disconcerting him. It was the man, who is not taken by surprise. There was upon him a tranquil horror. The majesty of God comprehended was in his countenance.

This ruffian, aged and thoughtful, had, without suspecting it, assumed a pontifical aspect.

He said:

— Pay attention!

He looked out for a moment into space, and added:

— Now we are about to die.

Then he took the torch from the hands of Ave-Maria, and shook it.

A flame sprang from it, and passed away into the night.

And the doctor threw the torch into the sea.

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* "So be it!"

† "Well and good!" (Roman *patois.*)

* "Art thou near me?"

The torch went out. All brightness vanished. There was no longer any thing but the immense unexplored obscurity. It was in some respects as though the tomb was closing.

In this eclipse the doctor was heard to say:

—Let us pray.

All fell upon their knees.

It was no longer in the snow; it was in the water that they knelt.

They had no more than some few minutes.

The doctor alone remained standing up. The flakes of snow, as they fell upon him, starred him with white tears, and made him visible against the background of darkness. He might have been called the speaking statue of the dusk.

The doctor made the sign of the cross, and raised his voice, while beneath his feet began that rocking motion, almost indistinct, which precedes the instant when a wreck is about to plunge down. He said:

—Pater noster, qui es in cœlis.

The Provençal repeated in French:

—*Notre Père qui êtes aux cieux!*

The Irishwoman took it up in the Welsh tongue, understood by the Biscayan woman:

—Ar nachair ata ar neamh.

The doctor continued:

—Sanctificetur nomen tuum.

—Hallowed be Thy name, said the Provençal.

—Naomhthar hainm. said the Irishwoman.

—Adveniat regnum tuum, pursued the doctor.

—Thy kingdom come, said the Provençal.

—Tigeadh do rioghachd, said the Irishwoman.

The kneelers had the water up to their shoulders. The doctor went on:

—Fiat voluntas tua.

—Thy will be done, lisped out the Provençal.

And the Irishwoman and the Biscayan woman ejaculated this cry:

—Deuntar do thoil ar an Hhalàmb!

—Sicut in cœlo, sicut in terrâ, said the doctor.

No voice made response.

He closed his eyes. All the heads were submerged. Not one of them had stood up. They had allowed themselves to be drowned, kneeling.

The doctor took in his right hand the gourd, which he had laid upon the companion, and raised it above his head.

The wreck went down.

As it sunk, the doctor murmured the rest of the prayer.

His bust was above water for a moment, then his head, then nothing more than his arm holding the gourd, as though he were showing it to the Infinite.

The arm disappeared. The deep sea had no more wrinkles than a ton of oil. The snow continued to fall.

Something was swimming, and floated away in the shadows. It was the gourd, corked and pitched, that its wicker covering had kept up.

BOOK III.

THE CHILD AND THE NIGHT.

I.

CHESS-HILL.

The storm was no less severe on land than at sea.

The same ferocious unchaining had taken place around the child who was abandoned. The feeble and the innocent become what they may, when blind forces expend their unconscionable anger. The shadow has no discernment; and objects have not the clemency attributed to them.

There was very little wind on shore. The cold was indescribably motionless. No hailstones. The thickness of the falling snow was fearful.

Hailstones strike, harass, bruise, deafen, crush; flakes are worse. Inexorable and soft, the flake does its work in silence. If you touch it, it melts. It is pure, as the hypocrite is candid. It is by whitenesses heaped up, that the flake arrives at the avalanche, and the knave at crime.

The boy had continued to advance in the fog. The fog is a pulpy obstacle; thence its perils. It yields, and persists. Fog, like snow, is full of treachery. The child, strange struggler in the midst of all these risks, had succeeded in reaching the foot of the descent, and had entered upon Chess-Hill. He was, though not aware of it, upon an isthmus, having the ocean on two sides, and unable to make a false step, in this mist, this snow, this obscurity, without falling, on his right, into the deep water of the bay; on his left, into the raging waves of the high sea. He walked, ignorant, between two abysses.

The isthmus of Portland was at this period singularly rough and rude. It retains nothing now of its configuration then. Since the idea has obtained of working Portland stone into Roman cement, the whole rock has undergone a remodelling, that has done away with its primitive look. You may still find there calcareous lias, schist, and trap, growing out of banks of conglomerate, as the tooth out of the gum; but the pickaxe has broken up and levelled all those shaggy and rough peaks, whereon the ospreys would make their frightful perch. There are no more heights whereon might rendezvous the foul birds that vomit and the stercorary tribe, which, like the envious, are addicted to defiling high places. One would look in vain for the monolith, called Godolphin, an old Welsh word that signifies "white eagle." One may gather still, in summer, upon this ground, which is perforated and in holes like a sponge, rosemary, pennyroyal, wild hyssop, sea-fennel, which, infused, makes a good cordial, and that herb, full of knots, that grows out of the sand, and is used for matting; but no more ambergris is picked up there, nor black tin, nor that triple kind of slate, partly green, partly blue, partly of the color of sage-leaves. The foxes, the badgers, the otters, the martens, have disappeared. There were formerly chamois in these Portland ridges, as at the farther point of Cornwall; but they are no longer there. There is fishing still, in certain hollows, for plaice and pilchard; but the salmon, scared away, no longer ascend the Wey between Saint Michel and Noal, to deposit their spawn. One sees no more, as in the time of Elizabeth, those old and unknown birds, as large as hawks, that split an apple in halves and only eat the pips. One sees no more of those rooks, Cornish choughs in English, Pyrrhocorax in Latin, which were malicious enough to let fall lighted vine-twigs upon roofs of thatch. One sees no more that winged sorcerer, the petrel, an emigrant from the Scottish archipelago, that ejected an oil from his beak, which the islanders burned in their lamps. One meets no more, in the evening, in the swashes of the ebb, the old legendary *neitse*, with feet of pig and bleat of calf. The tide no longer throws upon these sands the mustached seal, with twisted ears and pointed grinders, dragging himself upon nailless paws. In this Portland, not to be recognized in our day, there have never been nightingales, because there were no forests; but the falcons, the swans, and the sea-geese have flown away. The Portland sheep of

the present time are fat in flesh and fine in wool; the few sheep that fed, two centuries ago, upon this salted grass, were small and tough, and had rough fleeces, as became the Celtic flocks, once tended by garlic-eating shepherds, who lived a hundred years, and who, at half a mile distance, could pierce through breastplates with their arrows an ell in length. Uncultured land makes poor wool. The Chess-Hill of to-day in no respect resembles the Chess-Hill of other times, so much has it been overturned by man, and by those furious winds from the Scilly Isles that eat into the very stones.

To-day, this tongue of land has its railway, that leads to a pretty checker-work of houses, called Chesilton; and there is a Portland station. Trains roll along, where sea-calves crawled.

The isthmus of Portland, two hundred years ago, was an ass's back, of sand, with a vertebral spine of rock.

The danger had changed in form. What the boy had to fear in the descent was rolling to the bottom of the ridge; on the isthmus, it was tumbling into the holes. Having had to deal with the precipice, he had to deal with the quagmire. Every thing is a trap, on the borders of the sea. The rock is slippery; the sandy strand is moving. The points of support are ambushes. You are like a person who puts his foot upon panes of glass. All may suddenly crack beneath you; a crack, through which you may disappear. The ocean has its triple underground, like a theatre well found in machinery.

The long ridges of granite, on which the double declivity of an isthmus leans, are difficult to tread. You are troubled to find what is called, in setting scenes for the stage, the practicable. Man has no hospitality to expect from the ocean; no more from the rock than from the wave. The bird and the fish are alone provided for by the sea. Isthmuses particularly are bare and jagged. The flood, that uses up and undermines them on either side, reduces them to their most simple expression. Everywhere, sharp prominences, crests, serrated edges, frightful tatters of broken stone, yawnings toothed like the much-indurated jaw of the shark, breaknecks of saturated moss, rapid slopes of rock leading into the foam. He who undertakes to traverse an isthmus, encounters at every step shapeless blocks as large as houses, figuring shin-bones, shoulder-blades, thigh-bones, a hideous anatomy of crags that are flayed. It is not for nothing that these striates of the borders of the sea are called ribs. The pedestrian draws himself as best he may out of this pell-mell of rubbish. To find a way across the system of bones in a gigantic carcass—such is almost his work.

Put a child at this labor of Hercules!

Broad daylight might have been useful; it was night. A guide would have been necessary; he was alone. In lack of a guide a path would have aided him. There was no path.

By instinct, he avoided the rows of jagged points in the rock, and followed the strand as much as he could. It was there that he encountered the quagmires. The quagmires multiplied themselves before him in three forms—the quagmire of water, the quagmire of snow, the quagmire of sand. The last is the most formidable. It swallows one up inextricably.

To know what one affronts is alarming; but to be ignorant of it is terrible. The child combated the unknown danger. He was groping his way in something that was, perchance, a tomb.

No hesitation. He turned the rocks, avoided the crevasses, divined the pitfalls, submitted to the meanderings

of obstacle; but he advanced. Unable to proceed straight on, he walked steadily.

He recoiled, at need, with promptness. He knew how to snatch himself in time from the hideous glue of moving sands. He shook off the snow that fell on him. He went into water, more than once, up to his knees. When he got out of it, his wet clothes were frozen all at once by the bitter cold of the night. He walked rapidly in his stiffened garments. He had, however, had the wit to keep dry and warm over his breast his sailor's reefing-jacket. He was, all the time, very hungry.

The accidents of the abyss are in no sense limited; all is possible therein, even safety. The issue is invisible; but it may be found. How did the boy —enveloped in a stifling whirl of snow, lost on that narrow causeway between the two open jaws of the gulf, and unable to see—contrive to traverse the isthmus? This is what he could not himself have told. He had slipped, clambered, rolled, sought, walked, persevered—that is the whole of it. The secret of all triumphs. At the end of a little less than an hour, he felt that the soil was on the ascent; he reached the other side; he got out of Chess-Hill; he was upon firm ground.

The bridge which, to-day, unites Sandford-Cas to Smallmouth Sand, had no existence at that period. It is probable that, in his intelligent groping, he had remounted so far as to be opposite Wyke Pregis, where he then had a tongue of sand, a true natural causeway traversing the East Fleet.

He was saved from the isthmus, but he found himself again face to face with the storm, with the winter, with the night.

Before him was developed anew the sombre uncertainty of plains.

He looked to the ground, searching for a path.

All at once he stooped down.

He saw something on the ground, that seemed to him a trace.

It was, in fact, a trace, the mark of a foot. The whiteness of the snow cut clear the impression, and made it very distinct. He studied it. It was the print of a naked foot, smaller than a man's, larger than a child's.

Probably a woman's foot.

Beyond this footmark there was another, then another. The prints were successive, a step apart, and went far on into the plains toward the right hand. They were still fresh, and but slightly covered with snow. A woman had just passed along.

This woman had been walking, and had gone in the direction where the boy had seen smoke.

The child, his eyes fixed upon the imprints, set himself to follow them out.

II.

EFFECT OF SNOW.

He went on, a certain time, upon this track. Unfortunately, the traces became less and less distinct. The snow was falling thick and fearful. It was the moment when the ork, under this same snow-storm, was agonizing on the high-sea.

The boy, in distress like the vessel, but of another kind, having—in the inextricable intercrossings of the darkness that rose before him—no other resource than the footstep marked in the snow, clung to it, as to the thread of a labyrinth.

Suddenly, either because the snow had at last effaced them, or from some other cause, the footprints ceased. All became smooth, level, of a piece, without spot or variation. There was nothing now but a white covering on the earth and a black covering on the sky.

It was as if the woman who passed had flown away.

The child at bay stooped and sought. In vain. As he rose, he had a sensation of something indistinct which he heard without being sure of hearing. It was like a breath, or the shadow of a voice. It was human rather than bestial, and sepulchral rather than living. It was a noise, but the noise of a dream.

He looked and saw nothing.

The vast solitude was before him, naked and livid.

He listened. What he thought he had heard was lost. Perhaps he had heard nothing. He listened again. Silence everywhere.

The mist was full of delusion. So he started again. Started at random, having no longer this footstep to guide him.

He had scarcely moved when the noise recommenced. This time he could not doubt. It was a groaning, almost a sob.

He turned. His eyes ran over the darkness. He saw nothing.

The noise rose again.

If the souls in prison can cry, they cry thus.

Nothing so penetrating and poignant, and yet so weak, as this voice. For voice it was. It came from a soul. There was the tremor of life in that murmur. And yet it seemed almost unconscious. It was something like a suffering that appealed, but without knowing that it was a suffering and that it made an appeal. This noise, first breath or last sigh as it might be, was equally removed from the death-rattle which closes life and the wail which ushers it in. It breathed, it choked, it wept. Dim supplication in the invisible.

The boy examined attentively everywhere, far and near, high and low. Nobody. Nothing.

He listened. The voice was heard again. He perceived it distinctly. It was something like the bleating of a lamb.

Then he was frightened and thought of fleeing. The groaning began again for the fourth time. It was curiously wretched and plaintive. One felt that after this last effort, more mechanical than voluntary, the cry would probably die out. It was an expiring call, instinctively addressed to whatever succor might be floating in the universe; a vague stammer of agony, directed to a possible Providence. The child advanced in the direction of the voice.

Still he saw nothing.

But he kept on, looking round sharply. The complaint continued. Before, inarticulate and confused, it had now become clear and almost shrill. The child was close to the voice. But where was it?

He was near a complaint. As it trembled into space, it passed alongside him. A human groan floating in the invisible, that was what he had met. At least such was his impression, dim as the fog in which he was lost.

As he hesitated between an instinct impelling him to fly, and an instinct telling him to stay, he saw, in the snow at his feet, some steps before him, a protuberance, the size of a human figure, a small elevation, low, long, and narrow, at the side of a crevice, like a sepulchre in a white cemetery.

At the same moment the voice sounded.

It came thence.

The child stooped, squatted down before the object, and began to clear it away with both hands.

Under the snow which he was removing, the outlines of a form disclosed themselves, and suddenly beneath his hands, in the hollow which he had made, appeared a pale face.

It was not this face that cried.

eyes were shut and its mouth open, but full of snow.

It was motionless. It stirred not under the child's hand. Though his fingers were numb with frost, he started on touching the cold of this face. It was a woman's head. The dishevelled locks were mixed up with the snow. The woman was dead.

The child went to work again at removing the snow. He liberated the dead woman's elbow, then the upper part of the trunk, the flesh of which was visible under its rags.

Suddenly he felt under his groping touch a slight motion. It was some small thing, wrapped up and stirring. The boy removed the snow briskly, and discovered a wretched abortion of a body, puny, wan with cold, but still alive, naked on the dead woman's naked bosom.

It was a little girl.

She was swaddled, but imperfectly, and had struggled herself out of her rags. Her poor thin limbs under her, and her breath above her, had slightly melted the snow. A nurse would have given her five or six months, but she might have been a year old, for growth in poverty undergoes heart-rending diminutions, which sometimes end in rickets. When her face was exposed to the air she uttered a cry, the continuation of her sob of distress. The mother must have been very dead, not to have heard that sob.

The boy took the little girl in his arms.

The mother, stiff in death, had a sinister aspect. A spectral radiation emanated from her face. Her mouth, gaping and void of breath, seemed beginning, in the doubtful language of the shades, an answer to the questions put to the dead in the invisible world. There was a wan reflection of the frozen plains on this face. One might see the forehead under the brown locks which showed its youth, the almost angry knitting of the brows, the closed nostrils, the shut lids, the eyelashes glued together by the hoar-frost, and, from the corner of the eyes to the corner of the lips, the deep channel of tears. The snow lighted up the corpse. Winter and the tomb do each other no harm. The carcass is the icicle of the man. The nakedness of the breasts was pathetic. They had done their work; they bore the sublime impress of life given by a being whose own life is failing; in them maternal majesty replaced virgin purity. At the extremity of one of the nipples hung a white pearl. It was a frozen drop of milk.

Let us say at once, that a few hours before, a beggar-woman with her sucking-child, she also seeking a lair, had lost herself in these plains where the lost boy was now passing in his turn. Benumbed, she had fallen under the storm and had been unable to raise herself again. The snow-drift had whelmed her. She had pressed her daughter as close to her bosom as she could, and died.

The little girl had tried to suck the marble body. Dark trust implanted by Nature, for it seems as if a mother might give suck for the last time, even after her last sigh.

But either the child's mouth could not find the nipple, or the drop of milk, stolen by Death, had frozen, and the suckling, more used to the cradle than to the tomb, had cried out.

The little deserted boy had heard the little dying girl.

He had dug her up.

He had taken her in his arms.

When the little girl felt herself in some one's arms, she stopped crying. The faces of the two children touched, and the blue lips of the suckling felt for the boy's cheek as if it was a breast.

She had almost reached the moment when the congealed blood stops the

heart. The mother had communicated to her somewhat of her own death. A corpse is catching, it is a chill that spreads. Her feet and her hands, her arms and her knees, were almost paralyzed by the frost. The boy perceived this terrible coldness.

He had on a dry and warm garment, his woollen jacket. He laid the suckling on the breast of the corpse, took off his jacket, wrapped the child in it, lifted her up again, and, now almost naked to the puffs of snow which the gale blew, started again, carrying the little one in his arms.

The girl having succeeded in finding the boy's cheek again, pressed her mouth to it, and recovering her warmth fell asleep. First kiss of these two souls in the darkness.

The mother remained lying there, her back on the snow, her face to the night. But at the moment when the little boy stripped himself to clothe the little girl, perhaps from the depths of infinity where she was, that mother saw him.

III.

EVERY SAD WAY HAS ITS EXTRA BURDEN.

Rather more than four hours had passed since the ork departed from Portland Creek, leaving this boy on the shore. During those long hours since he was abandoned, during all this time that he had been walking on, he had met, in the human society which he was perhaps about to enter, but three persons, a man, a woman, and a child. A man, that man on the hill; a woman, that woman in the snow; a child, this little girl whom he held in his arms.

He was worn out with fatigue and hunger. With less strength and an additional burden, he advanced more resolutely than ever.

He was now almost without clothes. The few rags that were left on him, hardened by the frost, were sharp as glass and took off his skin. He was growing cold, but the other child was growing warm. What he lost was not lost, she gained it. He observed this warmth, which was a new lease of life for the poor little girl. He continued to advance.

From time to time, without ceasing to hold her firmly, he stooped down, took a handful of snow with one hand, and rubbed his feet with it to keep them from freezing.

At other times, feeling his throat on fire, he placed in his mouth a little of this snow and sucked it, which deceived his thirst a moment, but changed it into fever. The relief was an aggravation.

By dint of its violence the storm had become shapeless; deluges of snow are possible, this was one. In its fury it lashed the shore at the same time that it upturned the sea. It was probably the moment when the lost ork was breaking up in the conflict of the shoals.

Under this blast, always walking eastward, he crossed wide expanses of snow. He knew not the hour. For a long time he had seen no more smoke. Nocturnal signs are easily effaced; besides, it was past the time when fires are extinguished; finally, he might have been mistaken, and possibly there was neither town nor village in the direction whither he was going.

In this doubt he persevered.

Two or three times the little one cried. Then he imparted to his walk a rocking motion, and she was quieted and hushed. She finished by falling fast and sound asleep. Shivering himself, he felt that she was warm.

Frequently he tightened the folds of the jacket about the little girl's neck, so that the frost could not introduce itself by any opening, and that no melted

snow might trickle between the garment and the child.

The plain was undulating. On its descending slopes the snow, heaped up by the wind in the bends of land, was so high for a little fellow like him that he sank into it almost entirely and had to walk half buried. Still he walked, and pushed the snow aside with his knees.

The ravine surmounted, he arrived on highlands swept by the gale, where the snow was thin; there he found a glazing of frost.

The warm breath of the little girl fanned his cheek, restored his warmth a moment, then stopped and froze in his hair, where it made an icicle.

He was sensible of an additional danger; he could no longer fall. He felt that he would not be able to rise again. He was broken down with weariness, the weight of the darkness would have fixed him to the ground, like that dead woman, and the ice would have soldered him alive to the earth. He had lost his way on the slopes of precipices and escaped, he had tripped into holes and crept out of them; but now a simple fall was death. A misstep opened the tomb. He must not slip. He would not have strength even to get on his knees again.

Now every thing around him was slippery, all was hoar-frost and hardened ice.

The little girl whom he carried in his arms made his progress frightfully difficult. Not only was she a weight, and an over-weight for his weariness and exhaustion, but she was an embarrassment. She occupied both his arms, and for one whose road is over glazed frost, both arms are a natural and necessary balance.

This balance he had to do without.

He did without it, and walked on, not knowing what would become of him under his load.

This little one was the drop that made his cup of distress overflow.

He proceeded, wavering at every step, as if on a loose board, and accomplishing miracles of equilibrium, with none to see him. And yet, perhaps, let us say it again, he was followed on his doleful way by two eyes, open in the shadowy distance—the eye of the mother, and the eye of God.

He staggered, lost his balance, reestablished it, kept watch on the child, replaced some part of the garment on her, covered her head, went on, lost his balance again, slipped, then recovered himself. The wind was cowardly enough to jostle him.

Probably he went much farther than was necessary. He was apparently in those plains where the Bincleaves farm was afterward established, between what is now called Spring-Gardens and the Parsonage House. Dairy-farms and cottages now, wastes then. Often less than a century separates a steppe from a city.

Suddenly, as the glacial squall which blinded him had an intermission, he perceived at a little distance before him a group of gables and chimneys, relieved by the snow against the sky, the reverse of a silhouette, a town sketched in white upon the black horizon, something like what one would call now-a-days a negative proof.

Roofs, dwellings, a sleeping-place! He was somewhere, then! He felt the ineffable encouragement of hope. His emotions were those of the lookout of a lost ship, when he cries land! He hastened his steps.

He was reaching men at last. He was going to arrive among the living. Nothing then to fear. He had in him the sudden glow of security. That from which he was escaping had no more existence. There would be no more night now, nor winter, nor storm. It seemed to him that every possibility of

evil was thenceforth behind him. The girl was no longer a burden. He almost ran.

His look was fixed on those roofs. Life was there. He never took his eyes off them. The dead might gaze thus at something that appeared through the half-opened lid of the tomb.

These were the chimneys whose smoke he had seen.

But no smoke rose from them now.

He did not take long to reach the habitations. He arrived at a suburb of the town, which was an open street. The fashion of closing streets at night was then going out.

The street began with two houses. In these two houses no candle or lamp was to be seen, no more than in all the street, nor yet in all the town, as far as the eye could reach.

The house on the right was rather a roof than a house; nothing could be meaner; the walls loam, and the roof straw; there was more thatch than wall. A large nettle, springing from the foot of the wall, touched the rim of the roof. This hut had but one door, which looked like a cat-hole, and one garret window. All shut. An inhabited sty alongside showed that the hovel was also inhabited.

The house on the left was wide and high, all of stone, with a slate roof. Shut, too. The rich man's home opposite the poor man's.

The boy did not hesitate. He went up to the large house. The folding-door, a massive oak plank checkered with big nails, was one of those sure to have behind it a stout provision of bolts and locks. There was on it an iron knocker.

He lifted the knocker, and with some difficulty, for his congealed hands were more like stumps; he knocked once.

No answer.

He knocked a second time, two knocks.

There was no stir in the house.

He knocked a third time. Nothing.

He understood that they were asleep, or did not care to get up.

Then he turned to the home of poverty. He took up a pebble from the snow and knocked at the low door.

No answer.

He raised himself on tiptoe and struck with his stone on the window, softly enough not to break the glass, hard enough to be heard.

No voice answered, no step stirred, no candle was lighted.

He thought that there also they did not choose to awake.

There was the same deafness to the appeal of poor devils, in the stone mansion and the thatched hut.

The boy decided to push on farther. He penetrated the defile of houses which stretched before him, so dark that it looked like the opening between two cliffs rather than the entrance of a town.

IV.

THE DESERT UNDER ANOTHER FORM.

He had just entered Weymouth.

The Weymouth of that time was not the respectable and superb Weymouth of to-day. This old Weymouth had not, like the present one, an irreproachable rectilinear quay, with a statue and an inn in honor of George III. This was owing to the fact that George III. was not born. For the same reason, there had not yet been sketched on the green slope of the west hill, flat on the ground, by means of turf stripped and chalk exposed, that white horse an acre long, carrying a king on his back, and turning tail, still in honor of George III., to the town. Surely these honors were merited. George III., having lost in his old age the wits that he never had in his youth, is not responsible for the calamities of his reign. He was a harm-

less madman. Why should he not have statues?

The Weymouth of a hundred and eighty years ago was about as symmetrical as a handful of jackstraws mixed up. The Astaroth of the legend used to walk about on earth carrying on her back a wallet, in which there was a little of every thing, even good wives in their houses. A jumble of huts fallen from this demon's bag would give an idea of the old, irregular Weymouth. That is, adding the good wives in the huts. There remains a specimen of these buildings, the Musicians' House. A confused mass of wooden sheds, carved and worm-eaten (which is another kind of carving), shapeless, shaky, overhanging buildings—some with columns, leaning one against another to avoid falling before the sea-wind, and leaving between them narrow intervals of crooked and inconvenient streets, lanes, and squares often inundated by the equinoctial tides, a pile of old grandmotherly houses grouped around an ancestral church; such was Weymouth. It was a sort of old Norman village stranded on the English coast.

The traveller, if he entered the tavern, now replaced by the hotel, instead of gallantly paying a pound for a fried sole and a bottle of wine, suffered the humiliation of eating a twopenny chowder, and a good one, for that matter. It was lamentable.

The lost child, carrying the foundling, followed the first street, then the second, then a third. He raised his eyes, looking for lighted windows in the different stories and on the roofs, but all was closed and dark. Occasionally he knocked at the doors. No one answered. Nothing makes people so stony-hearted as lying warm between two sheets. His noises and motions had finally waked the little girl. He knew it because he felt her sucking his cheek. She did not cry, thinking she had a mother.

He was in danger of prowling about a long while in the cross-lanes of Scrambridge, where there were then more crops than houses, and more thorn hedges than buildings; but just in time he entered a passage which still exists near Trinity School. This passage brought him to a wharf, which was a rudimentary quay with a parapet, and on his right he made out a bridge.

This bridge was the bridge of the Wey, joining Weymouth to Melcomb-Regis, and under the arches of which the harbor communicates with the Back Water.

Weymouth was then a hamlet, suburb of Melcomb-Regis, town and harbor; to-day, Melcomb-Regis is a parish of Weymouth. The village has absorbed the town. This feat is due to the bridge. Bridges are odd sucking-machines which draw off population, and sometimes make a river quarter grow at the expense of its opposite neighbor.

The boy went to the bridge, which at that time was a footway of covered plank. He crossed the footway.

Thanks to the roof of the bridge, there was no snow on the flooring. His bare feet had a moment of comfort in walking on the dry planks.

The bridge crossed, he found himself in Melcomb-Regis.

There he found fewer wooden houses than stone ones. It was no longer the suburb, but the town. The bridge opened upon a tolerably handsome street, which was Saint Thomas Street. He entered it. The houses presented high carved gables, with shop fronts here and there. He began knocking at the doors again. He had not strength enough left to call and shout.

At Melcomb-Regis, as at Weymouth, no one stirred. All the doors had been well double-locked. The windows were covered by their blinds as eyes are by their lids. Every precaution had been taken against the disagreeable start

which results from being suddenly awaked.

The little wanderer felt the indefinable oppression of the sleeping town. A vertigo emanates from the silence of these paralyzed ant-hills. All these lethargies combine their nightmares; you are mobbed by sleepers; a vapor of dreams is evolved from these prostrate human bodies. Sleep has dark neighborhoods outside of life; the decomposed thought of the sleeping floats above them, a half-dead, half-living emanation, and unites itself with all the possible or probable thought in space. Hence strange entanglements. The transparent opacity of the dream-cloud veils the spirit-star. Above those closed eyelids, in which vision has replaced sight, a spectral disintegration of profiles and looks spreads itself in the impalpable. Mysterious scattered existences fuse themselves into our life, through that boundary of death called sleep. These intertwinings of shades and souls fill the air. Even he who is not asleep feels oppressed by this surrounding of dark and ominous life. The circulating chimera worries him like a guessed reality. The man wide-awake, whose road lies across the dreams of others, dimly repels passing forms, has or thinks he has the vague horror of hostile contacts with the invisible, and feels every instant the doubtful jostle of something inexpressible, which vanishes as it meets him. Such progress in the midst of the nocturnal diffusion of dreams is something like walking through a forest.

This is what we call being afraid without knowing why.

What a man experiences, a child experiences still more. This uneasy feeling of nightly terror, augmented by the spectral houses, was an additional aggravation of the sad circumstances against which he struggled.

He entered Conycar Lane, and perceived at the end of this alley the Back Water, which he took for the ocean; he no longer knew which way the sea lay; he retraced his steps, turned to the left by Maiden Street, and went back as far as Saint Alban's Row.

There he knocked violently on the doors of the first houses he met, quite at random and without choice. These knocks, in which he expended his last energy, were irregular and jerky, with intermissions and returns almost wrathful. It was the beating of his fever.

A voice answered.

That of the hour.

Three in the morning sounded slowly behind him from the old belfry of Saint Nicholas.

Then all was still again.

It may seem surprising that not one inhabitant even half-opened a window. But this silence can be in some measure explained. It must be stated that, just before January, 1690, there had been a tolerably severe pestilence in London, and that the fear of taking in sick vagabonds caused a certain diminution of hospitality everywhere. One would not even half-open a window, for fear of breathing the air which they had infected.

The child found the coldness of men more terrible than the coldness of the night. It is a coldness with a will in it. He felt an anguish of heart, a discouragement, which he had not felt in the wilds. Now that he had entered into the life of all the world, he remained alone. He had understood the unpitying waste, but the inexorable town was too much for him.

The clock, whose strokes he had just counted, overwhelmed him still more. On certain occasions, there is nothing that freezes like a clock striking. It is a declaration of indifference; eternity saying, What care I?

He stopped. And it is not certain but that in that melancholy moment he asked

himself if it was not the simplest way to lie down and die. But the little girl laid her head on his shoulder and went to sleep again. This vague confidence encouraged him to start again.

He felt that he was a support, he, around whom every thing was giving way. It was a profound call of duty.

Neither his ideas nor his situation were those of his age. Probably he did not understand them. He acted instinctively. He did what he did.

He walked in the direction of Johnstone Row.

Or rather he dragged himself, for he could walk no longer. He left Saint Mary Street, turned to the right, zigzagged about in the alleys, and, at the mouth of a winding gut between two buildings, found himself in a tolerably large open space. It was doubtful ground, not built up, probably the spot where Chesterfield Place now is. There the houses ended. He saw the water on his left, and scarcely anything more of the town on his right.

What was to become of him? the country was beginning again. On the east great sloping plains of snow marked the ridges of Radipole. Should he continue his journey, go on, and reenter the waste? Should he turn back and reënter these streets? What could he do between these two silences, the mute wilds and the deaf town? Which repulse should he choose?

There is a last anchor and there is a last look. It was this last look which the poor despairing child cast around.

Suddenly he heard a threat.

V.

MISANTHROPY PLAYING ITS PRANKS.

A GNASHING of teeth, doubtful, strange, alarming, reached him through the dark.

It was enough to make one recoil. He advanced. To those who are terrified by silence, a roar is an agreeable variety.

The fearful growl reassured him. The threat was a promise. There was something alive and awake there, even were it a wild beast. He walked in the direction of the gnashing.

He turned an angle of the wall, and behind it, by the reflection of the snow and the sea, which made a kind of vast sepulchral illumination, he saw something sheltered there somehow. It was a cart, unless it was a hut. A carriage, for it had wheels, and a dwelling, for it had a roof. From the roof rose a pipe, and from the pipe a smoke. This smoke was ruddy, which seemed to denote a pretty good fire inside. Behind, projecting hinges indicated a door, and in the middle of this door a square opening allowed gleams of light to be seen in the hut. He approached.

Whatever had gnashed its teeth heard him coming. When he was close to the hut the threat became furious. It was no longer a growl, but a howl that he had to do with. He heard a harsh noise like that of a chain violently stretched, and suddenly under the door, in the space between the hind wheels, appeared two rows of sharp white teeth.

As the throat showed itself between the wheels, a head peeped out of the window.

— Quiet there! said the head.

The throat was silent.

The head continued:

— Any one there?

The boy replied:

— Yes.

— Who?

— Me.

— You? Who's that? Where from?

— Tired, said the boy.

— What o'clock is it?

— Cold.

—What are you doing there?

—Hungry.

The head answered:

—Everybody can't be as well off as a lord. Get out.

The head retired, and the window closed.

The boy bowed his forehead, hugged the sleeping child tighter, and mustered his strength to start again. He took some steps and was beginning to go away.

But at the same time that the window closed, the door opened. A step was let down. The voice, which had just spoken to the boy, called angrily from the depths of the hut.

—Well, why don't you come in?

The boy turned round.

—Come in, will you? repeated the voice. Who sent me a young scapegrace like that? Cold and hungry, and won't come in?

The child, at the same time repulsed and invited, remained motionless. The voice recommenced:

—Come in, I tell you, you scamp!

He made up his mind, and placed his foot on the first round of the ladder.

But there was a growl under the vehicle. He started back. The gaping throat reappeared.

—Quiet! cried the man's voice.

The throat went back, the growling stopped.

—Up with you! continued the man.

The child ascended the three steps with difficulty. He was impeded by the other child, so benumbed, so wrapped and rolled up in the sou'wester, that no part of her could be distinguished; she was only a little shapeless lump.

He surmounted the three steps, and having reached the threshold stopped there.

No candle burned in the hut, an economy probably due to poverty. The hovel was only lighted by the red air-hole of a cast-iron stove in which a fire of turf crackled. On the stove smoked a porringer and a pot, which certainly looked as if they held something good. The agreeable odor of it was very perceptible. The dwelling had for furniture a chest, a bench, and an unlighted lantern, hung from the ceiling. On the wooden walls were some shelves supported by brackets, and a row of hooks and nails, with all sorts of things hanging to them. There were several stories of glass-ware and copper-ware, an alembic, a receiver much like those jugs for graining wax which are called markers, and a medley of queer objects which the child could not understand in the least, and which were the cooking utensils of a chemist. The hut was of an oblong shape, the stove in front. It was not a small room, it was hardly a large box. The outside was more lighted by the snow than the inside by the stove. Every thing in the hovel was dim and indistinct. Still a reflection of the firelight on the ceiling allowed one to read there this inscription in large letters, URSUS PHILOSOPHER.

In fact, the child was entering the house of Homo and Ursus. He had just heard one growl and the other speak.

Arrived on the threshold, he saw, near the stove, a tall, thin, hairless, old man, dressed in gray stuff; he was standing up, and his bald head touched the roof. He could not have risen on his toes; the hut was a tight fit.

—Come in, said the man, who was Ursus.

The boy entered.

—Put your bundle there.

The boy placed his burden on the chest, carefully, for fear of frightening and waking it.

The man continued:

—How softly you put it there! It might as well be a reliquary. Are you

afraid of cracking your tatters? Ah, the good-for-nothing wretch! In the streets at this hour. Who are you? Answer. No, don't! Here, this is the first thing; you're cold, warm yourself.

And taking the lad by the shoulders, he pushed him before the stove.

— Well, you are wet enough! and frozen enough! The idea of coming into a house in such a state! Here, take off that rotten stuff, young malefactor!

Clutching the boy with feverish suddenness, he stripped off his rags with one hand, making lint of them in the process, while with the other hand he hooked down from a nail a man's shirt, and one of those knit jackets which are now called kiss-me-quicks.

— There are some duds.

In the heap of rubbish he picked out a woollen rag, and rubbed with it before the fire the limbs of the dazzled and sinking child, who, in this moment of naked warmth, thought he was seeing and touching heaven. Having rubbed his limbs, the man wiped his feet.

— Well, my dead man, you have nothing frozen. I was stupid enough to fear that there was something frozen, a hind-paw or a fore-paw. He won't be disabled this time. Dress yourself!

The child slipped into the shirt, and the man put the knit jacket over it.

— Now then.

The man kicked the bench forward and seated the little boy on it, pushing him by the shoulders as before, then he showed him with his forefinger the porringer smoking on the stove. What the child caught a glimpse of in this porringer was some more heaven.

Namely, a potato and a bit of bacon.

— You're hungry, eat.

The man took from a shelf a crust of dry bread, and an iron fork, and handed them to the boy. The boy hesitated.

— Must I lay the cloth for you? asked the man.

And he placed the porringer on the child's lap.

— Bite into that!

Hunger got the better of stupefaction; the child began to eat. The poor creature devoured rather than fed. The joyous sound of the crunched bread filled the hut. The man kept grumbling.

— Not so fast, you horrid gormandizer! What a glutton the wretch is! These hungry blackguards have a revolting way of feeding. Just see a lord at supper! I have seen dukes eat in my life. They don't eat, that's aristocratic. They drink, though, that they do. Come, you little monkey, stuff yourself!

The want of ears, which characterizes a hungry belly, caused the child to pay small heed to this violence of epithet, modified too as it was by a charity of action, profitable inconsistency for him. For the moment he was absorbed by these two needs and two ecstasies, warming himself and eating.

Ursus continued to himself his half-audible imprecation.

— I have seen King James in person supping at the Banqueting-House where they go to look at the pictures of the renowned Rubens. His majesty touched nothing. This beggar here browses— browses is the word—it comes from brute. What possessed me to come to this Weymouth, seven times devoted to the infernal gods? I have sold nothing since morning, talked to the snow, played the flute to the hurricane, not pocketed a farthing, and at night I have paupers on my hands! Disgusting place! There is a pitched battle between these lounging fools and me. They try to get off with giving me farthings, and I with giving them worthless drugs. Well, today not an idiot in the square, not a penny in the box. Eat, you imp of hell! Scrape and crunch! Nothing equals the impudence of sponges now-a-

days. Fatten at my expense, parasite. He is more than starved, he is mad, this creature. It's not appetite. It's fever. Who knows? Perhaps he has the plague. Have you the plague, young ruffian? If he were to give it to Homo! God forbid! Let the rabble go, but I don't want my wolf to die. Come to think of it, I'm hungry too. Positively this is a disagreeable occurrence. I have worked to-day far into the night. There are times in one's life when one is hurried. I was in a hurry to-night to eat. I'm all alone, I make a fire, I have only a potato, a crust of bread, a mouthful of bacon, and a drop of milk. I put it to warm, I say to myself, Good! I think I'm going to feast myself. Flop! tumbles in this crocodile upon me. He plants himself solidly between my provision and me, and my larder is devastated. Eat, you pike, eat, you shark; how many rows of teeth have you in your maw, stuffer, young wolf? No, I withdraw the word, out of respect for the wolves. Absorb my provender, boa! I have worked to-day my stomach empty, my throat crying out, my pancreatic ducts in disorder, and my entrails shattered, far, far into the night, and my reward is to see another eat. Never mind, share and share. He will have the bread, the potato, and the bacon, but I shall have the milk.

And at this moment a lamentable and prolonged cry sounded in the hut. The man pricked up his ears.

— You're crying now, sycophant! What's that for?

The boy turned. He was evidently not crying. He had his mouth full.

The crying did not stop.

The man went to the chest.

— It's the bundle that's bawling! Valley of Jehoshaphat! Here's the bundle vociferating! What's the matter with your bundle that it is croaking?

He unrolled the sou'wester. A child's head emerged, the mouth open and crying.

— Hallo! who comes here? said the man. What's this? Another one. It's not going to stop, then? Who's there? To arms! Corporal, turn out the guard! Second irruption! What have you brought me there, you young robber? You see clearly that she's thirsty. Come, she must drink, this one. Good! No milk for me now.

From a confused heap on a shelf he took a roll of bandage—linen, a sponge, and a phial, growling like a madman.

— Damned country!

Then he looked at the little one.

— It's a girl. Can tell that by her yelping. She's drenched, too.

He tore off her, as he had done off the boy, the rags in which she was knotted rather than dressed, and wrapped her in a bit of coarse linen, shabby but clean and dry. This quick and abrupt toilet incensed the little girl.

— She won't stop mewing, said he.

With his teeth he cut off a large strip of the sponge, tore from the roll a square piece of linen, drew out a bit of thread from it, took from the stove a pot which contained milk, filled the phial with this milk, pushed the sponge half into the neck of the phial, covered the sponge with the linen, tied this extemporized cork with the thread, pressed the phial against his cheek to make sure that it was not too hot, and seized under his left arm the lost swaddling, who continued to scream.

— There, sup, you animal! Take the breast! And he placed the neck of the phial in her mouth.

The little girl sucked greedily.

He held the phial at the proper inclination, muttering:

— They're all alike, the mean creatures! When they have what they want, they keep quiet.

The child had sucked so energetically, and seized with such eagerness the

apology for bosom presented her by this surly providence, that she was seized with a fit of coughing.

—You're going to choke yourself, growled Ursus. A nice glutton you are!

He withdrew the sponge which she was sucking, waited till the cough stopped, and then replaced the phial between her lips, saying,

—Suck, you little vagabond.

Meanwhile the boy had laid down his fork. A moment before, when he was eating, his looks expressed satisfaction. Now they expressed gratitude. He saw the girl regaining life, and this consummation of the resurrection which he had begun filled his eyes with an ineffable expression. Ursus continued mumbling angry words between his gums. The poor boy at moments raised to Ursus his eyes, moist with the indefinable emotion which the poor creature, bullied and melted at the same time, felt without being able to express.

Ursus addressed him furiously.

—Well, eat away!

—And you? said the child all trembling, with a tear in his eye. Won't you have some?

—Eat it all, you imp! There is not too much for you, since there wasn't enough for me.

The child resumed his fork, but ate nothing.

—Eat, yelled Ursus. What have I to do with it? Who's talking to you about me? You wretched little barefoot clerk of Nopenny parish, I tell you to eat it all. That's what you're here for, to eat, drink, and sleep. Eat, or I'll pitch you out of doors, you and your brat!

At this threat the boy recommenced eating. It did not take him long to finish what remained in the porringer.

—This building has cracks, muttered Ursus; the cold comes in at the window.

In fact a pane had been broken, by some jolt of the vehicle or some roguish boy's stone. The piece of paper with which Ursus had repaired this damage was loosened. The wind entered there.

He was half-seated on the box. The little girl, at the same time in his arms and on his knees, was voluptuously sucking the bottle in the dreamy beatitude of a cherub before God or a child at the breast.

—She's tipsy, said Ursus.

And he continued:

—Preach sermons on temperance, will you?

While the little girl drank and the little boy ate, Ursus continued to vent his ill-humor.

—Drunkenness commences at the cradle. It is worth while to be Archbishop Tillotson, and thunder against the abuse of liquor! Abominable draught of wind! And my stove is old, too. It lets loose puffs of smoke enough to give one a disease of the eyes. I have the inconvenience of cold and the inconvenience of fire together. I can't see clearly. This being here, who abuses my hospitality—well, I haven't been able yet to distinguish the cur's face. Comfort is lacking here. By Jupiter, I value highly exquisite banquets in well-protected rooms. I have missed my vocation. I was born to be sensual. The greatest of sages was Philoxenes, who wished for a crane's neck, that he might enjoy the pleasures of the table at greater length. Zero of receipts to-day! Nothing sold all day long! What a calamity! Inhabitants, lackeys, and burgesses, here is the doctor, here is the medicine! You're losing your time, old fellow. Pack up your drugs again. Everybody here is well. There's a blessed town for you, with nobody sick in it!—except the sky, which has the diarrhœa. What a snow! Anaxagoras taught that snow was black. He was right, for cold is darkness. Ice is night. What

a blast! I fancy those at sea have a nice time of it. A hurricane is the passing of devils, the tumult of ghouls galloping and rolling headlong, above our bags of bones. In the storm-cloud, this has a tail and that horns; one has a flame for a tongue, another claws on his wings, a third a lord-chancellor's paunch, a fourth an academician's pate; you can tell a figure in each sound. Every new word has a different devil; the ear hears them, the eye sees them; the tumult is a face. To be sure, there are people at sea, it's evident. My friends, manage the tempest as well as you can; I've enough to do to manage my life. Bah! do I keep an inn? Why have I travellers arriving? The universal distress has even splashed into my poverty. Hideous drops of the great mud of humanity fall into my hut. I am given up to the voracity of passers-by. I am a prey. The prey of wretches dying of hunger. Winter, night, a pasteboard hovel, a poor friend under me outside, a storm, a potato, a fire as big as your fist, parasites, the wind entering at every crack, not a penny, and bundles that fall a-barking! You open them, and find little beggar-wenches inside. Isn't it like witchcraft! And then the broken laws! Ah, vagabond with your vagabondess! Sly pickpocket, designing abortion! Ah, you go about the streets after curfew! If our good king knew it, he's the man that would plant you nicely in a cell under-ground, to teach you manners! Master takes his walk at night with miss! The thermometer at fifteen, bareheaded and barefooted! That's contrary to law. There are rules and ordinances, young rioter! Vagabonds are punished, honest folks who have houses of their own are defended and protected, kings are the fathers of their people. I am a householder, I am. You would have been whipped on the public square, if they had caught you; and served you right! There must be order in a state which has police. I have done wrong myself in not reporting you to the constable. But I am like that, I understand the right and do the wrong. Ah the ruffian! to arrive here in that state! I didn't remark their snow when they came in; now it is all melted. Here is my whole house wet. I have an inundation within doors. I must burn an impossible lot of coal to dry up this lake. Coal, at twelve farthings the measure. How will this hovel manage to hold three of us? It's all up with me now, I go into the nursing business, I shall have the future hope of England's beggardom to wean. I shall have for employment, office, and function, to shape the abortions of Mother Misery, to polish off the ugliness of gallows-birds in their tender age, and instruct young thieves in the principles of philosophy. The bear's tongue does God's rough-hewing. And to think that if I hadn't been nibbled away for thirty years by such specimens, I should be rich! Homo would be fat. I should have a medical cabinet full of rarities, as many surgical instruments as Doctor Linaire, King Henry VIII.'s surgeon, various animals of all kinds, Egyptian mummies, and other such things! I should belong to the college of doctors, and have the right to use the library built in 1652, by the celebrated Harvey, and to go and work in the lantern of the dome, from which you can see all the town of London. I might continue my calculations on the solar darkness, and prove that a caliginous vapor emanates from that heavenly body. This is the opinion of John Kepler, who was born the year before Saint Bartholomew's day, and who was the emperor's mathematician. The sun is a chimney which smokes sometimes. So does my stove. My stove is no better than the sun. Yes, I should have made my fortune, my appearance would be quite dif-

ferent, I should not be vulgar, I should not abase science in the cross-roads. For the people is not worthy of learning, since it is only a mob of fools, a confused mixture of ages, sexes, tempers, and conditions of every sort, which the wise men of all times have not hesitated to despise, and whose extravagance and fury the most moderate men justly abhor. Ah, I am tired of what is. After all, we don't live long. It is soon over, our human life. Well, no, it is long. At intervals, that we may not be discouraged, that we may be stupid enough to consent to live, that we may not profit by the magnificent opportunities of hanging ourselves furnished by every cord and every nail, Nature makes believe to take a little care of man. Not to-night though. Cunning Nature! She makes the corn shoot, the grape ripen, the nightingale sing. From time to time a ray of sunshine or a glass of gin, that is what we call happiness. A little fringe of good around the immense shroud of evil. The devil has made the stuff of our life, and God makes the hem. Meanwhile, you have eaten my supper, young robber!

The infant, whom he still held in his arms, and very gently too, despite his anger, closed her eyes drowsily, a sign of repletion. Ursus examined the bottle and growled.

—She has drunk it all, the little impudence!

He rose, and keeping the girl on his left arm, raised, with his right hand, the lid of the chest, and took from the inside a bear-skin, which, it will be remembered, he called "his own real skin."

While doing this he heard the other child eating, and looked askance at him.

—It will be a pretty business if I must in future feed this growing glutton. I shall have a tape-worm in the belly of my trade.

Still, with one hand, he spread as he best could the bear-skin on the chest, pushing with his elbow and managing his motions so as not to disturb the commencement of the child's sleep. Then he laid her on the skin, upon the side nearest the fire. This done, he placed the empty phial on the stove, and exclaimed:

—I know who's thirsty.

He looked into the pot; there remained some good spoonfuls of milk in it; he raised it to his lips. Just as he was going to drink, his eye fell on the little girl. He replaced the pot on the stove, took the phial, uncorked it, poured in what remained of the milk, just enough to fill it, replaced the sponge, and retied the linen over the sponge round the neck.

—I am hungry and thirsty for all that, he recommenced.

And he added:

—When one can't eat bread, one drinks water.

Behind the stove there was a glimpse of a jug with a broken spout.

He took it and offered it to the boy.

—Do you want to drink?

The child drank and resumed his repast.

Once more Ursus took the jug and raised it to his mouth. The temperature of the water which it contained had been unequally affected by the neighborhood of the stove. He swallowed some mouthfuls and made a face.

—Make-believe pure water, thou art like false friends! Lukewarm above and cold below.

By this time the boy had finished supper. The porringer was more than emptied, it was scoured. He picked up and eat, abstractedly, some crumbs of bread scattered in the folds of the woollen garment and on his lap.

Ursus turned to him.

—That's not all. We two have to understand each other now. The mouth is not made alone for eating; it is also

made for speaking. Now that you are warmed and stuffed, young animal, look out for yourself! You are going to answer my questions. Where do you come from?

The child replied:

—I don't know.

—How? you don't know!

—I was left on the edge of the sea to-night.

—Ah, the scamp! What's your name? He is such a bad character that his relations have abandoned him.

—I have no relations.

—Please attend to my wishes, and observe that I don't like people to tell me stories which are not true. You have some relations, for you have a sister.

—That is not my sister.

—She is not your sister?

—No.

—What is she, then?

—A little girl that I found.

—Found!

—Yes.

—How? you picked that thing up?

—Yes.

—Where? If you lie, I'll exterminate you.

—From a woman dead in the snow.

—When?

—An hour ago.

—Where?

—A league off.

The frontal arches of Ursus contracted, and assumed the pointed form which characterizes the eyebrows of a philosopher who is moved.

—Dead! there's one that's happy! We must leave her in her snow there. She is well off in it. Which way was it?

—In the direction of the sea.

—Did you cross the bridge?

—Yes.

Ursus opened the back window and examined the prospect outside. The weather had not changed for the better. The snow still fell, thick and gloomy.

He closed the casement.

He went to the broken pane, stopped the hole with a rag, put more turf in the stove, spread out as widely as he could the bear-skin on the chest, took a large book which he had in a corner and placed it under the head to serve as pillow, and on this bolster he laid the head of the little sleeping child.

Then he turned to the boy:

—Lie down there.

The child obeyed, and stretched himself at full length beside the little girl.

Ursus rolled the skin round the two children and tucked it under their feet.

Then he reached down from the shelf and knotted around his body a canvas girdle with a large pocket, probably containing a surgeon's case of instruments and some bottles of elixirs.

Next he unhooked the lantern from the ceiling and lit it. It was a dark-lantern, which, when lighted, left the children in the shadow.

Ursus partly opened the door and said:

—I'm going out. Don't be afraid. I shall come back. Go to sleep.

And lowering the steps he cried:

—Homo!

An affectionate growl answered him.

Ursus descended, lantern in hand. The step went up again, the door closed. The children remained alone.

From without, a voice, the voice of Ursus, asked:

—You boy, who have just eaten my supper, you are not asleep yet, are you?

—No, replied the boy.

—Well, then, if she squalls, give her the rest of the milk.

The clank of a loosened chain was heard, and the noise of a man's step and a beast's, as they went away together.

A few moments, and the two children slept profoundly.

It was a strange, ineffable union of respirations, ignorance rather than chas-

tity, a bridal night before the birth of sex. The little boy and the little girl, naked and side by side, enjoyed during these silent hours a shadowy divine fusion; as many dreams as are possible at that age, floated from one to the other; under their closed lids was probably a starry light; if the word marriage be not out of place here, they were man and wife as angels are angels. Such innocence in such darkness, such purity in such embraces, these anticipations of heaven are only possible to infancy, and no immensity approaches the grandeur of these little beings. Of all gulfs this is deepest; the terrible persistence of a dead man hanged in chains, the vast, unremitting fury of the ocean against a shipwrecked bark, the wide-spread whiteness of the snow covering buried forms—none of these equals in pathos two children's mouths divinely joined in sleep, whose touch is not even a kiss. Perhaps betrothal, perhaps doom, the unknown overhangs this juxtaposition. It is charming; who knows if it is not terrifying? One feels anguish of heart. Innocence, the offspring of consecrated obscurity, is more supreme than virtue. They slept. They were at rest. They were warm. The nakedness of their intertwined bodies fused the virginity of their souls. They were there as in the nest of the infinite.

VI.

WAKING.

The day began gloomily. A sad paleness entered the hut. It was the icy dawn. Its wan gleams, that brought out in mournful reality the spectral sketches of night, did not wake the children, who were sound asleep. The hovel was warm. Their two respirations sounded alternately like two quiet waters. There was no more hurricane outside. The light of the dawn was slowly taking possession of the horizon. Like candles blown out one after the other, the constellations faded away. Only some large stars still held out. The deep chant of the infinite rose from the sea.

The fire was not quite out. The dawn was gradually becoming day. The boy slept less than the girl. There was something of the watcher and the guardian about him. As a ray brighter than the rest traversed the glass, he opened his eyes. The sleep of childhood ends in forgetfulness; he remained in a half-doze, without knowing where he was, or what he had near him, without trying to remember, looking at the ceiling, and vaguely puzzling his reverie with the letters of the inscription *Ursus philosopher*, which he examined without deciphering, for he could not read.

The noise of a key groping in a lock made him lift his head.

The door turned on its hinges, the stairway swung. Ursus was coming home. He ascended the three steps, his extinguished lantern in his hand.

At the same time there was a patter of four feet lightly mounting the stairs. It was Homo, following Ursus and coming home, too.

The boy, now wide awake, gave a start.

The wolf, probably hungry, had put on his morning grin, which showed all his teeth, and very white they were.

He stopped half-way up, put his two fore-paws into the hut, leaving his legs on the threshold as a preacher leans his arms on the edge of the pulpit. He smelt at a distance the chest which he was not used to see thus occupied. His wolf's figure, framed in the door, stood out black in the morning light. He decided and entered.

Seeing the wolf in the hut, the boy rose up out of the skin and placed himself before the little girl, who slept more soundly than ever.

Ursus had just restored the lantern to its hook on the ceiling. Silently and with mechanical deliberation he unbuckled his girdle, in which his case of instruments was, and replaced it on a shelf. He looked at nothing and seemed to see nothing. His eyeballs were glassy. Something profound was at work in his mind. At length his thoughts came to light, as usual, by a rapid utterance of words. He cried out:

—Decidedly happy! Dead, quite dead!

He stooped down and placed a shovelful of turf on the fire, and, while poking it up, grumbled on.

—I had trouble to find her. Unknown malice had plunged her under two feet of snow. Without Homo, who sees as clearly with his nose as Christopher Columbus did with his mind, I should be there still paddling about in the snow and playing hide-and-seek with death. Diogenes took his lantern and looked for a man; I took mine and looked for a woman; he found sarcasm, and I found mourning. How cold she was! I touched her hand, it was a stone. What silence in the eyes! How can one be stupid enough to die and leave an infant behind! It will not be comfortable keeping three in this box. What a bore! Well, I have a family now. Daughter and son.

While Ursus was speaking, Homo had stolen close to the stove, the hand of the little sleeper hung down between the stove and the chest. The wolf began to lick the hand.

He licked it so softly that the girl did not wake.

Ursus turned round.

—Good, Homo. I shall be father, and you uncle. Then he resumed his philosophical work of arranging the fire, without interrupting his aside.

—Adoption. It's decided. Besides, Homo consents.

He stood up again.

—I should like to know who is responsible for this woman's death. Is it man or . . .

His eye looked into the air, but above the ceiling, and his mouth murmured:

—Is it thou?

Then his forehead dropped as if under a weight, and he resumed:

—The night has taken the trouble to kill this woman.

As he drew himself up again, his look met the face of the awakened boy, who was listening to him. Ursus addressed him abruptly:

—What's the reason you're laughing?

The boy replied,

—I am not laughing.

Ursus had a sort of tremor, examined him very attentively and silently, for some moments, and said,

—Then you are frightful.

The inside of the hut was so dimly lighted at night, that Ursus had not yet seen the boy's face. The full day showed it to him.

He placed his palms on the child's shoulders, regarded his face with an attention more and more penetrating, and cried to him:

—Don't laugh any more!

—I don't laugh, said the child.

Ursus shook from head to foot.

—You do laugh, I tell you.

Then shaking the child in a grasp which might arise from rage or pity, he asked in a violent tone:

—Who made you so?

The child replied:

—I don't know what you mean.

Ursus resumed:

—How long have you had that laugh?

—I have always been so, said the child.

Ursus turned to the chest, saying in a low tone:

—I thought that business was out of

date. He took out very carefully, so as not to wake the little girl, the book which he had put under her head for a pillow.

— Let us look at Conquest, he muttered.

It was a bundle of folio sheets, bound in parchment. He ran through the leaves with his thumb, stopped at one, opened the book wide over the stove and read.

— *De Denasatis*—here it is.

And he went on.

Bucca fissa usque ad aures, gencivis denudatis, nasoque murdridato, masca eris et ridebis semper.

— That is it exactly.

And he replaced the book on one of the shelves, growling.

— An incident, the investigation of which would be unwholesome. Laugh away, my boy!

At this moment the little girl woke. Her "good-morning" was a cry.

—Come, nurse, give her the breast, said Ursus.

The little girl had sat up. Ursus took the bottle from the stove and gave it to her to suck. At this instant the sun was rising. He was just level with the horizon. His red rays entered through the glass, and struck the face of the girl which was turned toward him. The child's eyes, fixed on the sun, reflected his crimson roundness like two mirrors. The balls were motionless; the lids also.

— Why, she's blind! cried Ursus.

PART SECOND.

BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

PART SECOND.

BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BOOK I.

ETERNAL PRESENCE OF THE PAST; MEN THROW LIGHT UPON MAN.

I.

LORD CLANCHARLIE.

1.

In those times there was an old tradition.

The tradition of Lord Linnæus Clancharlie.

Baron Linnæus Clancharlie, a contemporary of Cromwell, was one of the few English peers, let us say at the outset, who had accepted the republic. This acquiescence might have been reasonable, and could be explained if necessary, since the republic had triumphed for an instant. It was perfectly simple that Lord Clancharlie should have been on the side of the republic, so long as the republic had the upper hand. But Lord Clancharlie had persisted, after the winding up of the revolution and the fall of the Parliamentary government. It would have been easy for his lordship to reënter the reconstructed upper house; penitents are always well received by restored monarchs, and Charles II. was a kind prince to those who came back to him; but Lord Clancharlie had not understood the moral of events. While the nation was welcoming its king with cheers, as he regained possession of England; while the verdict in his favor was unanimous; while the people were lavishing their salutes upon the monarchy; while the dynasty was raising its head again in the midst of a glorious and triumphal palinode; at the moment when the past was becoming the future, and the future the past, this nobleman had remained contumacious. He had averted his head from all this festivity; he had gone into voluntary exile; he had preferred being an outlaw, when he might have been a peer; and thus his years had rolled on; he had grown old in his fidelity to the dead republic. And, therefore, he was covered with the ridicule which naturally attaches itself to such childishness.

He had retired to Switzerland. He lived in a sort of palatial ruin on the borders of the Lake of Geneva. He had chosen for himself this dwelling in the most rugged recess of the lake, between Chillon, the dungeon of Bonnivard, and Vevay, the tomb of Ludlow. He was enveloped by the stern Alps, teeming with twilight and wind and cloud; there he lived, lost in the great shadows which mountains cast. Seldom did a traveller meet him. The man was not only out of his country, he was almost out of his age. At that

L. of C.

time no resistance to circumstances was justifiable for those who knew and kept up with what was going on. England was happy; a restoration is a reconciliation of man and wife; king and people had ceased to live apart. Nothing could be more graceful and promising; Great Britain was radiant; it is much to have a king, but they had a charming king to boot; Charles II. was amiable, was a statesman and a man of the world, and great after the example of Louis XIV.; he was a gentleman and a nobleman; Charles II. was admired by his subjects; he had made the Hanoverian war, nobody but himself knew why; he had sold Dunkirk to France, a great political measure. The democratic peers, of whom Chamberlayne says, "The accursed republic infected many of the nobility with its foul breath," had been sensible enough to yield to reason, conform to their epoch, and reassume their seats in the upper house. All they had to do for this was to take the oath of allegiance. When one reflected on all these realities, on this beautiful reign, this excellent king, these august princes restored by divine mercy to the love of their people; when one remembered that personages of consequence, like Monk, and afterward Jeffreys, had rallied round the throne; that they had been justly rewarded for their loyalty and zeal by the most magnificent dignities and the most lucrative offices; that Lord Clancharlie could not be ignorant of the fact, that it depended only on himself to be seated gloriously alongside them in all honor; that England, thanks to her king, had again reached the summit of prosperity; that London was all banquets and pageants; that everybody was rich and enthusiastic; that the court was gallant, gay, and proud—then if, by chance, afar from these splendors, in an indefinite, gloomy semi-daylight that resembled the nightfall, one saw this old man dressed in the same garb as the common people, pale, absent, bent with years, probably on the brink of the grave, standing near the lake, scarcely heeding tempest or winter, walking as if at random, his eyes fixed, his gray hairs tossed by the shadowy blasts, silent, solitary, pensive, it would have been hard not to smile.

A profiled sketch of a madman, as it were.

Thinking of Lord Clancharlie, what he might have been and what he was, to smile was charitable. Some laughed out loud. Others were indignant.

It is clear that serious men might have been disgusted with such insolence in holding himself aloof.

One extenuating circumstance there was: Lord Clancharlie had never been a man of capacity. Every one was agreed on that point.

II.

It is disagreeable to see people make a business of obstinacy. Such imitations of Regulus are unpopular, and provoke irony in public opinion.

These headstrong persons are living reproaches; one has a right to laugh at them.

And then, after all, is this stubbornness, this ruggedness, a virtue? Is there not much ostentation in this excessive show of self-denial and honor? It is more display than any thing else. Why these exaggerations of solitude and exile? To carry nothing too far is the wise man's maxim. Make opposition—well and good; find fault, if you will—but decorously, and without ceasing to cry, "God save the king!" True virtue consists in being reasonable. That which falls ought to fall; that which succeeds, to succeed. Providence has its reasons, and crowns the deserving. Do you pretend to know more about these things than Providence? When facts have spoken, when one government has

replaced another, when success has eliminated the true and the false, on one hand ruin, on the other triumph, no more doubt is possible. The honest man attaches himself to the winning side; and, although this benefits his fortune and family, without letting himself be influenced by any such consideration, and thinking only of the public weal, he gives his aid to the conqueror.

What would become of the state, if no one consented to hold office? Is every thing to stop? It is the part of a good citizen to keep his place. Learn to sacrifice your secret preferences. Offices require to be filled. Some one must devote himself. To be faithful to your public functions, is one sort of fidelity. Abandoned by its functionaries, the state would be paralyzed. It is childish to banish yourself. Do you mean it for an example? What vanity! For a defiance? What impudence! What great man do you suppose yourself to be? Know that we are as good as you. We don't desert our posts, not we! If we chose, we too could be inaccessible and untamable—that we could; and we could do worse things than you. But we prefer to be sensible people. Because I am Trimalcion, you don't think me capable of being Cato!

Nonsense!

III.

Never was situation more clear and decided, than that of affairs in 1660. Never had the course to pursue been more clearly marked out to a man of sense.

England was free from Cromwell. Under the republic, many irregular actions had been committed. British supremacy had been created; the English, with the help of the Thirty Years' War, had subdued Germany; with the help of the Fronde, humbled France; with the help of the Duke of Braganza, curtailed Spain. Cromwell had tamed Mazarin; the Protector of England signed his name to a treaty above that of the French king. He had fined the United Provinces eight millions, disturbed Algiers and Tunis, conquered Jamaica, humiliated Lisbon, raised up a French faction in Barcelona and Masaniello in Naples; he had moored Portugal to England, and made a clean sweep of the Barbary pirates, from Gibraltar to Candia. The dominion of the seas had been founded under the double form of victory and trade. On the 10th of August, 1653, the man who had won thirty-three fights, the old admiral who called himself *grandfather of sailors*, the Martin Happestz Tromp, who had beaten the Spanish fleet, had been destroyed by the English fleet; the Atlantic had been wrested from the Spanish navy, the Pacific from the Dutch navy, the Mediterranean from the Venetian, and, by the act of navigation, the sea-coast of the world had been occupied. By means of the ocean, the earth was held in subjection; the Dutch flag humbly saluted the British at sea; France, in the person of her ambassador Mancini, did reverence to Oliver Cromwell; this Cromwell played with Calais and Dunkirk as with two shuttlecocks; he had made the continent tremble, dictated peace, declared war, planted the English standard on every pinnacle; the Protector's one regiment of Ironsides outweighed an army in the balance of Europe's fears. Cromwell used to say, *It is my will that the English republic shall be respected as the Roman republic was.* There remained no longer any thing sacred; speech was free, the press was free; men said in the open street what they chose, they printed without control or censorship what they wished; the balance of power had been disturbed; all the monarchical institutions of Europe, whereof the Stuarts were part, had been turned upside down.

Finally, England had escaped from this odious government and received her pardon.

The indulgent Charles II. had promulgated the Declaration of Breda. He had granted to England oblivion of that epoch, when the son of a Huntingdon brewer placed his foot on the head of Louis XIV. England uttered her *meâ culpâ*, and breathed again. The expansion of hearts, as we have just said, was complete, the regicides' gibbets adding to the universal joy. A restoration is an affair of smiles; still, a trifle of gallows is not unbecoming, and the public conscience must be satisfied. The spirit of insubordination was scattered; loyalty was reëstablishing itself. Henceforth the only ambition was to be a good subject. Men had recovered from their political follies, they scoffed at the revolution, they ridiculed the republic, and the queer times when people had always big words in their mouth, *Right*, *Liberty*, *Progress;* how they laughed at these emphatic terms! It was an admirable return of good sense; England had been dreaming. What happiness to be free from these delusions! Was there any thing more crazy? Where should we be, if every vagabond had his rights? Imagine everybody governing! Can you fancy the city directed by the citizens? The citizens are a team, and the team isn't the coachman. Putting a matter to the vote is throwing it to the winds. Would you make states float about like clouds? Disorder does not construct order. If Chaos is the architect, the building will be Babel. And then what a tyranny this pretended liberty is! I want to amuse myself, I do, and not to govern. Voting is a bore; I prefer to dance. What a godsend is a prince, who takes charge of every thing! Surely the king is generous, to take this trouble for us. And then he was brought up to it; he knows what it is; it is his business. Peace, war, legislation, finance—is that the people's business? Doubtless the people must pay and work, but that ought to be enough for them. They have their part in politics; they contribute the two forces of the state, the army and the purse. To be a taxpayer and a soldier, is not that enough? What more do the people want? They are the right arm of the General and of the Treasurer — splendid position! The king reigns for it; surely this service must be recompensed. Taxes and civil lists are the wages which nations pay and princes earn. The people give their blood and their money in return for being led. Wish to direct itself? What a strange idea! A guide is necessary for them. Being ignorant, they are blind. Has not the blind man a dog? Only for the people it is a lion, the king, who consents to be their dog. What goodness! But why are the people ignorant? Because it must be so. Ignorance is the guardian of virtue. Where there is no perspective, there is no ambition; the ignorant man is enveloped in a beneficial darkness, which quenches his desires by quenching his sight. Hence comes innocence. He, who reads, thinks; he, who thinks, reasons. It is our duty and also our happiness not to reason. These truths are incontestable. Society reposes on them.

Thus were sound social doctrines reestablished in England. Thus was the nation restored to virtue. At the same time there was a reaction in favor of fine literature. Shakespeare was despised and Dryden admired. *Dryden is the greatest poet of England and of the age*, said Atterbury (who translated *Achitophel* into French). This was the time when M. Huet, Bishop of Avranches, wrote to Salmasius, who had done the author of *Paradise Lost* the honor of refuting and abusing him, *How can*

you occupy yourself with an object so insignificant as this Milton? Every thing revived and reoccupied its place. Dryden up, Shakespeare down, Charles on the throne, Cromwell on the gibbet. England was recovering from the shameful extravagances of the past. It is a great blessing for nations to be brought back, by monarchy, to good order in the state and good taste in literature.

It is hard to believe that such benefits could be unappreciated. Was it not abominable to turn one's back on Charles II., and repay with ingratitude his magnanimity in reascending the throne? Lord Linnæus Clancharlie had caused this scandal to respectable persons. What madness to sulk at the happiness of his country!

In 1650, as is well known, the Parliament had decreed this form, *I promise to remain faithful to the republic, without king, sovereign, or master.* Under pretext that he had taken this monstrous oath, Lord Clancharlie remained out of the kingdom, and, in face of the general happiness, thought he had a right to be sad. He had a melancholy esteem for that which no longer existed; a strange attachment to vanished objects.

To excuse him was impossible; the most benevolent gave him up. His friends had for a long time done him the honor to suppose that he had joined the republican ranks, only to see more nearly the weak points in the republic's armor, and to strike it with more certainty, when the time came, to the benefit of the king's holy cause. It is part of a loyalist's duty to wait thus for the fit hour, when he can stab the enemy from behind. And this was hoped of Lord Clancharlie, so predisposed were people to judge him favorably. But, in presence of his strange persistence in republicanism, it was soon necessary to renounce this good opinion. Evidently Lord Clancharlie was sincere, that is to say, an idiot.

The explanations of the charitable hesitated between childish obstinacy and headstrong dotage.

Stern judges went farther. They stigmatized this heretic. Weakness has its privileges, but it has bounds. One may be stupid; one ought not to be rebellious. And then, after all, what was Lord Clancharlie but a deserter? He had left his camp, the aristocracy, to go over to the hostile camp, the people. This faithful disciple was a traitor. To be sure, he was "traitor" to the strongest and faithful to the weakest side; to be sure, the camp rejected by him was the victorious camp, and the camp adopted by him the vanquished; to be sure, he lost every thing by this treason, his political privileges, and his domestic hearth, his peerage and his country; his only gain was ridicule, his sole profit exile. But what did that prove? That he was a blockhead.

Granted.

Traitor and dupe at the same time—such there are.

One may be a simpleton to one's heart's content, on condition of not setting a bad example. It is only required of simpletons that they be honest; with which provision, they can set themselves up as the founders of monarchies. The paucity of this Clancharlie's wits was inconceivable. He had remained dazzled by the revolutionary phantasmagoria. He had allowed himself to be tricked by the republic, at home and abroad. He affronted his country. His attitude was pure felony. To be absent, is to be reproachful. He seemed to hold himself aloof from the public welfare, as from the plague. In his voluntary banishment, there was, as it were, a refuge from the national satisfaction. He treated royalty as a contagion. He was the black flag over the vast monarchical

enthusiasm denounced by him as a lazar-house. What! with order reëstablished, the nation raised up again, religion restored—throw a shade upon all this serenity! Take amiss contented England! Be the dark spot in the great blue sky! Resemble a menace! Protest against the national will! Refuse his "yes" to the universal assent! This would be odious, if it were not comical. The Clancharlies had not taken into account that one may go astray with Cromwell, but that one must come back with Monk. Look at Monk! He commands the army of the republic. Charles II., informed of his probity, writes to him. Monk, who combines a virtuous tone with crafty doings, dissimulates at first; then, all at once, at the head of his troops, breaks up the factious Parliament and reëstablishes the king. And Monk is created Duke of Albemarle, has the honor of having saved society, becomes very rich, confers undying lustre upon his epoch, and is made a Knight of the Garter, with the prospect before him of being buried at Westminster. Such is the glory of a faithful Englishman. Lord Clancharlie had not been able to raise himself to the comprehension of duty thus put in practice. He had within him the infatuation, and the immobility, of exile. He satisfied himself with hollow phrases. The man was stiffened in the joints by pride. The words "conscience," "dignity," etc., are words, after all. One must look to the substratum.

This substratum Clancharlie had not seen. His was a short-sighted conscience; anxious, before committing an action, to examine it so closely as to inhale its odor. Thence, absurd disgusts. With such refinements, there is no such thing as a statesman. Excessive conscientiousness degenerates into infirmity. Scrupulousness is one-armed before a sceptre to be seized, and a eunuch before a fortune to be espoused. Mistrust scruples. They lead a long way. Unreasonable fidelity has its descents, like a cellar stairway. One step, then another step, then still one more step, and you find yourself in the dark. The shrewd mount up again; the simple-minded remain. One should not too readily allow the conscience to entangle itself in the severe. From transition to transition, you reach the deeply-tinted shades of political bashfulness. Then you are lost. This is what happened to Lord Clancharlie.

Principles, in the end, become a bottomless pit.

He was strolling with his hands behind his back, along the shores of the Lake of Geneva. A pretty step in advance!

Sometimes, in London, they spoke of the absentee. He was, in public opinion, almost in the position of an accused person. There were pleadings for him, and against him. When the cause was heard, the benefit of stupidity was awarded him.

Many of the former zealots of the ex-republic, had given in their adhesion to the Stuarts; for which they merit praise. Naturally, they calumniated him a little. The obstinate are troublesome to the complaisant. Witty folks, well regarded and well placed at court, and annoyed at his disagreeable attitude, volunteered to say: "If he has not joined us, it is because he has not been sufficiently well paid," etc. "He wanted the place of Chancellor, that the king has conferred upon Lord Hyde," etc. One of his "old friends" went so far as to whisper—"He told me so, himself." At times, all lonely as was Linnæus Clancharlie, some of this tattle reached him, now from exiles whom he encountered, now from old regicides, such as Andrew Broughton who was living at Lausanne. Clancharlie did but shrug his shoulders imperceptibly—a sign of profound stu-

pidity. Once, he gave the finishing touch to this shrugging of the shoulders, by these few muttered words:

— I pity those who believe it.

IV.

Charles II., good man, treated him with disdain. The happiness of England, under Charles II., was more than happiness; it was enchantment. A restoration is an old picture blackened with age, that is revarnished; all that had passed away reappears. The good old manners made their reëntry; pretty women reigned and governed. Evelyn has noticed this fact; you may read in his diary: "Lewdness, profanation, contempt of God. I have seen the king, on a Sunday evening, with his mistresses, Portsmouth, Cleveland, Mazarin, and two or three others, all half-naked, in the gallery devoted to play." A certain degree of ill-humor is seen to peer out of this sketch; but Evelyn was a Puritan grumbler, infected with republican reveries. He did not appreciate the profitable example that monarchs give by these grand Babylonian revels, which, after all, are the support of luxury. He did not comprehend the utility of vices. Rule: do not extirpate vices, if you wish to have women charming. Otherwise, you will be like the noodles who destroy caterpillars, while all the while doating on butterflies.

Charles II., as we have just remarked, scarcely perceived the existence of a rebel named Clancharlie; but James II. was more attentive. Charles II. governed indulgently—it was his mode; let us add, that he therefore governed none the worse. A seaman sometimes makes a loose knot in a rope intended to hold fast against the wind, leaving the wind to draw it tight. Such is the senselessness of tempests and of peoples.

This loose knot, speedily converted into a tight one, was the government of Charles II.

Under James II., stifling began—the needful stifling of what remained of the revolution. James II. was laudably ambitious of being an effective sovereign. The reign of Charles II. was, in his eyes, only the rough draft of restoration; James II. desired a return to order more perfected still. He had, in 1660, regretted that the hanging of the regicides was limited to ten. He was a more real reconstructor of authority; he infused vigor into serious principles. He brought about the reign of that justice which is the true one, which ranges itself above sentimental declamations, and which is, in the main, preoccupied with the interests of society. In these protective severities, one recognizes the father of the State. He confided the hand of justice to Jeffreys, and the sword to Kirke. Kirke multiplied examples. This practical colonel had the same man, a republican, hung, and rehung three times, in one day, asking him on each occasion: "Dost thou abjure the republic?" and the wretch, having invariably said "no," was finished off. "I have hung him four times," said Kirke, satisfied. Corporal punishments, recommenced, are a decided sign of strength in the executive. Lady Lyle—notwithstanding that she had sent her son on the campaign against Monmouth—had concealed in her house two rebels, and was put to death. Another rebel, having had the honesty to declare that an Anabaptist woman had sheltered him, was pardoned, and the woman was burnt alive. Kirke, on another day, gave a town to understand that he knew it to be republican, by hanging nineteen of its citizens. Reprisals very legitimate assuredly, when one reflects that, under Cromwell, the ears and noses of saints in stone were cut off in the churches. James II., who had known how to pick out Jeffreys and Kirke, was a prince imbued with true religion. He mor-

tified himself by the ugliness of his mistresses; he listened to Father La Colombière, a preacher who was almost as unctuous as Father Cheminais, but with more fire, and who had the glory of being, in the former half of his life, the counsellor of James II., and in the latter the inspirer of Marie Alacoque. It was owing to this strong religious nourishment that, at a later period, James II. was enabled to bear exile worthily, and to offer, in his retreat at St. Germain, the spectacle of a monarch superior to adversity, touching calmly for the king's evil, and holding converse with Jesuits.

You understand how such a king was compelled, in a certain measure, to preoccupy himself with such a rebel as Lord Linnæus Clancharlie. Transmissible hereditary peerages involving the future to some extent, it was evident that, if any precaution with regard to this lord was to be taken, James II. would not hesitate.

II.

LORD DAVID DIRRY-MOIR.

I.

Lord Linnæus Clancharlie had not always been old and proscribed. He had had his phase of youth and passion. We know, from Harrison and Pride, that the young Cromwell had loved women and pleasure, which sometimes (another view of the feminine question) foreshadows sedition. Be on your guard against loose dressing. *Male præcinctum juvenem cavete.*

Like Cromwell, Lord Clancharlie had had his weaknesses and his irregularities. He was known to have had a natural child, a son. This son, brought into the world at the moment when the republic was coming to an end, was born in England as his father was setting out on his exile. This is why he had never seen the father whom he owned. This bastard of Lord Clancharlie had grown up a page at the court of Charles II. He was called Lord David Dirry-Moir; he was a lord by courtesy, his mother being a woman of rank. This mother, while Lord Clancharlie was becoming an owl in Switzerland, made up her mind, being handsome, to look less sour; and obtained pardon for her first wild lover, by means of a second, this latter incontestably a tamed and even a royalist one, for it was the king. She was to some extent the mistress of Charles II.; so much so, that his majesty, charmed at having recaptured this pretty woman from the republic, gave the little Lord David, son of the conquered one, a commission as yeoman of the mouth. Lord David was, for some time, a yeoman of the mouth, one of the hundred and seventy wearers of the long sword; then he entered the band of pensioners, and was one of the forty who carry a gilded halbert. He had besides, being of this noble body, established by Henry VIII. for guarding his person, the privilege of placing the dishes upon the king's table. Thus it was that, while his father was growing gray in exile, Lord David prospered under Charles II.

After which, he prospered under James II.

"The king is dead, long live the king!" is the *non deficit alter aureus.*

It was at this accession of the Duke of York, that he obtained permission to call himself Lord David Dirry-Moir, from a lordship that his lately-deceased mother had bequeathed him, in that vast Scottish forest wherein is found the bird krag, which, with its beak, hollows out its nest in the trunk of an oak.

II.

James II. was a king, and pretended to be a general. He liked to surround himself with young officers. Willingly

did he exhibit himself to the public, on horseback, with helmet and cuirass, and vast overflowing wig, passing out from below the helmet above the cuirass; a sort of equestrian statue of War at child's play. He took a fancy to the graceful air of the young Lord David. He took it kindly of this royalist, the being a republican's son; a repudiated father does not stand in the way of a court-fortune that is starting. The king made Lord David a gentleman of the bedchamber, with a salary of a thousand pounds.

This was fine promotion. A gentleman of the bedchamber sleeps, every night, near the king, upon a bed prepared for him. There are twelve gentlemen. They relieve each other.

Lord David, in this post, was at the head of the king's granary; and his duty it was to supply oats for the horses, having two hundred and sixty pounds for his wages. He had under him the king's five coachmen, the king's five postilions, the king's five grooms, the king's twelve footmen, and the four porters of the king's chair. He had the ordering of the six racehorses that the king keeps at Haymarket, and which cost his majesty six hundred pounds a year. He disposed of every thing in the king's wardrobe, which furnishes state-dresses for the Knights of the Garter. The usher of the Black Rod, pertaining to the king, bowed to the ground before him. This usher, under James II., was the Chevalier Duppa. Lord David received homage from Mr. Baker, who was Clerk of the Crown, and from Mr. Brown, who was Clerk of Parliament. The English court, in its magnificence, is a patron of hospitality. Lord David presided, as one of the twelve, at table and at receptions. His was the glory of standing up behind the king, on days of offering, when the king presents to the Church the besant of gold, *byzantium;* on the collar-days, when the king wears the collar of his order; and on communion-days, when no one but the king and the prince partakes of the communion. He it was, who, on Holy Thursday, introduced to his majesty the dozen paupers, to whom the king gives as many silver pennies as the years he has lived, and as many shillings as the years he has reigned. It was his function, when the king was ill, to call to his majesty's aid the two grooms of the almonry, who are priests, and to prevent the approach of physicians without permission of the Council of State. Furthermore, he was lieutenant-colonel of the Scotch regiment of the Royal Guard, which beats the march of Scotland.

In this capacity he went through several campaigns, and with much *éclat*, for he was a valiant man of war. A brave nobleman was he; well made, handsome, generous, and very imposing in air and manner. He was tall in person, as he was elevated by birth.

There was a moment when he came near being nominated groom of the stole, which would have given him the privilege of putting on the king's shirt; but, for this office, one must be prince or peer.

The creation of a peer is a great affair. It is to create a peerage; and this causes jealousy. It is a favor; and a favor makes for the king one friend and a hundred enemies, without reckoning that the friend becomes ungrateful. James II., from policy, created peerages rarely; but he readily transferred them. A peerage transferred brings about no scandal. It is only a title continued. Their lordships are little troubled by it.

The royal good-will did not shrink from introducing Lord David Dirry-Moir into the Upper Chamber, provided it was through the door of a substituted peerage. His majesty asked no better

than to have an opportunity for making of David Dirry-Moir, the lord by courtesy, a lord by right.

III.

This opportunity offered itself.

One day came the news that divers things had happened to the old absentee, Lord Linnæus Clancharlie, of which the principal was that he had died. Death has this of good in it for people—it gives rise to a little talk concerning them. What was known, or what was thought to be known, of the later years of Lord Linnæus was told over. Conjectures probably, and fables. To believe these stories, doubtless very far-fetched, Lord Clancharlie, toward the close of his life, had experienced such a republican revivification as to be induced to marry—so the tale went—with an exile's strange stubbornness, a daughter of one of the regicides, Ann Bradshaw. They had the name exactly; and reported further, that she too was dead, but in bringing into the world a child, a boy, who, if all the details were exact, would find himself to be the legitimate and legal heir of Lord Clancharlie. These averments, very vague as they were, were more like rumors than facts. That which took place in Switzerland was, for England of that period, as far remote as what takes place in China for the England of to-day. Lord Clancharlie must have been fifty-nine at the time of his marriage, and sixty at the birth of his son, and must have died very soon afterward, leaving behind him this child, an orphan on the father's and mother's side. Possibilities, without doubt, but not probabilities. It was added that the child was "beautiful as the day," which one may read in any fairy tale. King James put an end to these reports, evidently without any foundation, by declaring, one fine morning, Lord David Dirry-Moir the sole and definitive heir of Lord Linnæus Clancharlie, the natural father, *in default of legitimate issue* and by the royal good pleasure, *the absence of all other relations and descendants being established*, patents to which effect were registered in the chamber of peers. By these patents, the king appropriated to Lord David Dirry-Moir the titles, rights, and prerogatives of the said defunct Lord Linnæus Clancharlie, on the sole condition that Lord David should marry, when she was marriageable, a girl, then quite an infant and only some months old, whom the king had created a duchess in her cradle—one did not well know why. Read, if you please, that one did well know why. This little one was called the Duchess Josiane.

Spanish names were then the fashion in England. One of Charles the Second's bastards was called Carlos, Earl of Plymouth. It is probable that *Josiane* was the contraction of Josefa-y-Anna. Perhaps, however, there was Josiane, as there was Josias. One of Henry the Eighth's gentlemen was named Josias of Passage.

It was upon this little duchess that the king conferred the peerage of Chancharlie. She was peeress, while awaiting a peer. The peer would be her husband. This peerage was founded upon a double castellany, the barony of Clancharlie and the barony of Hunkerville; besides which, the Lords Clancharlie, in recompense for an old deed of arms and by royal permission, were Marquises of Corleone, in Sicily. The peers of England cannot bear foreign titles. But there are exceptions: thus, Henry Arundel, Lord Arundel of Wardour, no less than Lord Clifford, is a count of the Holy Empire, whereof Lord Cowper is a prince; the Duke of Hamilton is, in France, Duke of Chatelherault; Basil Feilding, Earl of Denbigh, is, in Germany, Count of Hapsburg, of Lauffenburg, and of Rheinfelden. The Duke

of Marlborough was Prince of Mindelheim in Swabia, just as the Duke of Wellington was Prince of Waterloo in Belgium. The same Duke of Wellington was Spanish Duke of Ciudad-Rodrigo, and Portuguese Count of Vimeira.

There were in England, and there still are, noble estates, and estates held by mean tenure. The estates of the Lords Clancharlie were all noble. The estates, country-seats, townships, bailiwicks, fiefs, rents, manorial rights, and domains, attached to the Clancharlie-Hunkerville peerages, belonged provisionally to Lady Josiane, and the king declared that Josiane once espoused, Lord David Dirry-Moir should be Baron Clancharlie.

Besides the Clancharlie inheritance, Lady Josiane had her personal fortune. She possessed many valuables, several of which came from the gifts of Madame *sans queue* to the Duke of York. *Madame sans queue* is equivalent to saying simply *madame*. Thus they termed Henriette of England, Duchess of Orleans, the first woman in France, after the Queen.

IV.

After having prospered under Charles and James, Lord David prospered under William. His Jacobinism did not go to the length of following James II. into exile. Retaining all the while his attachment to his legitimate sovereign, he had the good sense to serve the usurper. He was, moreover, though with some disregard of discipline, an excellent officer; he passed from the army into the navy, and distinguished himself in the White squadron. He became therein what was called then "a captain of a light frigate." The upshot was the making him a finished gentleman, carrying to an extreme point the elegances of vice, something of a poet as everyone was, a good servant of the state, a good prince's lackey, assiduous at fêtes, galas, levées, ceremonies, and battles, close-fisted as a man must be, very haughty, near-sighted or far-sighted, according to the object to be looked at, willing to be honest, obsequious, or arrogant on occasion, frank and sincere by impulse, but with privilege to put on his mask again; narrow observer of the royal humor good or bad, before a sword's point quite careless, always ready to risk his life with heroism and unconcern at a sign from his majesty, capable of any wanton insult, but of no impoliteness; a man of courtesy and etiquette, proud of bowing the knee on great monarchical occasions, of brilliant valor, externally a courtier, internally a knight, quite a young man at forty-five.

Lord David sang French songs, a gay accomplishment that had delighted Charles II.

He loved eloquence and fine language. He greatly admired those celebrated parades of charlatanism that are called the Oraisons Funèbres of Bossuet.

From his mother's side, he had almost the wherewithal to live, a revenue of about ten thousand pounds sterling, that is to say two hundred and fifty thousand francs. He got through it, running into debt. In magnificence, extravagance, and novelties, he was without rival. So soon as any one imitated him, he changed his style. On horseback, he wore easy-fitting boots of calf-skin, turned over, with spurs. He had hats that no one else had, unheard-of lace, and cravats that were specially his own.

III.

THE DUCHESS JOSIANE.

I.

About 1705, although Lady Josiane was twenty-three years of age, and Lord David forty-four, the marriage had not yet taken place, and this for the best reasons in the world. Did they hate

each other? far from it. But that which cannot escape you does not excite impatience. Josiane wished to remain free; David wished to remain young. Not to get bound by the chain until the latest possible moment, this seemed to him a prolongation of his youth; young men, determined not to grow old, abounded in those gallant days; they grew gray as fops; the wig was an accomplice, and at a later period powder was an auxiliary. At fifty-five, Lord Charles Gerrard, Baron Gerrard, of the Gerrards of Bromley, filled London with the fame of his successes. The pretty and youthful Duchess of Buckingham, Countess of Coventry, was madly in love with the sixty-seven years of the handsome Thomas Ballasyse, Viscount Falcomberg. One recalls the famous line of Corneille, the man of seventy, to a woman of twenty—

Marquise, si mon visage.

Women also had their autumnal triumphs; witness Ninon and Marion. Such were their models.

Josiane and David displayed in their coquetry a particular shade. They did not love each other; they pleased each other. To walk by each other's side was enough for them. Why should they hurry themselves to make an end of it? The love-stories of the time carried lovers and engaged people through this sort of probation, which was then much in vogue. Josiane, moreover, knowing herself base-born, felt herself a princess, and looked with some disdain upon these minor details. She had a fancy for Lord David. Lord David was fine-looking; but this was over and above the bargain. She found him fashionable.

To be fashionable is every thing. Caliban, fashionable and magnificent, quite distances Ariel, poor. Lord David was handsome, so much the better; the stumbling-block of being handsome is to be insipid; he was not. He gambled, he boxed, he ran in debt. Josiane made much of his horses, of his dogs, of his losses at play, of his mistresses. Lord David, for his part, submitted to the fascination of the Duchess Josiane, that haughty, unapproachable, and high-spirited girl, without blemish and without scruple. He wrote sonnets to her, which Josiane read sometimes. In these sonnets, he affirmed that to possess Josiane would be to mount up to the stars; but this did not hinder him from always postponing the ascension till next year. He danced attendance at the door of Josiane's heart, and this suited them both. At court, all admired the exceeding good taste of this putting off. Lady Josiane said, "It is provoking that I should be compelled to marry Lord David; I, who ask for nothing better than to be in love with him!"

Josiane was flesh. Nothing could be more magnificent. She was very tall, too tall. Her hair was of that shade which one may call a reddish blond. She was plump, fresh, robust, blooming, with inordinate audacity and wit. She had eyes that were only too easily understood. Lover she had none, and of purity little more. She walled herself round in her pride. Men, pshaw! a god, at the least, only was worthy of her, or a monster. If virtue consists in ruggedness, Josiane was all possible virtue, without the least innocence. She had had no adventures, through disdain of them; but one would not have offended her by supposing her to have had them, provided they should have been strange and suitable to a personage like herself. She cared little for reputation, and very much for notoriety. To seem facile and to be unattainable, here was the crowning excellence. Josiane felt herself majestic and material. Hers was a cumbersome beauty. She invaded, rather than charmed. She trampled upon hearts. She was earthly.

One would have astonished her as much by showing her a soul in her bosom, as by showing her wings upon her back. She discoursed upon Locke. She had great polish of manners. She was suspected of knowing Arabic.

To be flesh and to be woman, are two things. Where woman is vulnerable—on the side of pity, for example, which so easily becomes love—Josiane was not vulnerable. Not that she was insensible. The old comparison of flesh with marble is absolutely false. The beauty of flesh is in being not marble; it is to palpitate, to tremble, to blush, to bleed; it is to have firmness without hardness; it is to be white without being cold; it is to have its starts and its weaknesses; it is to be life; and marble is death. Flesh of a certain degree of beauty has almost the right of nakedness; it covers itself with dazzling lustre as with a veil; he who might have seen Josiane naked would only have seen this piece of modelling through a dilating brilliancy of light. She would willingly have shown herself—to a satyr or a eunuch. She had a mythological composure. To make of her nudity a corporal punishment, to elude the grasp of a Tantalus, would have amused her. The king made her a duchess, and Jupiter a Nereid. Double irradiation, of which the strange splendor of this creature was made up. In admiring her, one felt himself becoming a pagan or a lackey. Her origin was bastardy and the ocean. She seemed to rise out of the foam. The first jet of her destiny had threatened wreck, but in the middle portion it was regal. She had in her something of the wave, of chance, of nobility, and of the tempest. She was learned and well-read. Never a passion had approached her, and she had gone to the bottom of them all. She had a distaste for realizations, and a liking for them at the same time. If she had stabbed herself, it would have been, like Lucretia, afterward. All manner of corruption, in a fanciful state, was in this virgin. She was a possible Astarte in a real Diana. She was, by the insolence of high birth, exasperating and unapproachable. Nevertheless she might have found it diverting to get up for herself a fall. She dwelt, a glory in a nimbus, with a passive willingness to come down, and perhaps with the curiosity to tumble out of it. She was a little heavy for her cloud. Sinning is pleasant. The free and easy manner of a prince gives the privilege of the trial, and a ducal person amuses herself where a citizen's wife comes to ruin. Josiane was, on the whole, by birth, by beauty, by irony, and by brilliancy, almost a queen. She had had a moment of enthusiasm for Louis de Boufflers, who broke a horseshoe with his fingers. She regretted that Hercules was dead. She lived in an indefinable longing for an ideal, lascivious and supreme.

As to morality, Josiane made one think of the line in the Epistle to the Pisos—

Desinit in piscem.

The lovely form of a woman ends in a hydra.

It was a noble bust, a splendid bosom, harmoniously heaved by a royal heart, a bright, animated look, a countenance pure and haughty, and—who knows?—having under the water, in the dim and confused transparency, a prolongation undulatory, abnormal, perhaps cruel and deformed. Virtue superb, ending in vice, amid the depth of dreams.

II.

With all this a prude.

It was the fashion.

Remember Elizabeth.

Elizabeth is a type that has ruled in England for three centuries, the sixteenth, the seventeenth, and the eigh-

teenth. Elizabeth is more than English, she is Anglican. Hence, the profound respect of the Episcopal Church for that queen; respect resented by the Catholic Church, which mixed her up with a little of excommunication. In the mouth of Sixtus Fifth anathematizing Elizabeth, the malediction turns out a madrigal. *Un gran cervello di principessa*, said he. Mary Stuart, less occupied with the Church question, and more occupied with the woman question, was little respectful to her sister Elizabeth, and wrote to her, the queen to the queen, and the coquette to the prude: "Your aversion to marriage proceeds from your not wishing to lose the liberty yourself of compelling people to make love to you." Mary Stuart played with a fan, and Elizabeth with the axe. Unequal match. Again, the two were rivals in literature. Mary Stuart made French verses; Elizabeth translated Horace. Elizabeth, ugly, decreed herself beautiful, loved quatrains and acrostics, caused the keys of towns to be presented to her by Cupids, pinched her lips like the Italians, and rolled her eyes like the Spaniards, had in her wardrobe three thousand gowns and toilettes, of which some were costumes of Minerva and Amphitrite, esteemed the Irish for the breadth of their shoulders, covered her farthingale with tinsel and spangles, doted on roses, swore, blasphemed, stamped with her feet in anger, struck with her fist her maids of honor, sent Dudley to the devil, beat Chancellor Burleigh, who whimpered, the old fool, spit upon Mathew, throttled Hatton, boxed Essex on the ears, showed her thigh to Bassompierre, was a virgin.

What she did for Bassompierre the Queen of Sheba had done for Solomon.* Wherefore it was correct, Holy Scripture having established the precedent. That which is Biblical may be Anglican. Biblical precedent goes so far even as to create a child who calls himself Ebnehaquem or Melilechet, that is to say, *le Fils du Sage*.

Why not these manners? Barefaced wickedness is better than hypocrisy.

To-day England, who has a Loyola called Wesley, averts her eyes a little from the past. She is annoyed by it, but proud of it.

During the reign of these manners, the taste for deformity prevailed, especially with the women, and, singularly enough, with the pretty women. What was the use of being pretty, if one could not keep a little monster? What was the use of being queen, if one might not be called pet-names by an obese Chinese? Mary Stuart had had her "weakness" for a Rizzio. Maria Theresa, of Spain, had had "a little familiarity" with a negro. Whence the *Black Abbess*. In the alcoves of the august century the hunch was not much out of place; witness Marshal Luxembourg.

And before Luxembourg, Condé, "that little man who was so pretty."

Pretty women themselves might, without inconvenience, be deformed. This was allowed. Anne Boleyn had one breast larger than the other, six fingers on one hand, and a tusk. La Vallière was bandy-legged. This did not hinder Henry VIII. from being a fool, or Louis XIV. from becoming demented.

In morals, there were the same deviations. Nearly every woman of high rank was a case of monstrous organization. Agnes contained Melusina. One might be a woman by day, and a vampire by night. They went to the place of execution, to kiss the heads just cut off on the iron stake. Margaret of Valois, a grandmother of prudes, wore at her girdle, under padlock, in tin boxes, sewed to the body of her petticoat, al'

* Regina Saba coram rege crura denudavit. —Schickardus in Procemis Tarich Jersici, F. 65.

the hearts of her dead lovers. Henry IV. was concealed under this farthingale.

In the eighteenth century, the Duchess of Berry, daughter of the Regent, revived in one obscene and royal type all these creatures.

Besides, the fair dames knew Latin. It was, during the sixteenth century, a feminine accomplishment. Jane Grey pushed this refinement even to the knowledge of Hebrew.

The Duchess Josiane latinized. More than this, another pretty custom, she was a Catholic. In secret, let us say, and more after the manner of her uncle Charles II. than of her father James II. James had sacrificed his kingdom to his Catholicism, and Josiane had no desire of risking her peerage. For this reason, Catholic as she was in her own bosom and among clever men and sharp women, she was externally Protestant for the crowd.

This mode of interpreting religion is pleasant; one enjoys all the privileges that belong to the Established Episcopal Church, and, later, one dies, like Grotius, in the odor of Catholicism, and one has the glory of having a mass said over him by Père Petau.

Plump and in good health as Josiane was, let us insist here, she was an accomplished romanticist.

At times, her sleepy and voluptuous way of drawling her words resembled the stretching out of the paws of a tigress prowling in the jungle.

The advantage of being a prude is that it disturbs the classification of the human race. One no longer does it the honor to belong to it.

Above all, to put the human race at a distance, this is what is of moment.

When one has not Olympus, one takes the Hôtel Rambouillet.

Juno resolves herself into Araminta. An assumption of divinity, that is not recognized, makes a woman pointed at. In default of thunderbolts, one has impertinence. The temple shrivels into a boudoir. Not being able to be a goddess, one is an idol.

There is, moreover, in the male romanticist a certain pedantry that pleases women.

The coquette and the pedant are neighbors. The union of the two is seen in the coxcomb.

The subtle is derived from the sensual. Gluttony affects delicacy; a grimace of aversion is becoming to covetousness.

And the weak side of woman is conscious of being guarded by all that casuistry of gallantry, which takes the place of scruples, with prudes. It is a line of circumvallation with a moat. Every prude has an air of reluctance. This protects her.

She will consent, but meanwhile she treats it lightly.

Josiane had an unquiet conscience. She felt such a proclivity to immodesty, that she was a scold. The fierce recoil backward of our vices carries us into opposite vices. The excessive effort to be modest makes the prude. To be too much on the defensive, this betrays a secret desire to be attacked. The blustering are not severe.

She intrenched herself within the arrogant exclusiveness of her rank and birth, all the while meditating, perhaps, as we have said, some abrupt sallying forth.

It was at the dawn of the eighteenth century. England exhibited in the rough draft what France was under the Regency. Walpole and Dubois were in power, Marlborough was fighting against his ex-king James II., to whom he had sold his sister, Churchill. Bolingbroke then shone, and Richelieu was beginning to sparkle. Gallantry found its convenience in a certain commingling of castes; social equality established itself by vice. It came later to

establish itself by ideas. The breaking down of rank, an aristocratic prelude, began what the Revolution came to finish. They were not far from Jélyotte, openly seated in broad day on the bed of the Marquis d'Epinay. It is true, for the manners of the age echo it, that the sixteenth century had seen the nightcap of Smeton over the pillow of Anne Boleyn.

If woman signifies indiscretion, as I know not what council has affirmed, never was woman more entirely woman than at this time. Never, covering her frailty with her charms, and her weakness with her omnipotence, had she more imperiously given herself absolution. To make the forbidden fruit the permitted fruit, this was Eve's fall; but to make the permitted fruit the forbidden fruit, this was her triumph. She finished with this. In the eighteenth century woman drew the bolt upon her husband. She shut herself up in Eden with Satan. Adam was outside.

All Josiane's instincts inclined her rather to yield herself in gallantry, than in the legal way. To yield ourselves up to gallantry gives a literary tone, recalls Menalcas and Amaryllis, and is almost a learned act.

Mademoiselle de Scudéry, apart from the affinity that ugliness has for ugliness, had no other motive for yielding to Pelisson.

The young girl a sovereign, and the wife a subject, these are the old customs of England. Josiane postponed, as long as she could, the hour of this subjection. Let it come at last to marriage with Lord David, since the royal good pleasure demanded it, it was a necessity doubtless, but what a misfortune! Josiane accepted and refused Lord David. There was between them a tacit understanding, not to conclude and not to break off. They kept out of each other's way. This fashion of carrying on a love-matter, with one step forward and two steps backward, is expressed in the dances of the time, the minuet and the gavotte. To be married folks, this did not improve the expression of the countenance, this faded the ribbons one wore, this made one grow old. The wedding, mournful eclipse of brilliancy! The handing over of a wife by a notary, what stupidity! The brutality of marriage creates definite situations, suppresses the will, murders the choice, has a syntax like a grammar, substitutes orthography for inspiration, makes love a mere formula, dispels all the mysteries of life, dissipates the illusions of feminine attire, confers rights belittling to him who exercises them as to her who submits, deranges, by throwing the scale all on one side, the charming equilibrium of the robust sex and the all-prevailing sex, of force and beauty, and makes here a master and there a servant, whilst, but for marriage, there had been a slave and a queen. To make the bed so prosaic as to be decent, could there be conceived any thing more gross? That there should be no longer the least harm in loving each other, is not this sufficiently stupid?

Lord David matured. Forty years—it is the striking of an hour. He had not heard it, and, in fact, he had always the air of thirty. He found it more amusing to desire Josiane, than to possess her. He possessed her in others; he had women. Josiane, for her part, had dreams.

Her dreams were the worse.

The Duchess Josiane had this peculiarity, less rare than would be supposed, that one of her eyes was blue and the other black. Her looks were made up of love and hate, of gayety and dejection. Day and night were mingled in her glance.

Her ambition was this, to show herself capable of the impossible.

One day she had said to Swift—

—You imagine, you fellows, that you know what scorn is.

"You fellows" meant the human race.

She was a papist skin-deep. Her Catholicism did not exceed the quantity essential to fashion. It would have been Puseyism to-day. She wore the heaviest robes of velvet, or satin, or watered silk, some of fifteen or sixteen ells' breadth, and fastenings of gold and silver, and around her girdle in profusion knots of pearls alternated with knots of brilliants. She was extravagant in lace. She wore sometimes a bachelor's braided waistcoat. She rode on a man's saddle, notwithstanding the invention of side-saddles introduced into England in the fourteenth century by Anne, wife of Richard II. She washed her face, her arms, her shoulders, and her neck, in sugar-candy beaten up with the white of an egg, after the Castilian style. She had, after any witty saying uttered in her presence, an appreciative laugh of rare grace. Beyond this, no harm in her. Rather good, than otherwise.

IV

MAGISTER ELEGANTIARUM.

Josiane had a tedious time of it, this need scarcely be said.

Lord David Dirry-Moir held a high position in the gay life of London. Nobility and gentry paid him reverence.

Let us record one triumph of Lord David—he dared to wear his own hair.

The reaction against the wig had begun. Just as in 1824, Eugene Deveria was the first who ventured to let his beard grow, in 1702 Price Devereux was the first who ventured, under the pretext of the frizzle of the literati, to risk in public his own hair. To risk his hair was almost to risk his head. The indignation was universal, although Price Devereux was Viscount Hereford, Peer of England. He was insulted; and indeed the thing was worth the penalty. At the very height of the outcry, Lord David appeared, all at once, also with his own hair and without a wig. Such things portended an end of society. Lord David was derided even more than Viscount Hereford. He stuck to it. Price Devereux had been the first, Lord David Dirry-Moir was the second. It is sometimes more embarrassing to be the second, than the first. It demands less genius, but more courage. The first, intoxicated with the novelty, may be ignorant of the danger; the second sees the abyss, and throws himself into it. Lord David Dirry-Moir threw himself into this abyss of not wearing the wig. At a later day they imitated him; they had, after these two revolutionists, the audacity to dress the hair; and powder came as an extenuating circumstance.

To establish, in passing, this important historical point, let us say that the rightful priority in the war upon the wigs belongs to a queen—Christine of Sweden, who wore men's apparel, and showed herself in 1680 with her natural chestnut hair, powdered and bristling up without aid of hair-dresser, and cut close to the head. She had likewise "some sprigs of beard," says Misson.

The Pope on his part, by his bull of March, 1794, had thrown a slur on the wig, in taking it from the heads of his bishops and priests, and in ordering the men of the church to let their hair grow.

Lord David then did not wear a wig, and did wear calf-skin boots.

These mighty deeds pointed him out for public admiration. There was not a club of which he was not the leader, not a boxing-match in which he was

not wanted as referee. The referee decides every thing.

He had drawn up the code of rules of many of the clubs of high life; he had laid the foundations of refined resorts, of which one, the Lady Guinea, still flourished in Pall Mall, in 1772. The Lady Guinea was a club thronged by all the younger members of the nobility. They gambled there. The smallest stake was a rouleau of fifty guineas, and there was never less than twenty thousand guineas on the table. At the elbow of each player stood a little table for the cup of tea, and the ormolu bowl wherein was kept the rouleaux of guineas. The players wore leather cuffs, such as servants wear in sharpening knives, to protect their laces, leather doublets to protect their ruffs, and on the head, to shelter the eyes, because of the glare of the lamps, and to keep their locks smooth, large straw hats covered with flowers. They were masked, that they might not betray their agitation, especially at the game of quinze. All wore their cloaks thrown backward over their shoulders, for luck.

Lord David was a member of the Beefsteak Club, the Surly Club, the Split-Farthing Club, the Fantasticals Club, the Scratch-Penny Club, the Sealed Knot, a royalist Club, and to the Martinus Scriblerus, founded by Swift, in place of the Rota founded by Milton.

Though a handsome man, he belonged to the Ugly Club. This club was dedicated to deformity. They there incurred the obligation to fight, not for a pretty woman, but for an ugly man. The hall of the club was ornamented with portraits of hideous people. Thersites, Triboulet, Duns, Hudibras, Scarron; over the mantel was Æsop, between two one-eyed men, Cocles and Camoens; Cocles being one-eyed of the right eye, and Camoens of the left, each was sculptured on his blind side, and the two blind profiles were set opposite each other. The day that the pretty Madame Visart took the small-pox, the Ugly Club toasted her. This club yet flourished at the opening of the nineteenth century; it had sent a diploma of honorary membership to Mirabeau.

Since the restoration of Charles II., the revolutionary clubs had been abolished. They had pulled down, in a little street adjoining Moorfields, the tavern wherein were held the sittings of the Calf's-Head Club, so called because on the 30th of January, 1648, the day when the blood of Charles I. flowed upon the scaffold, they had drunk from a calf's skull a bumper of red wine to the health of Cromwell.

To the republican had succeeded the monarchical clubs. They amused themselves decently therein.

There was the She-Romps Club. They caught in the street a woman, a passer-by, of the middle class, as young and as good-looking as they could get; they pushed her by force into the club, and there made her walk on her hands, her feet in the air, her face hidden by her drooping petticoats. If she took it in dudgeon, they lashed a little with the riding-whip that part which was not concealed. 'Twas her fault. The squires of this order of horse-breaking called themselves "The Friskers."

There was the Sheet-Lightning Club, metaphorically the Merry-Dancers. Negroes and whites danced here the *picantes* and the *timtirimbas* of Peru, notably the Mozamala, the doxy's dance which has its crowning feature in the dancing-girl's sitting down on a heap of meal, upon which, on rising, she leaves the imprint of the Callipyge. We may apply to this spectacle the verse of Lucretius—

Tunc Venus in sylvis jungebat corpora amantium.

There was the Hell-Fire Club, where they played at being impious. It was

a tournament of sacrilege. Hell was here set up at auction to the most blasphemous.

There was the Butting Club, so called because they gave butts to people. They picked out some porter, with an immense brisket and an idiotic look. They offered him, and if necessary they forced him to take, a pot of porter for allowing them to give him four butts in the breast, and thereupon they laid their wagers. Once, a man, a heavy brute of a Welshman, named Gogangerdd, died at the third butt. This looked serious. There was an inquest, and the jury brought in the verdict—"died of expansion of the heart, caused by excessive drinking." Gogangerdd had indeed drunk a pot of porter.

There was the Fun Club. Fun is, like cant, like humor, an exceptional, untranslatable word. Fun is to farce what allspice is to salt. To enter a dwelling, smash the costly mirrors, slash the family portraits, poison the dog, put the cat in the aviary, this was called "cutting out a piece of fun." To spread a false report of bad news which should put people needlessly in mourning, this was fun. It was fun that had cut a square hole in the Holbein at Hampton Court. Fun would have been proud, if it had broken off the arms of the Venus of Milo. Under James II. a young lord, a millionnaire, who had set fire at night to a straw-thatched cottage, filled London with laughter and was proclaimed *King of Fun*. The poor devils of the straw-thatched cottage escaped in their night-dresses. The members of the Fun Club, all of the highest aristocracy, wandered about London at an hour when the citizens were asleep, took the shutters off their hinges, cut the pipes of the hydrants, caused the cisterns to cave in, took down the signs, laid waste the flower-beds, extinguished the street lamps, sawed asunder the main props of houses, broke the squares of glass in the windows—especially in the quarters of the poor. It was the rich who thus treated the wretched. That was why no complaint was possible. Besides, there was something comic in it. These manners have not yet wholly disappeared. In different parts of England and of the English possessions, at Guernsey for example, from time to time they lay waste your house a little at night, break down your fence, wrench off your door-knocker, etc. If the offenders were poor, they would be sent to jail; but they are estimable young gentlemen.

The most distinguished of the clubs was presided over by an emperor, who carried a crescent on his forehead, and was called "the Great Mohock." The Mohock surpassed the Fun. To do harm for harm's sake, such was the programme. The Mohock Club had this noble aim: to be mischievous. For fulfilling this duty, all means were good. On becoming a Mohock, you were bound by oath to do mischief. To do mischief at all hazards—no matter when, no matter what, no matter how—was the obligation. Every member of the Mohock Club was expected to have his special talent. One was a "dancing-master," that is to say, he made clodpolls frisk about, by pricking their calves with his sword. Others were skilled in "sweating," that is to say, the getting up a circle of six or eight gentlemen, rapier in hand, around some low scamp; being surrounded on all sides, it was impossible that the scamp should not turn his back upon some one of the party; the gentleman, upon whom he turned it, chastised him for it by a pointed thrust that made him wheel about; a fresh thrust in the back intimated to the fellow that he had some sprig of nobility behind him;

and thus, one after another, each pricking in his turn. When the man, girt in by this circle of swords, and all bloody, had sufficiently pirouetted and danced, they had him cudgelled by their lackeys, just to change the course of his ideas. Others "stirred up the lion," that is to say, laughingly arrested a passer-by, crushed his nose for him with the blow of a fist, and plunged their two thumbs into his two eyes. If the two eyes were put out, they paid him for the loss.

Such, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, were the pastimes of the opulent idlers of London. The idlers of Paris had others. Monsieur de Charolais fired off his gun at a citizen on the threshold of his own door. In every age, youth has amused itself.

Lord David Dirry-Moir carried into these divers institutions of pleasure his sumptuous and liberal turn of mind. Like any other of his set, he would gayly burn down a thatched wooden hut, and singe a little those who were within it; but then he rebuilt their cottage for them in stone. It happened once, at the She-Romps Club, that he made a couple of women dance upon their hands. One was a girl; he gave her a dowry. The other was married; he had her husband made a chaplain.

Cock-fights were indebted to him for a commendable perfection. It was a marvel to see Lord David dressing a cock for the pit. Cocks seize hold of feathers, as men do of hair. Thus Lord David made his bird as bald as possible. With scissors he cut off all the feathers of the tail, and from head to shoulder all the feathers of the neck.—So much the less for the enemy's beak, said he. Then he stretched out his cock's wings, and trimmed to a point each separate feather, one after the other, thus garnishing his wings with pikes.—That's for the enemy's eyes, said he. In the next place, he scraped the claws with a penknife, sharpened the nails, set into the main spur a steel blade, sharp-pointed and cutting, spat over his head, spat over his neck, anointed him with saliva, as they used to rub the athletes with oil, and let him go, terribly got up, with the exclamation:—That's how a cock is made into an eagle, and how a barn-yard fowl becomes a creature of the mountain!

Lord David attended boxing-matches, and was, in fact, their living ordinance. On great occasions, he it was who looked to the planting of the stakes and the stretching of the cords, and who determined how many yards there should be in the square bit of fighting-ground. When he acted as second, he followed his man foot to foot, a bottle in one hand and a sponge in the other; called to him, "Strike fair!" suggested feints to him; advised him when fighting; wiped him when bleeding; picked him up when knocked down; took him on his knees; put the neck of the bottle between his teeth; and, from his own mouth, filled with water, blew a fine rain into his eyes and ears, which tends to reanimate the dying. When he was umpire, he looked well to the fairness of the blows; forbade any one, be he who he might, except the seconds, assisting the combatants; declared the champion beaten who did not place himself right opposite his adversary; watched that the interval between the rounds did not exceed half a minute; hindered stumbling from unevenness of the ground; decided against him who butted with his head; prevented a man, who had fallen down, being struck. All this science did not make a pedant of him, and in no degree diminished his hold upon the people around.

It was not when he was the referee in a fight, that the sunburnt, pimpled, and shaggy backers of this side or that would venture—for the purpose of helping their failing man, or of upset-

ting the chances of a bet—to climb over the palisade, to enter within the enclosure, to break down the cords, to pull up the stakes, or to interfere violently with the fight. Lord David belonged to the small number of umpires, whom they did not dare to pommel.

Nobody trained as he did. The pugilist, whose trainer he consented to be, was sure to win. Lord David picked out a Hercules, massive as a rock, tall as a tower, and made of him his own child. The problem was to convert this human rock, from the defensive, into the offensive condition. Therein he excelled. Once the Cyclops adopted, he never let him go. He became a wet-nurse. He measured his wine; he weighed his meat; he counted his hours of sleep. It was he who invented that admirable *régime* for a boxer, which has been revived by Moreley: in the morning, a raw egg and a glass of sherry; at noon, a leg of mutton underdone, with tea; at four o'clock, toasted bread and tea; in the evening pale ale and toasted bread. After which he undressed the man, shampooed him, and put him to bed. In the street, he did not lose sight of his man, keeping all dangers out of his way, runaway horses, carriage-wheels, drunken soldiers, pretty girls. He had an eye upon his virtue. This maternal solicitude brought out continually some new gain in the pupil's education. He taught him the blow with the fist that smashes the teeth, and the blow with the thumb that knocks out an eye. Nothing could be more touching.

He prepared himself, in this fashion, for the political life, to which he must be summoned at a later period. It is no slight affair to become an accomplished gentleman.

Lord David Dirry-Moir had a passionate fondness for out-of-door exhibitions, mountebanks on show, the circus with its rare beasts, the acrobats' stage, scaramouch, jesters, farces in the open air, and all the wonders of fairs. The real lord is he who has a smack of the people's man; and this is why Lord David frequented the taverns and the obscure court-yards of London and the Cinque Ports. So as to be able, without compromising his rank in the White Squadron, to collar a top-man or a caulker, he put on a sailor's jacket when he went into these low haunts. For these transformations it was convenient for him that he did not wear a peruke, for, even under Louis XIV., the people stuck to their hair as the lion to his mane. In this style, he was free. The common people, whom Lord David encountered in these gatherings and with whom he associated, held him in high esteem, and did not know that he was a lord. They called him Tom Jim-Jack. Under this name he was popular, and a great personage in this low debauchery. His descent to their standard was masterly. On occasion, he used his fists. This side of his refined life was known to, and greatly appreciated by, Lady Josiane.

V.

QUEEN ANNE.

I.

Above this couple, there was Anne, the Queen of England.

Hand in glove with any one was Queen Anne. She was gay, kindly, almost august. No one of her good qualities reached up to Victoria; none of her imperfections descended to depravity. Her embonpoint was puffy; her humor was easy; her kindness was ill-timed. She was tenacious and yielding. As a wife, she was unfaithful and faithful, having favorites to whom she gave up her heart, and a consort for whom she reserved her couch. As a

Christian, she was a heretic and a bigot. She had one beauty, the full neck of a Niobe. The rest of her person was nothing to boast of. She was awkwardly coquettish, and honestly. Her skin was white and fine; she showed much of it. From her came the fashion of a collar of large pearls fitted close to the neck. She had a narrow forehead, sensual lips, fleshy cheeks, a protruding eye, short sight. Her short-sightedness extended to her wits. Apart from an occasional outburst of joviality almost as oppressive as her anger, she lived in a sort of taciturn grumbling, and of silence in the dumps. Words escaped her, the meaning of which was only to be guessed. She was a compound of good woman and mischievous devil. She liked surprises, which is thoroughly womanish. Anne was a specimen, hardly rough-hewn, of the universal Eve. To this rough draught had fallen the chance of a throne. She drank. Her husband was a Dane, thorough-bred.

Tory, she governed by the Whigs, femininely, insanely. She had fits of rage. She would break things. No person more maladroit in handling affairs of state. She let events slip through her fingers. All her policy was cracked. She excelled in bringing about great catastrophes from little causes. When moved by a freak of authority, she used the term "hitting with the poker."

She uttered, with an air of profound revery, such phrases as this: "No peer can be covered before the king, except Courcy, Baron Kinsale, peer of Ireland." She said: "It would be unjust not to have my husband Lord Admiral, as my father was." And she made George of Denmark High-Admiral of England, and "of all her Majesty's Plantations." She was in a perpetual perspiration of peevishness. She did not express her thoughts; she exuded them. In this goose there was something of the sphinx. She had no aversion to fun, to the farce that is biting and offensive. If she could have made Apollo hump-backed, it would have been her delight. But she would have left him a god. Her ideal of benignity was, not to drive any one to desperation, while wearying all the world. She had many a crabbed word, and for little more would have sworn, like Elizabeth. From time to time she took from the man's pocket attached to her petticoat a small round box in *repoussé* silver, on the lid of which was her portrait in profile between the two letters Q. A. (Queen Anne); opened it, and with the tip of her finger extracted from it a small quantity of pomatum, with which she reddened her lips. Then, having prepared her mouth, she laughed. She was excessively fond of the flat gingerbread nuts from Zealand. She was proud of being fat.

More a Puritan than any thing else, she would none the less willingly have addicted herself to plays. She had a fancy for an Academy of Music, copied from that of France. In 1700, a Frenchman named Forteroche desired to construct in Paris a Royal Circus, at a cost of four hundred thousand livres, to which scheme D'Argenson was opposed. This Forteroche passed over into England, and proposed to Queen Anne, who was for a moment captivated by the idea, to build in London a theatre fitted with machinery, that should be finer than the French King's, and have a fourth story underground. Like Lous XIV., she liked her carriage to go at a gallop. Teams of horses and relays sometimes made the journey from Windsor to London in less than an hour and a quarter.

II.

In the time of Anne, there could be no assemblage of people without permission from two justices of the peace. A

dozen persons gathering together, were it to eat oysters and drink porter, was a felony.

Under this reign, nevertheless comparatively a moderate one, the press-gang for the fleet operated with extreme violence: gloomy proof that the Englishman is more of a subject than of a citizen. For centuries the King of England made use therein of a despotic procedure, that gave the lie to all the old charters of freedom, and in her exemption from which France in particular triumphed and was indignant. What takes off a little from the triumph is, that, in unison with the press for seamen in England, there was in France the press for soldiers. In all the large French towns, every able-bodied man, passing along the streets to his business, was liable to be forced by the crimps into a house called a *four*. There he was shut up pell-mell with others. Those, who were fit for service, were picked out; and the recruiters sold these passers-by to officers. In 1695, there were thirty of these *fours* in Paris.

The laws concerning Ireland, emanating from Queen Anne, were atrocious.

Anne was born in 1664, two years before the Fire of London; whereupon the astrologers (there were some still, as witness Louis XIV., who came into the world under the auspices of an astrologer, and swaddled in a horoscope) had predicted that, being the elder sister of the deceased, she would be Queen. She was so, thanks to astrology, and to the Revolution of 1668. She felt humiliated at having only had Gilbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, for her sponsor. To be god-daughter of the Pope was no longer possible in England. A simple primate is a mediocre god-father. Anne had to be contented with one. It was her own fault. Why was she a Protestant?

Denmark had endowed her virginity—*virginitas empta*, as say the old letters patent—with a dowry of six thousand two hundred and fifty pounds sterling per annum, secured on the bailiwick of Wardinbourg, and the island of Fehmarn.

Anne followed, without conditions and by mere routine, the traditions of William. The English, under this royalty born of a revolution, had just so much liberty as could be secured, between the Tower of London wherein they clapped the orator, and the pillory wherein they clapped the writer. Anne spoke Danish a little for her asides with her husband, and French a little for her asides with Bolingbroke. Pure gibberish the latter; but it was, especially at court, the grand English manner of speaking French. There was not a *bon-mot*, save in French.

Anne paid great attention to moneys, particularly to the coinage in copper, which is of low value and popular; she desired to cut a grand figure therein. Six farthings were struck under her reign. On the reverse of the first three, she had simply a throne engraved; on the reverse of the fourth, she desired to have a triumphal car; and on the reverse of the sixth, a goddess holding a sword in one hand and an olive-branch in the other, with the motto *Bello et Pace*. Daughter of James II., who was simple-minded and fierce, she was brutal.

And, at the same time, she was gentle at heart. A contradiction which is only one in appearance. A fit of anger metamorphosed her. Heat up sugar; it will boil.

Anne was popular. England loves female sovereigns. Wherefore? France excludes them. That is one reason already. Perhaps, after all, there is no other. For English historians, Elizabeth stands for greatness, Anne for goodness. As you please. Be it so. But there is nothing delicate in these feminine reigns. The lines are heavily drawn. It is gross greatness and gross

goodness. As for their immaculate virtue, whereto England clings, we have nothing to say against it. Elizabeth is a virgin tempered by Essex, and Anne is a spouse complicated with Bolingbroke.

III.

One idiotic habit that peoples have, is attributing to the king what they do themselves. They fight. Whose is the glory? The king's. They pay. Whose the magnificence? The king's. And the peoples like to be rich in this fashion. The king receives from the poor a crown-piece, and renders back to the poor a farthing. How generous he is! The colossal pedestal looks up to the pigmy superstructure. How tall the manikin is! He is on my back. A dwarf has an excellent mode of being higher than a giant; it is to perch himself upon the other's shoulders. But that the giant should let him do it, there's the odd part of it; and that he should admire the baseness of the dwarf, there's the stupidity. Human ingenuousness!

The equestrian statue, reserved for kings alone, is an excellent type of royalty; the horse is the people. Only, the horse transfigures himself by degrees. At the beginning, he is an ass; at the end, he is a lion. Then he throws his rider to the ground, and we have 1642 in England, and 1789 in France; and sometimes he devours him, in which case we have in England 1649, and in France 1793.

That the lion can again become a jackass, this is surprising, but a fact. It was thus in England. The packsaddle of royalist idolatry was once more put on. Queen Anne, as we have remarked, was popular. What did she to this end? Nothing. Nothing—this is all that is asked of England's sovereign. He receives, for this nothing at all, thirty millions of francs a year. In 1705, England, that had only thirteen vessels-of-war under Elizabeth, and thirty-six under James I., could count a hundred and fifty of them. The English had three armies: five thousand men in Catalonia, ten thousand in Portugal, fifty thousand in Flanders, besides which they paid forty millions per annum to monarchical and diplomatic Europe, a sort of woman of the town whom the English people have always had in keeping. The Parliament having voted a loan of thirty-four millions in contingent annuities, there was crowding at the Exchequer to subscribe to it. England was sending a squadron to the East Indies, and a squadron to the coasts of Spain under Admiral Leake, without reckoning a reserve of four hundred sail under Admiral Shovel. England had just amalgamated Scotland with herself. It was the period between Hochstet and Ramillies, and one of these victories seemed to foreshadow the other. England, in drawing that net at Hochstet, had made prisoners of twenty-seven battalions and four regiments of dragoons, and had taken away a hundred leagues of country from France, falling back, undone, from the Danube to the Rhine. England was stretching a hand to Sardinia and the Balearic Islands. She was bringing in triumph into her ports ten Spanish ships-of-the-line, and many a galleon freighted with gold. Hudson's Bay and Straits were already half-surrendered by Louis XIV.; it was supposed that he was about to give up also Acadia, St. Christopher, and Newfoundland, and that it would be a bit of too much good luck if England still left to Cape Breton the King of France fishing for cod. England was about to impose upon him the shame of demolishing himself the fortifications of Dunkirk. In the mean time, she had taken Gibraltar, and was taking Barcelona. How many great things accomplished! How can one help admiring Queen

Anne, who took the trouble to live in those days?

From a certain point of view, Anne's reign seems to be a reaction from the reign of Louis XIV. Anne, for a moment parallel with that monarch in the conjuncture that is called history, bears to him a vague reflected resemblance. Like him, she figures in a grand reign. She has her monuments, her arts, her victories, her captains, her men of letters, her chest for pensioning celebrities, her gallery of masterpieces side by side with her own majesty. Her court also assumes in regard to her the form of a procession, and has its triumphal aspects, its order, its march. It is a miniature copy of all the great men of Versailles, already none too great. The still-life deception is there; let *God save the Queen!* be added, which might then have been borrowed from Lulli, and the whole picture becomes an illusion. Not a personage is wanting. Christopher Wren is a very passable Mansard; Somers is the equal of Lamoignon. Anne has a Racine who is Dryden, a Boileau who is Pope, a Colbert who is Godolphin, a Louvois who is Pembroke, and a Turenne who is Marlborough—though you must increase the size of the wigs and diminish that of the foreheads. Altogether, it is solemn and pompous; and Windsor, at that epoch, might have looked like a sham Marly. Every thing, however, is feminine; and the Father Tellier of Anne is called Sarah Jennings. For the rest, a dawning of their irony—which, fifty years later, will be philosophy—outlines itself in literature, and the Protestant Tartufe is unmasked by Swift, just as the Catholic Tartufe had been denounced by Molière. Notwithstanding also that, at this period, England quarrels with and defeats France, she imitates her and profits by her enlightenment; it is French light that shines upon the forehead of England.

It is a pity that Anne's reign should have lasted only a dozen years; otherwise the English might easily have been persuaded to speak of the age of Anne as we speak of the age of Louis XIV. Anne comes to the front in 1702, when Louis XIV. is declining. It is one of the curiosities of history, that the rising of this pale star coincides with the setting of that star of purple, and that, at the instant when France had her King Sun, England should have had her Queen Moon.

Another point to be noted. Louis XIV., though they were at war with him, was greatly admired in England. "He is the king that France wants," said the English. The Englishman's love for his liberty is mixed up with a certain recognition of another man's servitude. This kindly feeling toward the chains that bind a neighbor is pushed sometimes even to enthusiasm on behalf of a despot close at hand.

To sum up: Anne made her people "happy," as has been said thrice over, and with a gracious persistence, on pages six and nine of his dedication, and page three of his preface, by the French translator of Beeverel.

IV.

Queen Anne had a slight grudge against the Duchess Josiane, for two reasons.

In the first place, because she found the Duchess Josiane pretty.

Secondly, because she found the Duchess Josiane's betrothed husband handsome.

Two grounds for jealousy suffice for a woman; one alone is enough for a Queen.

Let us add this. She bore her malice, for being her sister.

Anne did not approve of women being pretty. She considered it detrimental to morality.

As for herself, she was ugly.

Not from preference, however.

A part of her religion grew out of this ugliness.

Josiane, beautiful and philosophic, troubled the Queen.

For an ugly Queen, a pretty Duchess is not an agreeable sister.

There was another grievance, the *improper* origin of Josiane.

Anne was the daughter of Anne Hyde, simply a lady, legitimately, but unfortunately, espoused by James II., when he was Duke of York. Anne having some of this inferior blood in her veins, felt as though she were only half royal; Josiane, brought into the world altogether irregularly, made more conspicuous the mischance—less in itself, but real—of the Queen's birth. The offspring of a misalliance saw without pleasure, not far from herself, the offspring of bastardy. There was herein a disobliging resemblance. Josiane had the right to say to Anne: "My mother is just as good as yours." At court, this was not said; but, evidently, it was thought. It was annoying for the royal majesty. Why this Josiane? How came she to think of being born? Of what use is a Josiane? Certain relationships are belittling.

Nevertheless, Anne bore herself pleasantly toward Josiane.

Perhaps she might have loved her, if they had not been sisters.

VI.

BARKILPHEDRO.

It is useful to know what people are about, and it is wise to keep an eye on them to some extent.

Josiane caused Lord David to be watched a little by a man of her own, in whom she had confidence, and whose name was Barkilphedro.

Lord David prudently caused Josiane to be observed by a man of his own, of whom he was sure, and whose name was Barkilphedro.

Queen Anne, for her part, secretly kept herself informed of the acts and movements of the Duchess Josiane, her bastard sister, and of Lord David, her future brother-in-law in a left-handed way, by a man of her own, on whom she could fully rely, and whose name was Barkilphedro.

This Barkilphedro had his fingers on these keys, Josiane, Lord David, the Queen. One man between two women! What modulations were possible! What an amalgamation of souls!

Barkilphedro had not always occupied this splendid position for whispering into three ears.

He was an old servant of the Duke of York. He had aimed at being a man of the church, but had failed. The Duke of York, a Prince in England and in Rome, made up of kingly Popery and legal Anglicanism, had his Catholic household, and his Protestant household, and might have promoted Barkilphedro in the one or the other hierarchy, but that he did not think him Catholic enough for an almoner or Protestant enough for a chaplain. So that Barkilphedro found himself, between these two religions, with his soul on the floor.

This is not a bad position for certain souls of a reptile nature.

There are some roads that can only be travelled, crawling on the belly.

An obscure, but nutritious, domestic service was for some time the sole subsistence of Barkilphedro. Service is something, but he wanted power in addition. He was about to reach it, possibly, when James II. fell. All had to be begun over again. There was nothing to be done under William III., an awkward fellow, who had in his style of reigning a prudery which he mistook for integrity. Barkilphedro, his patron James having been dethroned, did not,

all at once, come to rags. A certain something, that survives fallen monarchs, nourishes and sustains for a while their parasites. The remainder of the exhaustible sap keeps alive, for two or three days, at the ends of the limbs, the leaves of the uprooted tree; then suddenly the leaf grows yellow and dries up, and so does the courtier.

Thanks to that embalming called legitimacy, the prince himself, though fallen and cast quite away, holds on and maintains himself; it is not the same thing with the courtier, who is far more dead than the king. The king down there is a mummy; the courtier up here is a phantom. It is an extreme emaciation, to be the shadow of a shade. Accordingly, Barkilphedro became a starveling. Then he adopted the literary profession.

But he was driven out even of the kitchens. Sometimes he did not know where he should sleep. "Who shall take me from this sleeping out of doors?" said he. And he struggled on. All that is touching in patience under adversity he exhibited. He had, moreover, the talent of the little insect tree-borer, that knows how to bore upward from below. In profiting by the name of James II., his memories, his constancy, his kindness of heart, etc., he had bored his way up to the Duchess Josiane.

Josiane took a liking to this man of wretchedness and wit, two things that moved her. She presented him to Lord Dirry-Moir, gave him lodgings in the servants' quarters, attached him to her household, was kind to him, and sometimes even spoke to him. Barkilphedro was no longer cold or hungry. Josiane thee'd and thou'd him. It was the fashion for great ladies to thee and thou literary men, who permitted it. The Marquise de Mailly received, lying in bed, Roy whom she had never seen, and said to him—"It is thou that hast written L'Année Galante? Good-morning." At a later period the men of letters returned the theeing and thouing. The day came when Fabre d'Eglantine said to the Duchess de Rohan:

"Art thou not La Chabot?"

As for Barkilphedro, to be thee'd and thou'd was a triumph. He was intoxicated by it. He had aspired to this contemptuous familiarity.

— Lady Josiane thees and thous me! said he to himself. And he rubbed his hands together.

He took advantage of this theeing and thouing to gain ground. He became a sort of familiar in the private apartments of Josiane, never annoying her, quite unperceived; the duchess would almost have changed her chemise before him. All this, however, was precarious. Barkilphedro had aimed at position. A duchess was the half-way point. The subterranean gallery that did not quite lead to the queen, as a piece of work, was a failure.

One day Barkilphedro said to Josiane:

— Would your Grace make my fortune?

— What dost thou wish? asked Josiane.

— Employment.

— Employment! for thee!

— Yes, Madam.

— What an idea that thou shouldst ask for employment! Thou art good for nothing.

— It is for that reason that I ask for it.

Josiane laughed.

— Of all the occupations for which thou art not fit, which dost thou desire?

— That of uncorker of the bottles of the Ocean.

Josiane laughed the louder.

— What is that? Thou art quizzing me.

— No, Madam.

— I will amuse myself with answer-

ing thee seriously, said the duchess. What dost thou wish to be? Say it again.

— Uncorker of the bottles of the Ocean.

— All is possible at court. Is there such an office as that?

— Yes, Madam.

— Teach me something new. Go on.

— There is such an office.

— Swear it to me upon the soul that thou hast not.

— I swear it.

— I don't believe thee.

— Thanks, Madam.

— Then thou wouldst—? Begin over again.

— Unseal the bottles of the sea.

— That is an office which ought not to fatigue thee. It is like currycombing the Bronze Horse.

— Almost.

— Nothing to do. It is indeed a place that suits thee. Thou art fit for that.

— You see that I am fit for something.

— Ah! there, thou art making fun. There is really such an office?

Barkilphedro assumed an attitude of the most respectful gravity.

— Madam, you have an august father, James II., King, and an illustrious brother-in-law George of Denmark, Duke of Cumberland. Your father has been, and your brother-in-law is, Lord High Admiral of England.

— Are these the novelties that thou wast going to teach me? I know all this quite as well as thyself.

— But here is something your Grace does not know. There are in the sea three kinds of things—those which are at the bottom *Derelict*, those which float on the water *Flotsam*, and those which the waves cast upon the land, *Jetsam*.

— What else?

— These three things, Derelict, Flotsam, and Jetsam, belong to the Lord High Admiral.

— What else?

— Your Grace understands?

— Not a bit of it.

— All that is in the sea, that it swallows up, that floats upon it, and that it throws upon the strand, all belongs to the Admiral of England.

— All. Very well. Go on.

— Except the sturgeon, which belongs to the king.

— I should have thought, said Josiane, that all this belonged to Neptune.

— Neptune is an idiot. He has lost it all. He has let England take the whole of it.

— Finish thy recital.

— Prizes of the sea is the name given to these things picked up.

— Be it so.

— The store is inexhaustible. There is always something floating about, something cast ashore. This is the contribution of the sea. The sea pays tribute to England.

— I gladly consent. But conclude.

— Your Grace understands that this habit of the Ocean has created a bureau.

— Where is it?

— At the Admiralty.

— What bureau?

— The bureau of the prizes of the sea.

— Very well.

— The bureau is divided into three offices, Derelict, Flotsam, Jetsam; and for each office there is an office-holder.

— And then—

— A ship in the open sea would communicate something to the land—that it is sailing in such a latitude, that it has just encountered a marine monster, that it is in sight of a coast, that it is in distress, that it is going to capsize, that it is a total loss, et cetera; the captain takes a bottle, puts inside the scrap of paper on which he has written what he

had to say, seals it up, and throws the bottle into the sea. If the bottle goes to the bottom, this concerns officer Derelict; if it floats, this concerns officer Flotsam; if it is carried ashore by the waves, this concerns officer Jetsam.

— And thou wouldst be officer Jetsam?

— Exactly.

— And this is what thou callest being uncorker of the bottles of the Ocean?

— Because there is such an office.

— Why dost thou desire this place more than the other two?

— Because it is vacant at this moment.

— In what consist its duties?

— Madam, in 1598, a bottle tarred over, which had been found by a conger-eel fisherman, in the quicksands of the strand of Epidium Promontorium, was carried to Queen Elizabeth; and a parchment which was drawn from the bottle gave information to England that Holland had taken possession, without saying any thing about it, of an unknown country, Nova Zembla; that this occupation had occurred in June, 1596; that in this country the discoverers had been devoured by the bears; and that their manner of passing the winter had been written down on a paper enclosed in a musket-case, hanging up in a chimney of the wooden building erected, and left on the island by the Hollanders, who were all dead; and that this chimney was made of a cask with the heads knocked out, built in the roof.

— I understand but little of thy rigmarole.

— Be it so. Elizabeth understood it. One country more for Holland was one country less for England. That a bottle had imparted the information, was thought a very important matter. And from that day the order was issued, that whoever should find a sealed bottle on the sea-shore should carry it to the Admiral of England, under pain of the gallows. The admiral detailed an officer for opening these bottles, who communicated their contents to her majesty, when there was occasion for it.

— Do these bottles often come to the Admiralty?

— Rarely. But this is of no moment. The office exists. It has assigned to it a chamber and lodging at the Admiralty.

— And this way of doing nothing, what do they pay for it?

— A hundred guineas a year.

— And thou annoyest me for that?

— It is the means of living.

— Like a beggar.

— In a manner becoming to people of my class.

— A hundred guineas, it is a mere puff!

— What supports you for a minute supports us for a year, us fellows. This is the advantage of being poor.

— Thou shalt have the place. Eight days afterward, thanks to the good-will of Josiane, thanks to the position of Lord David Dirry-Moir, Barkilphedro, saved henceforth, rescued from the precarious, placing his foot upon solid ground, lodged, his expenses paid, salaried with a hundred guineas a year, was installed at the Admiralty.

VII.

BARKILPHEDRO SHOWN UP.

There is one thing that never fails—that is ingratitude.

Barkilphedro was not wanting herein.

Having received so many acts of kindness from Lady Josiane, naturally he had but one thought—that of avenging himself for them.

Let us add that Josiane was pretty, great, young, rich, powerful, illustrious; and that Barkilphedro was ugly, squat,

old, poor, dependent, obscure. It was matter of urgent necessity, that he should avenge himself for that also.

When one's whole being is darkness, how shall one pardon such brilliancy of light?

Barkilphedro had but one thing in his favor, a big belly.

A big belly is accepted as the sign of a benevolent disposition. But the belly aggravated Barkilphedro's hypocrisy. For this man was a sad reprobate.

What was Barkilphedro's age? Any. The age necessary for the matter in hand. He was old in wrinkles and gray hair, and young in elasticity of mind. He was alert and heavy, a monkeyish hippopotamus. Royalist, certainly; republican, who knows? Catholic, perhaps; Protestant, beyond a doubt. For the Stuarts, probably; for the house of Brunswick, undeniably. To be *for* avails nothing, unless at the same time one may be *against*. Barkilphedro practised this wisdom.

The office of "uncorker of the bottles of the Ocean" was not so absurd as Barkilphedro had seemed to make it out. The reclamations, which to-day we should call declamations, of Garcie-Ferrandez in his *Ocean Chart* against the spoliation of stranded vessels, called the *Right of Wreck*, and against the pillage of waifs by the people of the coast, had made a sensation in England, and had brought about this improvement for the shipwrecked—that their goods, chattels, and effects, instead of being stolen by the country-folk, were confiscated by the Lord Admiral.

All the rubbish cast up by the sea on the English coast, merchandise, hulls of ships, bales, boxes, etc., belonged to the Lord Admiral; but, and herein came to light the importance of the position sought by Barkilphedro, the floating bottles containing messages or other information attracted the particular attention of the Admiralty. Shipwrecks constituted one of the grave concerns of England. Navigation being its life, shipwreck was its peculiar care. The English waters were in a constant state of disquietude. The little glass bottle thrown to the waves from a foundering vessel bore a supreme token, precious in every point of view. Token of the ship, token of the crew, token of the spot, the hour and the manner of the shipwreck, token of the winds that had buffeted the vessel, token of the currents that had borne the floating flask ashore. The office that Barkilphedro filled has been abolished more than a century; but it was really a useful one. The last incumbent was William Hussey, of Dodington in Lincolnshire. The man who held this office was a sort of reporter of the affairs of the sea. All the close and sealed-up vases, bottles, flasks, jars, thrown upon the English shore by the tide, were sent to him; he alone had the right to open them; he was the first to learn the secret they contained; he classified and labelled them in his registry; the phrase *to lodge a paper at the registry*, yet in use in the Channel Islands, has this derivation. Indeed, a precaution had been taken in the matter. No receptable could be unsealed and uncorked, except in presence of two sworn officials of the Admiralty bound to secrecy, who signed, jointly with the incumbent of the *Jetsam* office, the record of the opening. But these sworn officials being held to secrecy, it resulted that Barkilphedro had a certain discretionary latitude; it depended upon him, up to a certain point, whether a fact should be suppressed or brought to light.

The fragile waifs were far from being, as Barkilphedro had told Josiane, unfrequent and inconsiderable. Now they reached the land in good time, and again after some years. This depended on the winds and currents. This custom of throwing bottles to the waves,

like that of votive pictures, has gone a little into disuse; but, in these religious days, all who were about to die freely transmitted in this manner their latest thought to God and man; and sometimes these missives of the deep abounded at the Admiralty. A parchment kept at the chateau of Audlyene (old spelling), and annotated by the Earl of Suffolk, High Treasurer of England under James I., states that, in the year 1615 alone, fifty-two tarred gourds, bladders, and the like, making mention of ships in disaster, had been reported and entered upon the register of the Lord Admiral.

Service at court is like a drop of oil that continually goes on spreading itself. Thus it is that the porter gets to be a chancellor, and the ostler gets to be Lord High Constable. The special officer, who filled the place sought for and obtained by Barkilphedro, had been habitually a confidential person. Elizabeth had so wished it. At court, confidence means intrigue, and intrigue means promotion. This functionary had ended in being a person of some consequence. He was a clerk, and took rank immediately after the two grooms of the Almoner. He had admission to the palace, although we should add that it was called the "humble entry," *humilis introïtus*, and even to the bedchamber. For the usage had been that he should inform the royal person, when the thing was worth the trouble, of these picked-up objects, often very curious things, wills of dying people, farewells waved to one's native land, revelations of barratry and offences against maritime law, legacies to the Crown, etc.; so that he kept up a communication between his registry and the Court, and rendered, from time to time, an account to his Majesty of this unsealing of unlucky bottles. It was the dark bureau of the Ocean.

Elizabeth, who spoke Latin with facility, asked Tamfeld, of Coley in Berkshire, the *Jetsam* officer of his time, when he had brought to her one of these old papers cast up by the sea—*Quid mihi scribit Neptunus?* What does Neptune write to me?

The boring had at last been finished. The little tree-borer had succeeded. Barkilphedro approached the person of the Queen.

It was all he desired.

To make his fortune?

Not at all.

To pull down that of others.

Happiness far greater.

There is enjoyment in mischief.

It is not given to everybody to have a vague but implacable desire for mischief, and never to lose sight of it. Barkilphedro had this tenacity.

The idea held him with the grip of the bull-dog's mouth.

It gave him a sombre satisfaction at heart to feel himself relentless. Let him but have a victim in his fangs, or the certainty of doing evil in his heart, and he wanted nothing more.

He shivered contentedly, in the hope that other people were cold.

There is opulence in being wicked. Such a man, though we may think him poor, and he is so, indeed, has all his wealth in malignity, and likes it so. All is in the contentment one possesses. To do a bad turn—it is the same thing with doing a good turn—is more than money. Hard on the sufferer, happy for the doer. Catesby, the accomplice of Guy Fawkes in the papist Gunpowder Plot, said: "Let me only see Parliament blow up, with its four feet in the air. I would not exchange that for a million sterling."

What was this Barkilphedro? All that was little and all that was terrible. An envious man.

Envy is always found at court.

Court abounds in sauce-boxes, in people out of work, in rich idlers fam-

ishing for gossip, in searchers for needles in haystacks, in dealers in wretchedness, in biters bit, in sprightly fools who have the talk of an envious man in request.

What a refreshing thing is the evil that one says of others!

Envy is good material for making a spy.

There is a subtle analogy between this natural passion, envy, and this social function of playing the spy. The spy conducts the sport on behalf of others, like the dog; the envious man hunts on his own account, like the cat.

A ferocious myself is the substance of the envious man.

For his other qualities, Barkilphedro was prudent, secretive, adhesive. He held on to every thing, and busied himself with his hatred. An inordinate baseness implies an inordinate vanity. He was liked by those whom he amused, and hated by others; but he was conscious of being disdained by such as hated him, and scorned by such as liked him. He was under perfect self-control. All his antagonisms bubbled up noiselessly in his vengeful submission. He was indignant—as if scoundrels had that right! He was silently a prey to the furies. To swallow every thing was his talent. He had secret internal rages, frenzies of concealed passion, of dark and smothered flames, which no one perceived; his was a fiery soul that consumed its own smoke. The surface smiled. He was obliging, earnest, facile, good-tempered, complaisant. No matter to whom, no matter where, he bowed. He swayed to the ground at a puff of wind. What a source of fortune it is to have a reed for the spinal column!

These secretive and venomous creatures are not so rare as one might suppose. We live with them gliding about all around us. Why these hurtful beings? Baffling question! The dreamer is constantly propounding it to himself, and the thinker has never answered it. Hence the sad look of the philosopher, forever fixed on that mountain of shadows which is his destiny, and from the top of which the colossal spectre of evil lets fall handfuls of serpents upon the earth.

Barkilphedro had an obese body and a lean visage. His trunk was heavy, and his face bony. He had short, furrowed finger-nails, knotty fingers, flat thumbs, coarse hair, a considerable space from one temple to the other, and the forehead of a murderer, wide and low. His half-opened eye concealed the insignificance of his look, under bushy eyebrows. His nose, long, pointed, crooked, and flabby, extended nearly to his mouth. Barkilphedro, suitably dressed as a Roman emperor, would have slightly resembled Domitian. His rusty yellow countenance looked as if modelled of a viscous paste; his immobile cheeks resembled putty; he had all manner of ugly, furrowed wrinkles; his jaw was massive, his chin heavy, his ear vulgar. In repose, seen in profile, the upper lip was raised at an angle, so as to disclose two teeth. These teeth seemed to look at you. The teeth looked, even as the eye bit.

Patience, temperance, faith, reserve, moderation, suavity, diffidence, sweetness, polish, sobriety, chastity, finished and rounded off Barkilphedro. He calumniated these virtues in possessing them.

Barkilphedro very soon got a footing at court.

VIII.

INFERI.

At court, you may gain a footing in two ways. In the clouds, you are august; in the wind, you have power.

In the former case, you hail from Olympus; in the second, from the wardrobe.

He who is of Olympus has only the thunderbolt; he who is of the wardrobe has the police.

The wardrobe contains all the instruments of authority, and sometimes —for it is traitorous—of vengeance. Heliogabalus happened to die in one. It, then, bears a less decent name.

As a general thing, it is not so tragic. It is there that Albéroni admires Vendôme. The wardrobe becomes readily a place of audience for loyal personages. It serves the purpose of the throne. Louis XIV. receives therein the Duchess of Burgundy; Philip V. therein is cheek by jowl with the queen. The priest penetrates there. The wardrobe is sometimes a branch establishment of the confessional.

This is why there are fortunes in low conditions at court. Nor are these the smallest.

If you would be great, under Louis XI., be Pierre de Rohan, Marshal of France; if you would have influence, be Oliver le Daim, barber. If, under Marie de Médicis, you would be glorious, be Sillery, chancellor; if you would be of importance, be La Hannou, chambermaid. If you would be illustrious under Louis XV., be Choiseul, minister; if you would be redoubtable, be Lebel, valet. Given Louis XIV., Bontemps who made his bed for him was more powerful than Louvois who made him his armies, and Turenne who made him his victories. Take away Father Joseph from Richelieu, and behold Richelieu almost empty. He has mystery on his side at least. His scarlet eminence is superb; his gray eminence is terrible. To be a worm—what force! All the Narvaez, blended with all the O'Donnells, do less work than one Sister Patrocinio.

For instance, the condition of this power is littleness. If you would remain strong, remain insignificant. Be nothing at all. The serpent, coiled up in repose, typifies at once the infinite and zero.

One of these reptile fortunes had fallen to the lot of Barkilphedro.

He had trailed himself just where he wished.

Flat creatures enter everywhere. Louis XIV. had bugs in his bed, and Jesuits in his political machine.

Of incompatibility, not a bit.

In this world every thing is pendulum. To gravitate is to oscillate. One pole must have the other. Francis I. must have Triboulet; Louis XV. must have Lebel. There exists a deep-rooted affinity between this extreme of height and this extreme of abasement.

It is the abasement that directs. Nothing is easier of comprehension. He who is below pulls the strings.

No position more convenient.

You are the eye, and you have the ear.

You are the eye of the government.

You have the ear of the king.

To have the king's ear, is to draw and undraw, at your own fancy, the bolt of the royal conscience, and to cram into this conscience just what you please. The king's mind is your cupboard. If you are a rag-gatherer, it is the basket at your back. The ear of kings does not belong to kings, which is the reason why, in short, these poor devils are but slightly responsible. He, who is not master of his thought, is not master of his action. A king—he obeys.

What?

Some wicked soul or other, that from outside buzzes in his ear. Rueful fly of perdition!

This buzzing exercises sway. A reign is a dictation.

The loud voice is the sovereign; the low voice is the sovereignty.

Those are the true historians, who,

in a reign, can distinguish this low voice, and hear what it breathes into the loud voice.

IX.

HATE IS AS STRONG AS LOVE.

QUEEN ANNE had around her several of these low voices. Barkilphedro was one of them.

Besides the Queen, he worked upon, influenced, and slyly tampered with Lady Josiane and Lord David. We have said already that he whispered into three ears—one ear more than Dangeau. Dangeau only whispered into two, in the days when, thrusting his head between Louis XIV., smitten with Henrietta, his sister-in-law, and Henrietta, smitten with her brother-in-law, Louis XIV.—Louis's secretary known to Henrietta, and Henrietta's unknown to Louis—placed in the very midst of a love-affair between two puppets, he made up both the questions and the answers.

Barkilphedro was so cheerful, so ready to take any thing up, so incapable of undertaking the defence of any thing whatsoever, so little devoted at heart, so ugly, so vicious, that it was in the very nature of things that a royal personage should scarcely know how to do without him. When Anne had tasted of Barkilphedro, she cared not for any other flatterer. He flattered her, as they flattered Louis the Great, by stinging some one else. The king, being ignorant, says Madame de Montchevreuil, one is compelled to scoff at the learned.

To drop poison into the puncture, from time to time, is the acme of art. Nero likes to see Locusta at work.

Royal palaces are extremely penetrable; the madrepore corals have an inner passage-way easily guessed at, made practicable, and at need scooped out by the gnawing insect termed a courtier. A pretext for entry sufficed. Barkilphedro—having for pretext his commission—was, in a very short time, with the Queen, what he was with the Duchess Josiane, the indispensable domestic animal. An expression that he ventured to drop one day let him at once into the Queen's secrets; he learned how much to depend upon her Majesty's goodness. The Queen was much attached to her lord steward, William Cavendish, Duke of Devonshire, who was extremely weak-minded. This nobleman, who had taken all the degrees at Oxford, and did not understand orthography, was simpleton enough to die, one fine morning. To die, at court, is the height of imprudence, for no one troubles himself to speak any more of you. The Queen, Barkilphedro being present, was lamenting the event, and concluded by exclaiming, with a sigh:

— It is a pity that so many virtues should have been borne and served by so poor an intelligence.

— God may have wished to have his ass! murmured Barkilphedro, in low tone and in French.

The Queen smiled. Barkilphedro made a note of this smile.

He drew the conclusion: To bite tickles.

His malicious wit had leave to sally forth.

From this day forward, he thrust his curiosity everywhere; his malignity also. He was allowed to have his way, so much was he feared. He who makes the king laugh makes the rest tremble.

He was a potent wag.

Every day he took a further step in advance, under ground. There was need of Barkilphedro. Several great men so far honored him with their confidence, as to charge him, on occasion, with scandalous commissions.

The court is like gear. Barkilphedro became its motive power. Have you

noticed in certain machinery how small is the regulating wheel?

Josiane, in particular, who made use, as we have pointed out, of Barkilphedro's talents as a spy, had so much confidence in him, that she did not hesitate to put into his hands one of the secret keys of her suite of rooms, by means of which he could enter them at any hour. This excessive laying open of private life was a fashion in the seventeenth century, and was called giving the key. Josiane had given two of these confidential keys; Lord David had one, Barkilphedro had another.

Besides, to penetrate abruptly into bedrooms was by no means an uncommon practice in the olden style. Thence incidents. La Ferté, drawing aside suddenly the curtains of Mademoiselle Lafont's bed, found Sainson there, the Black Musketeer, etc., etc.

Barkilphedro excelled in making these sly discoveries, that subordinate and bring down the great to the little. His tread in the shade was tortuous, soft, and knowing. Like every perfect spy, he was made up of the executioner's severity and of the patience of the microscopist. He was a born courtier. Every courtier is a night-walker. The courtier prowls about in that sort of night, which may be called omnipotence. He has a dark lantern in his hand. He throws light upon any chosen point, and remains himself in the dark. What he seeks with this lantern is not a man; it is a beast. What he finds is the king.

Kings do not like any pretension to being great, in those about them. Sarcasm, on all but themselves, charms them. The talent of Barkilphedro consisted in a perpetual lessening of lords and princes, to the profit of royal majesty, itself by so much exalted.

The secret key, held by Barkilphedro, was a double one, shaped differently at either end, so as to open the private apartments at Josiane's two favorite residences, Hunkerville House in London, and Corleone Lodge at Windsor. These two buildings formed a portion of the Clancharlie inheritance. Hunkerville House was close to Old-Gate. Old-Gate, in London, was an entrance by which you approached from Harwich, and where was seen a statue of Charles II. having over his head an angel painted, and under his feet a lion and a unicorn sculptured. From Hunkerville House, with an easterly wind, might be heard the chimes of St. Marylebone. Corleone Lodge was a Florentine palace, in brick and stone, with marble colonnades, built on pile-work at Windsor, at the extremity of the wooden bridge, and having one of the most splendid courts of honor in England.

In this latter palace, very near Windsor Castle, Josiane was within easy reach of the Queen. Josiane was partial to it, notwithstanding.

Next to nothing outwardly—altogether rooted within—such was Barkilphedro's influence over the queen. Nothing more difficult than to tear up these court-weeds; they strike deep, and offer no external grasp. To pluck up Roquelaure, Triboulet, or Brummel, is almost impossible.

From day to day, and more and more, Anne relished Barkilphedro.

Sarah Jennings is famous; Barkilphedro is unknown. His favor lay hidden. The very name, Barkilphedro, has not reached history. All the moles are not caught by the mole-catcher.

Barkilphedro, formerly a candidate for orders, had studied every thing a little; whatever is skimmed over gives for result—nothing. One may be a victim of the *omnis res scibilis*. To have under their craniums the cask of the Danaides is the misfortune of a whole race of the learned, which we may term the sterile. What Barkil-

phedro had put into his head-piece had left it empty.

The mind, like Nature, abhors a vacuum. In the vacuum, Nature plants love; the mind, not unfrequently, puts hate therein. Hate fills up.

Hate, for hate's sake, exists. Art, for art's sake, is in nature, more than is believed.

A man hates. He must, in fact, be doing something.

Gratuitous hate, how formidable a term! This is as much as to say, the hate that is its own reward.

The bear lives by licking his paw.

Indefinitely? No. The paw must be revictualled. There must be something put underneath it.

To hate indistinctly is soothing, and suffices for some time; but in the end there must be an object. Animosity, spread over all creation, exhausts, as does any solitary delight. Hate without object is like shooting without a mark. What makes the sport interesting is a heart to pierce.

One can't hate, solely for the honor of it. There must be a seasoning—a man, a woman, some one to ruin.

This service, of giving interest to the game, of offering an aim, of envenoming hate by concentrating it, of amusing the sportsman with a sight of his living prey, of causing the watcher to anticipate the warm and smoking bubbles of the blood that is about to flow, of cheering the bird-catcher with the lark's credulity winged in vain, of being a creature hatched unawares, to be murdered by intelligence—this delicate and horrible service, of which he who renders it is not conscious, did Josiane render to Barkilphedro.

Thought is a projectile. Barkilphedro, from the first day, had set himself to taking aim at Josiane with the evil intentions that were in his mind. An intention and a carbine are alike. Barkilphedro held his pointed, directing against the duchess all his secret malignity. Does this astonish you? What has the bird that you fire at done to you? It is to eat him, say you. The same with Barkilphedro.

Josiane could hardly be hit in the heart; the spot that is an enigma is vulnerable with difficulty. But she could be reached through her head, that is to say her pride.

It was on this side that she thought herself strong, and that she was weak.

Barkilphedro had taken account of it.

If Josiane had been able to see clearly into the night of Barkilphedro, if she had been able to distinguish what there was in ambush behind that smile, this proud personage, so loftily placed, would probably have trembled. Happily for the tranquillity of her slumbers, she was utterly ignorant as to what there was in the man.

Things unexpected fuse together, one knows not how. The deep underlyings of life are formidable. There is no small hate. Hate is always enormous. It preserves its stature in the tiniest being, and remains a monster. A hatred is all possible hatred. An elephant, hated by an emmet, is in peril.

Even before striking, Barkilphedro experienced with delight the savor of the evil deed that he desired to effect. He did not, so far, know precisely what he would do against Josiane. But he was determined to do something. Such a resolution taken was much to start with.

To annihilate Josiane would have been too great a success. He did not hope for it. But to humiliate her, to dwindle her down, to harass her, to redden those superb eyes with tears of rage—this would be partial success. He reckoned on it. Tenacious, credulous, faithful in torturing any one else, not to be uprooted from his purpose, Nature had not thus constituted him for nothing. He well understood how

to find a flaw in Josiane's golden armor, and how to cause the blood of this Olympian woman to trickle. What advantage, let us insist, was there for him herein? An immense advantage. Returning evil for good.

What is an envious person? An ungrateful one. He detests the light that shines upon and warms him. Zoilus hates this boon—Homer.

To make Josiane undergo what would in these days be called a vivisection; to have her, all palpitating, upon the anatomical table; to dissect her alive, leisurely, in a surgery somewhere; as an amateur, to cut her in pieces while she howled—this dream had its charm for Barkilphedro.

To reach this result, it might be necessary to suffer a little, which he would find all right. You may pinch yourself with the pincers. The knife, in straightening itself, may cut your fingers. What matters it? To be entangled slightly in Josiane's torture would have been all the same to him. The executioner, handling the red-hot iron, has his little part in the burning, and never heeds it. So that the other one suffer more, you feel nothing. To see the victim writhing takes away your own pain.

Do what injures, happen what may!

Planning harm for other people is complicated with the acceptance of a dubious responsibility. You risk yourself in the danger to which you subject another, in proportion as the linking together of all things may bring about an unexpected collapse. This does not hold back your true evil-doer. He experiences in joy what the patient undergoes in agony. He is tickled by this laceration. The bad man only expands himself amid horrors. Torture reacts upon him in self-satisfaction. The Duke of Alba warmed his hands at the pile. The fireside, anguish; its reflected light, pleasure. That such transpositions should be possible makes one shiver. Our dark side may not be sounded. Exquisite torment—the expression is in Bodin (book iv., page 196)—has perhaps this triple and terrible meaning: research in the torture, suffering of the tortured, enjoyment of the torturer. Ambition, appetite—the words signify one sacrificed to another satisfied. How sad, that hope can be thus wayward! To owe any one a grudge is to wish him ill. Why not good? Can it be that the main leaning of our will is to the side of evil? One of the hardest tasks of the just is to eradicate unceasingly from the soul the malevolence that is almost inexhaustible. Nearly all our longings, when probed, embody what is not avowed. For the thoroughly wicked—and this hideous perfection exists—"so much the worse for the others!" signifies "so much the better for me!" Shade of man! Hollow places!

Josiane had the fulness of security, conferred by ignorant pride, and made up of contempt for every thing. The feminine faculty for disdaining is remarkable. A disdain, unconscious, involuntary, and confiding — of such was Josiane. Barkilphedro, for her, was little more than a thing. She would have been greatly astonished, if she had been told that Barkilphedro really had an existence.

She went, she came, she laughed, before this man, who looked at her out of the corner of his eye.

He, thoughtful on his part, was watching his opportunity.

In proportion as he waited, his determination to throw something of hopelessness into the life of this woman augmented.

Inexorable lying in wait!

Besides, he gave himself excellent reasons. It is a mistake to suppose that rogues are devoid of self-esteem. They give account of themselves to

themselves in lofty monologues, and pitch their tone extremely high. What! This Josiane had given him alms! She had crumbled upon him, as upon a mendicant, some farthings out of her colossal fortune. She had riveted and nailed him to an idiotic function. Yes, he, Barkilphedro, almost a man of the church, of capacity varied and profound, a learned personage, having in him the stuff for a reverend, he was employed to register bits of broken glass, fit for scraping off Job's pustules. If he passed his life in a miserable hole of a record-office, gravely uncorking stupid bottles, encrusted with all the impurities of the sea, and deciphering mouldy parchments, the smut of conjuring-books, the filth of wills, and one knows not what of illegible twaddle, it was all the fault of this Josiane! What! The creature absolutely *thee'd* and *thou'd* him!

And he was not to avenge himself!

And he was not to punish this sort of thing!

Just as if! Why, there would be no more justice then here below!

X.

FLAMINGS THAT WOULD BE SEEN, IF MAN WERE TRANSPARENT.

What! this woman—this mad-cap, this lascivious dreamer, virgin for the nonce, this morsel of flesh that has not yet yielded itself, this impertinence in princely coronet, this Diana through pride, not yet snapped up by the first comer—for lack of a chance, as they say, and I agree to it—this bastard of a riff-raff of a king who hadn't the wit to keep his place, this duchess of a lucky hit, who, being a grand dame, played the goddess, and who, if poor, would have been on the town; this lady almost, this thief of an exile's possessions, this imperious beggar, because, one day, he, Barkilphedro, had nothing for his dinner and was without a resting-place, had the impudence to seat him at one end of her own table, and to nestle him in some hole or other of her insupportable palace. Where was it? No matter where; perhaps in the garret, perhaps in the cellar. What's the difference? a little better off than the valets; a little worse off than the horses! She had taken advantage of his distress—his, Barkilphedro's, and hastened to render him a service traitorously, which is what the rich do by way of humiliating, and of attaching the poor to themselves, like terriers that are led in a leash! Besides, what did the service cost her? A service is worth its price. She had more than enough of rooms in her house! Come to the aid of Barkilphedro, indeed! A grand effort it was for her! Had she eaten a spoonful the less of turtle-soup? Had she denied herself any thing whatever, in her hateful superfluities? No; she had added to the superfluities a bit of vanity, an object of luxury, a good action for a feather in her cap, a man of wit succored, a clergyman patronized! She could put on airs and say: "I lavish benefits; I give the men of letters something to peck; I become their patroness. Isn't he lucky to have found me, this poor wretch? What a friend of the arts I am!" And all for having prepared, in a villanous hole, a cot-bed under the framework of the roof! And for his place at the Admiralty, Barkilphedro was indebted to Josiane for that. Zounds! a famous post! Josiane had made Barkilphedro what he was. She had created him; so be it. Yes, created nothing, less than nothing; for he felt himself, in this ridiculous office, bent down, stiffened in his joints, and disfigured. What d[illegible]e to Josiane? The gratitude [illegible] nch-back to his mother, who [illegible] de-

formed. Look at the privileged, these heaped-up people, these new-comers, these favorites of that hideous stepmother, Fortune! And the man of talent, the Barkilphedro, was forced to range himself on the staircases, to bow to the lackeys, to climb in the evening up a heap of stories, and to be courteous, assiduous, gracious, deferential, and agreeable, and to wear always on his muzzle a respectful grimace, as though there were no cause for grinding the teeth with rage. And all this time she was stringing pearls about her neck, and playing the lover's part with her lout of a Lord David Dirry-Moir, the hussy!

Never permit yourself to have a service done you. Advantage will be taken of it. Don't let yourself be caught in the very act of inanition. Somebody would console you. Because he was starving, this woman had made it a pretext for giving him something to eat. Thenceforward he was her domestic servant! A break-down in the stomach, and then you are in chains for life. To be obliged, is to be made the most of. The fortunate, the powerful, profit by the moment when you stretch out the hand, to put a penny into it, and from that minute of your weakness to make you a slave, and a slave of the worst sort, a slave of charity, a slave compelled to love! What infamy! What indelicacy! What a surprise sprung upon your pride! And all is over; there you are, condemned for life to find this man good and that woman handsome, to remain a second-rate subaltern, to approve, to applaud, to admire, to offer incense, to bow yourself down, to garnish your kneepans with corns from kneeling, to sugar your words when you are devoured with rage, when you are stifling cries of fury, and when you have within you more of wild upheaving and bitter spume than the ocean.

It is thus that the rich make prisoners of the poor.

This glue of the good deed wrought upon you smears you, and throws you into the mire forever.

An alms is without remedy. Gratitude is equivalent to paralysis. A benefaction has a sticky adhesiveness, and cramps your free movements. These odious beings, opulent and sordid, whose pity has borne hard upon you, are aware of the fact. It is settled. You belong to them. They have bought you. For how much? For a bone, that they have snatched back from their dog, to offer it to you. They have thrown this bone at your head. You have been stoned as much as succored. It is all the same. Have you gnawed the bone? yes or no? You also have your part in the dog's scrap-box. Then, give thanks! give thanks forever! Adore your masters! Indefinite genuflection! The benefit implies your acceptance of a recognized inferiority. They require that you should feel yourself to be a poor devil, and that you should feel that they are gods. Your dwindling swells them up. Your bending down straightens them up. There is, in the very tone of their voice, a soft, but impertinent inflection. Their family affairs, their marriages, their baptisms, their women about to be confined, the little ones that they have—these are your concern. Let a wolf's cub be born to them; well, you must compose a sonnet. You are poet, merely to be a rhymester. If this is not enough to make the stars tumble down! A little more, and they would make you use their old shoes!

— What is it that you have there at home, my dear? How ugly he is! What in the world is that man?—I don't know; it's a raw scribbler whom I support. Thus do these geese discourse; and without lowering their voices.

You hear; and you remain mechanically amiable. Beyond this, if you are ill, your masters send you a doctor. Not their own. At need, they ask after you. Not being of the same species as yourself, and being inaccessible when so it pleases them, they are affable. Their escarpment makes them approachable. They know that a plain footing is out of the question. By force of contempt, they are polite. At table, they make you a little sign of the head. Sometimes they know how to spell your name. They make you realize that they are your patrons, only by treading ingenuously upon all that is in you of susceptible and delicate. With what consideration they treat you!

Is this sufficiently detestable?

Assuredly it was urgent that Josiane should be chastised. She must be taught with whom she had to do. Ah! my wealthy gentlemen—because you are unable to consume every thing; because opulence might end in indigestion, in view of the smallness of your stomachs, which are of the same size as ours, after all; because it is better worth while to distribute the scraps than to lose them—you get up this porridge of leavings, and throw it, magnificently, to the poor! Ah! you give us bread, you give us lodging, you give us clothes, you give us an office, and you push audacity, madness, cruelty, folly, and absurdity, to the extent of believing that we are your most obliged! This bread—it is the bread of servitude; this lodging—it is the valet's garret; these clothes—they are a livery; this office—it is a mockery, remunerated it may be, but brutalizing! Ah! you fancy that you have the right to blight us with your lodging and your nourishment; you imagine that we are your debtors; and you reckon upon our gratitude! Well, then, we will eat you out of house and home! Well, then, we will rip out your entrails, fair dame; and we will devour you all alive; and we will sunder your heartstrings with our teeth!

This Josiane! Was it not outrageous? What merit did she possess? She had accomplished the master-stroke of coming into the world—a witness to her father's folly and her mother's shame. She did us the honor to exist. And this complaisance on her part, in being a public scandal, was rewarded with millions; she had estates and country-seats, warrens, preserves, lakes, forests—what all do I know? And, with that, she played the fool, and had verses addressed to her, while he, Barkilphedro, who had studied and worked, who had taken pains, who had stuffed his eyes and his brains with big books, who had matured in old treatises and in science, who had an immensity of intelligence, who could command armies with success, who could write, if he pleased, such tragedies as Otway's and Dryden's, he, who was made to be an emperor, he had been reduced to permitting this nothing at all to save him from dying of hunger. Can the usurpation of the rich, those execrable elect of chance, be carried further, making pretence to be generous with us, and to protect us, and to smile on us—us who would drink their blood, and would lick our lips afterward? That the low woman of the court should have the odious ability to be a benefactress, and that the superior man should be condemned to pick up such leavings fallen from such a hand—what could be more frightfully iniquitous? And what a society must it be, that has, to this extent, a basis of disproportion and injustice! Is not this a case of seizing every thing by the four corners, and of tossing up pell-mell to the ceiling the table-cloth, and the banquet, and the orgy, and the tippling, and the drunkenness, and the

guests, and those who are leaning their two elbows on the table, and those who are on all fours underneath it, and the insolent who give, and the idiots who accept, and of spitting back every thing to the nose of the Deity, and of pitching the whole earth at heaven? In the mean while, let us dig our claws into Josiane.

Thus dreamed Barkilphedro. These were the bellowings of his inner soul. It is the practice of the envious man to absolve himself, by amalgamating with his own personal grievance the public ill. All the savage forms of malevolent passion came and went in this fierce intelligence. At the corner of old maps of the world, of the fifteenth century, may be noted a large, blank space, without form and without name, whereon these three words are inscribed: *Hic sunt leones.* This sombre corner has existence also in man. The passions prowl round and mutter, somewhere within us; and it may be said also of one dark spot in our souls: "Here are lions."

This scaffolding of fallow reasonings, was it absolutely absurd? Was it wanting in a certain judgment? It must be owned, not.

It is fearful to think that this something within us, the judgment, is not justice. The judgment is the relative. Justice is the unreasoning. Reflect on the difference between a judge and a just man.

Evil-doers abuse the conscience, with authority. The false has its gymnastics. A sophist is a forger; and, on occasion, this forger brutalizes common sense. A certain logic, very supple, very implacable, and very nimble, is at the service of evil, and excels in stabbing truth in the dark. These blows are sinister fisticuffs of Satan against God!

Such a sophist, admired by simpletons, has no other glory, than that of having given an occasional pinch to the human conscience.

The trouble was, that Barkilphedro foresaw a miscarriage. He was undertaking a vast labor, and he feared, at least, that not enough scath would come out of it. To be a man of corrosive disposition, to have in one's self a will of steel, a diamond hate, an ardent longing for the catastrophe, and to burn nothing, to decapitate nothing, to exterminate nothing! To be what he was, a devastating power, a voracious animosity, a gnawer of others' happiness; to have been created—for there is a creator, the devil or God, no matter which—to have been created in all particulars Barkilphedro, and only, perhaps, to realize a fillip; is this possible? Barkilphedro to miss his stroke! To be a machine for launching forth fragments of rock, and to expend all his expulsive force in raising a bump on the forehead of a conceited woman! A catapult causing only the havoc of a pair of shears! Accomplish the task of Sisyphus for the result of an ant! Sweat out all hate, for next to nothing! Is this sufficiently humiliating, when one is in one's self a hostile mechanism, capable of pulverizing the world? Put in movement all one's gear, give rise, in the background, to the hubbub of the machinery of Marly, to succeed, perhaps, in pinching the tip of a little rose-colored finger! He was about to turn over and over huge blocks, just to wrinkle a little the flattened surface of the court! Heaven has this mania for expending power on a grand scale. This upheaval of a mountain results in displacing a molehill.

Besides, given the court, a queer place for action, nothing is more dangerous than to take aim at one's enemy, and miss him. In the first place, this unmasks you to your enemy, and this is irritating; in the next place and above all, this is displeasing to the mas-

ter. Kings have small relish for clumsy fellows. No contusions; no ugly fisticuffing! Cut every one's throat; but don't make any one's nose bleed! Who kills is a proficient; who wounds is a ninny. Kings don't like to have their servants lamed. They owe you a grudge, if you fracture a bit of porcelain on their mantel-piece, or a courtier in their train. The court ought to remain unstained. Break, and replace. That's well enough.

This also agrees perfectly with the taste for backbiting, common to princes. Speak ill; don't do ill! Or if you do it, let it be on a large scale!

Stab, but dont scratch!—unless the pin be poisoned. An extenuating circumstance. This, let it be recalled, was the case with Barkilphedro.

Every pigmy charged with hate is the phial, wherein was enclosed the dragon of Solomon. Microscopic phial, immeasurable dragon! Formidable condensation, awaiting the gigantic hour of release! Wearisomeness consoled by thought of the pending explosion! What is contained is larger than that which contains it. A latent giant, how strange a thing! A tick wherein there is a hydra! To be this fearful spring-box, to hold Leviathan within one, this, for the dwarf, is at once a torment and a delight.

Nothing, moreover, would have induced Barkilphedro to loose his hold. He awaited his hour. Would it come? What matter?—he awaited it! When one is far gone in evil, self-love comes into play. It is interesting to sap and mine a court-fortune above ourselves, and to do it at all risks and perils, however deep-seated and close-hidden it may be. One becomes impassioned over such a game. One comes to doting on it, as on an epic poem that one is composing. To be very small, and to attack some one very great, is a brilliant affair. There is something fine in being a flea upon a lion.

The proud beast feels itself stung, and dispenses its prodigious anger upon the atom. Meeting a tiger would trouble him less. And note how the parts are changed! The humiliated lion has in his flesh the insect's sting; and the flea may say: "I have in me the blood of the lion!"

However, this would but half appease the pride of Barkilphedro. Consolations. Palliatives. To tease is something; to torture is more desirable. Barkilphedro—unpleasant idea, that continually recurred to him—would, probably, have no other success, than to inflict a pitiful scratch upon Josiane's epidermis. What could he hope for more, he so low, and she so radiant? A scratch, what a trifle is it to him who craves all the purple hue of a flaying alive, and the screechings of the woman worse than naked—having no longer that chemise, her skin! With such longings, how grievous is it to be impotent! Alas! there is nothing perfect!

In short, he became resigned. Unable to do more, he dreamed only the half of his dream. After all, it was an object to accomplish a sombre farce.

What a man is he, who takes revenge for a benefit done him! Barkilphedro was this colossus. For the most part, ingratitude is but forgetfulness; for the high graduates in evil, it partakes of fury. The ungrateful clown is full of ashes. With what was Barkilphedro filled up? With a furnace—furnace walled in, of hate, of anger, of silence, of spite, awaiting Josiane for fuel. Never had a man so abhorred a woman, without grounds for it. How terrible a fact! She was his sleeplessness, his preoccupation, his wearisomeness, his rage.

Possibly, he was somewhat in love with her.

XI.

BARKILPHEDRO IN AMBUSH.

To find the vulnerable point of Josiane and strike her there, such was, for the several reasons we have just given, the unshaken purpose of Barkilphedro.

The intention was not sufficient; it was necessary to find out the way.

What method was to be taken?

This was the questien.

Vulgar vagabonds very carefully lay out the programme of the villainy they desire to commit. They do not feel strong enough to seize the passing incident, take possession of it by will or by force, and constrain it to their service. Hence the preliminary combinations that deep rogues disdain. Deep rogues take all their villainy *á priori;* they content themselves with arming at all points, prepare various weapons for various cases, and, like Barkilphedro, simply watch for the opportunity. They know that any plan constructed in anticipation runs the risk of dovetailing badly into the circumstances that will present themselves. In that way one does not become master of what may be the situation, and make of it what one wishes. There is no such thing as holding a preliminary parley with destiny. To-morrow does not obey us. Fortune shows a certain disregard of discipline.

So they watch the chance of challenging her coöperation without preamble, without authority, and on the spot. No plan, no diagram, no geometrical outline, no ready-made shoe badly fitting the unexpected. They dive head foremost into crime. The turning to immediate and rapid account whatever incident may assist him, this is the cleverness that distinguishes the villain of ability, and lifts the rogue to the dignity of a demon. To bully fortune, this is genius.

The true villain strikes you as from a sling, with the first pebble that comes to hand.

Capable scoundrels count on the unforeseen, that stupefied accomplice in so many crimes.

To seize hold of an incident, to leap upon it—there is no art other than this. Art poetic for this kind of talent.

And, meantime, to know whom one has to deal with. To examine the ground.

Barkilphedro's ground was Queen Anne.

Barkilphedro was getting nearer to the queen.

So near, that, sometimes, he fancied he heard her majesty's soliloquies.

Sometimes he took part, unheeded, in the conversations of the two sisters. It was not forbidden him to slip in a word. He took advantage of this to make himself of little account. Mode of inspiring confidence.

Thus it was that one day at Hampton Court, in the garden, being behind the duchess, who was behind the queen, he heard Anne, conforming awkwardly to the fashion, let fall some apothegms.

—The brutes are happy, said the queen; they are in no danger of going to hell.

—They are there, replied Josiane.

This reply, which rudely put philosophy in the place of religion, was displeasing. If by chance it had been profound, Anne would have felt shocked.

—My dear, said she to Josiane, we talk of hell like two idiots. Let us ask Barkilphedro what is there. He ought to know these things.

—As a devil? asked Josiane.

—As a brute, replied Barkilphedro. And he bowed.

— Madam, said the queen to Josiane, he has more wit than we have.

With a man like Barkilphedro, to get near the queen was to get a hold upon her. He could say, I have her. Meanwhile it was necessary to discover the way of turning it to account.

He had a footing at court. It was a fine thing to have a point of observation. No opportunity could escape him. More than once he had drawn a smile from the queen, that betrayed her. It was like having a license for shooting.

But were there no royal preserves? This license for shooting, did it extend to breaking a wing or a paw of such a creature as the own sister of her Majesty?

First point to be cleared up. Did the queen love her sister?

A blunder might lose all. Barkilphedro watched.

Before commencing the game, the player looks at his cards; what trumps has he? Barkilphedro began by considering the ages of the two women. Josiane, twenty-three years; Anne, forty-one years. This was well. He had his cue.

The moment when a woman ceases to count her springs, and begins to count her winters, is trying to the temper. Impotent rancor against time which one has in one's self. The blooming young beauties, fragrance to others, are thorns to you, and every rose gives you a prick. You fancy that all this freshness is taken from you, and that loveliness dwindles in yourselves because it increases in others.

To work this secret ill-humor, to deepen the wrinkles of a woman of forty who is queen, this was evidently Barkilphedro's policy.

Envy surpasses in exciting jealousy, as a rat in bringing out a crocodile.

Barkilphedro fixed upon Queen Anne his masterly attention.

He saw into the queen as one sees into stagnation. The marsh has its transparency. In dirty water one sees vices; in troubled water one sees follies. Anne was only troubled water.

Thoughts in embryo and ideas in larva moved about in that fatuous brain.

They were somewhat indistinct. They hardly had outlines. They were realities, nevertheless, though unformed. The queen imagined this. The queen desired that. Precisely what, it was difficult to determine. The confused transformations that take place in stagnant water are not easy to study.

The queen, habitually dull, had at times her sallies, stupid and abrupt as these were. It was in these that it was necessary to seize her. She should be taken in the act.

Did Queen Anne, in her heart, wish well or ill to the Duchess Josiane?

Problem. Barkilphedro proposed it to himself.

This problem solved, one might go further.

Several accidents served Barkilphedro. And especially his closeness of watch.

Anne was, on her husband's side, distantly related to the new Queen of Prussia, wife of a king of a hundred chamberlains, of whom she possessed a portrait painted in enamel after the process of Turquet of Mayence. This Queen of Prussia had, herself also, a younger illegitimate sister, the Baroness Drika.

One day, Barkilphedro being present, Anne asked the Prussian ambassador some questions about this Drika.

— They say she is rich?

— Very rich, replied the ambassador.

— Has she palaces?

— More magnificent ones than those of the queen her sister.

— Who is to marry her?

— A very great personage, the Count Gormo.

— Is he good-looking?

— Charming.

— Is she young?

— Quite young.

— As handsome as the queen?

The ambassador lowered his voice and answered,

— Handsomer.

— What an impertinent! murmured Barkilphedro.

The queen, after a short silence, exclaimed:

— These bastards!

Barkilphedro made a note of this plural.

At another time, in going out of the chapel where Barkilphedro had been in attendance near the queen's person, behind the two grooms of the almoner, Lord David Dirry-Moir, crossing before some rows of women, created a sensation by his fine appearance. As he moved along, there broke out an applause of feminine voices — How elegant he is!—What a fine fellow!—What a noble air he has!—How handsome he is!

— How disagreeable all this is! grumbled the queen.

Barkilphedro heard.

He had made up his mind.

One might injure the duchess, without offending the queen.

The first problem was solved.

But the second presented itself.

How should this mischief to the duchess be done?

What resource did his wretched employment afford him for an end so difficult?

None, undeniably.

XII.

SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND ENGLAND.

Let us note one little circumstance: Josiane "had the turning-box."

This will be understood upon reflecting that she was, although in a left-handed way, sister of the queen, that is to say, a princely person.

"To have the turning-box." What is that?

The Viscount St. John—say Bolingbroke—wrote to Thomas Lennard, Earl of Sussex: "Two things constitute greatness—in England, to have the turning-box; in France, to have the *For*."

The *For* in France was this. When the king travelled, the forerunner of the court, every evening, at the resting-places on the way, assigned their lodgings to the persons in attendance on his Majesty. Among these people, some enjoyed an immense privilege. "They had the *For*," says the *Historical Journal* for the year 1694, page 6, "that is to say, the forerunner who assigned these lodgings put *For* before the name, as For *the Prince of Soubise;* instead of which, when he set apart the lodging of one who was not a prince, he did not put the *For*, but simply the name; for example: *The Duke of Gesvres*, *The Duke of Mazarin*, etc." This *For* over a door indicated a prince, or a favorite. Favorite was worse than prince. The king accorded the *For*, as he did the Blue Ribbon or the peerage.

"To have the turning-box" in England was less flattering to one's vanity, but of more importance. It indicated the actual coming in contact with the person of the reigning sovereign. Whoever was, by birth or favor, in a position to receive communications direct from majesty, had on the wall of his

or her bedroom a turning-box to which was attached a bell. The bell sounded, the box opened, a royal letter appeared on a gold plate or velvet cushion, then the box closed again. This was secret and solemn. The mysterious in the familiar. The turning-box served no other purpose. Its bell-ringing announced a royal message. One did not see who brought it. After all, it was only the king's or the queen's page. Leicester "had the turning-box" under Elizabeth, and Buckingham under James I. Josiane had it under Anne, although little of a favorite.

It was not an enviable distinction. The privilege involved greater servility. One was by it a little more of a valet. At court, promotion is degradation. "Avoir le tour"—they employed the words in French: this detail of English etiquette being probably an old French absurdity.

Lady Josiane, a virgin peeress, as Elizabeth was a virgin queen, led, sometimes in town, sometimes in the country, according to season, a semi-princely life, and held almost a court, at which Lord David was a courtier, with many others. Not being yet married, Lord David and Lady Josiane might without ridicule show themselves in public together, as they did freely. They frequently went to the play and to the races in the same carriage, and occupied the same box. The marriage, which had been permitted them, and even enjoined upon them, chilled them. But on the whole, the charm was in seeing each other. The familiarities permitted to engaged couples have a boundary that is easily passed. They held back from it—what is easy being in bad taste.

The bravest boxing-matches of that time took place at Lambeth, the parish in which the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury has a palace, albeit the air there is noxious, and where a fine library is open at certain hours to honest people. Once, it was in winter, there was held there, in a meadow fenced in and locked with a key, a mill between two men, at which Josiane was present, escorted by David. She had asked him: Are women admitted? David had answered, *Sunt fœminæ magnates.* Free translation, *No common people.* Literal translation, *There are great ladies.* A duchess goes everywhere. Thus Lady Josiane saw the boxing-match.

Lady Josiane made only one concession, that of dressing herself in men's clothes, a thing then very much in vogue. Women travelled but little otherwise. Of the six passengers that filled the Windsor coach, it was rare that there were not one or two women dressed as men. It was the mark of the gentry.

Lord David, being in the company of a lady, could not appear in the match, and was fain to remain a mere spectator.

Lady Josiane betrayed her rank only in this, that she used a lorgnette, which was the habit of the gentlemen.

The "noble rencontre" was presided over by Lord Germaine, great-grandfather or great-uncle of that Lord Germaine who, about the end of the eighteenth century, was colonel, turned tail in a battle, was afterward minister of war, and escaped the canister-shot of the enemy only to fall under the epigrams of Sheridan, a worse grape-shot. Several gentlemen laid wagers—Harry Bellew, of Carleton, who had claims to the extinct peerage of Bella Aqua, against Henry, Lord Hyde, member of Parliament for the borough of Dunhivid, which was also called Launceston; the Honorable Peregrine Bertie, member for the borough of Truro, against Sir Thomas Colepeper, member for Maidstone; the Laird of Lamyrban, of the marches of Lothian, against Sam-

uel Trefusis, of the borough of Penryn; Sir Bartholomew Gracedieu, of the borough of St. Ives, against the Right Honorable Charles Bodville, Lord Robartes, Keeper of the Rolls of the county of Cornwall. And others.

The two boxers were an Irishman of Tipperary, called by the name of his native mountain, Phelem-ghe-Madone, and a Scotchman called Helmsgail. This brought together two sentiments of national pride. Ireland and Scotland were going to fight; Erin was about to give the blow to Gajothel. So the bets exceeded forty thousand guineas, without counting the stakes.

The two champions were naked, with very short breeches buckled around their hips, and boots with nailed soles laced to the ankles.

Helmsgail, the Scotchman, was a little fellow, hardly nineteen, but he had already had his forehead sewed up; it was for this reason that the odds were two and a third in his favor. The month before he had smashed in the ribs and put out both eyes of the boxer Sixmileswater, which accounted for the enthusiasm. He had won for his backers twelve thousand pounds sterling. Besides his forehead sewed up, Helmsgail had a broken jaw. He was light and active. He was about the height of a small woman, thick set, well knit, of a stature low and menacing, and nothing had been wasted of the clay of which he was made; not a muscle but went to the mark—the pugilist.

There was compactness in his solid trunk — glossy and brown like brass. He smiled, and three teeth that he had lost gave point to his smile.

His antagonist was enormous; that is to say, weak.

He was a man of forty. He was six feet high, with the chest of a hippopotamus, and a pleasant expression. His blow would have split a ship's deck, but he did not know how to deliver it. The Irishman, Phelem-ghe-Madone, was all surface, and appeared to take part in boxing-matches rather to receive blows than to give them. Only he looked as if he might hold out a long time. A sort of under-done roast-beef, hard to bite, and impossible to digest. He was what they called in the local slang *raw flesh*. He squinted. He seemed resigned.

These two men had passed the preceding night side by side, in the same bed, sleeping together. They had drunk, from the same glass, each three fingers of port-wine.

Each of them had his group of backers, men of rough aspect, and threatening a need of umpires. In Helmsgail's group might be seen John Gromane, famous for having carried a steer on his back, and John Bray, who had borne on his shoulders ten bushels of flour, of fifteen gallons to the bushel, besides the miller, and had walked with this burden a distance of more than two hundred yards. On the side of Phelem-ghe-Madone, Lord Hyde had brought from Launceston a certain Kilter, who lived at Greencastle, and threw over his shoulder a stone, weighing twenty pounds, higher than the highest turret of the château. These three men, Kilter, Bray, and Gromane, were of Cornwall, which was an honor to the county.

The other backers were roughs, strong-backed, bandy-legged, with large, knotty hands, of vacant countenances, in rags, and fearing nothing, being nearly all outlawed.

Many were admirably skilful in making the police drunk. Each profession should have its talents.

The spot chosen was beyond the Bear-Garden, where formerly there had been bear-fights, bull-fights, and dog-fights, on the other side of the last houses in course of building, adjoining the ruined priory of St. Mary Overy,

dismantled by Henry VIII. The wind was north, and the weather frosty; a fine rain fell, rapidly congealing into sleet. The fathers of families who were present were recognized by their raising their umbrellas.

On the side of Phelem-ghe-Madone, Colonel Monterif, umpire, and Kilter, bottle-holder.

On the side of Helmsgail, the Honorable Pughe Beaumaris, umpire, and Lord Desertum of Kilcarry, bottle-holder.

The two boxers were for some moments at rest in the enclosure, while the seconds compared watches. Then they walked up to each other, and shook hands.

Phelem-ghe-Madone said to Helmsgail, "I had much rather be going home."

Helmsgail replied, courteously, "The gentry should not disgrace themselves for nothing."

In their state of nakedness, they were cold. Phelem-ghe-Madone shivered. His jaws clattered.

Doctor Eleanor Sharp, nephew of the Archbishop of York, cried out, "Pitch in, my fine fellows! It will warm you up."

This little civility thawed them out.

They struck out at each other.

But neither the one nor the other was in anger. They counted three ineffectual rounds. The Reverend Doctor Grumdraith, one of the Forty Fellows of All Souls, exclaimed, "Pour some gin into them!"

But the two referees and the two seconds—all four experts—decided that the rule must be maintained. Nevertheless, it was very cold. Then the cry was heard, *First blood!* The first blood had been drawn. The combatants were again brought face to face.

They looked at each other, approached each other, stretched out their arms, touched fists, then drew back. All at once, Helmsgail, the little man, gave a bound.

The fight began in earnest.

Phelem-ghe-Madone was hit in the forehead, directly between the eyebrows. His whole face ran down with blood. The crowd cried out, *Helmsgail has tapped his claret!* They applauded. Phelem-ghe-Madone, whirling his arms as a windmill its sails, began to throw his fists about at random.

The Honorable Peregrine Bertie said: Blinded. But he was not yet blind.

Then Helmsgail heard on all sides this cry of encouragement, *Bung his peepers!*

Indeed, the two champions had been well chosen, and, although the weather was not very favorable, it was pretty certain that the match would be a success. The quasi-giant Phelem-ghe-Madone had the drawbacks of his superiority; he moved heavily. His arms were clubs, but his body was a lump. The little fellow ran, struck out, leaped about, gnashed his teeth, doubled his strength by his alertness, was up to all the tricks of the ring. On one side there was the primitive fisticuff, savage, untaught, ignorant; on the other, the fisticuff of civilization. Helmsgail fought as much with his nerves as with his muscles, and with his cunning as with his strength. Phelem-ghe-Madone was a sort of inactive shoulder-hitter, somewhat punished at the beginning. It was art against nature. It was ferocity against barbarism.

It was clear that the barbarian would be beaten. But not immediately. Hence the interest.

A little one against a big one. The odds are in favor of the little one. A cat has the better of the dog. The Goliaths are always vanquished by the Davids.

A hail of outcries fell upon the combatants—*Bravo, Helmsgail! good! well done, Highlander!—Now, Phelem!*

Helmsgail's friends kindly repeated their bit of advice—*Bung his peepers!*

Helmsgail did better. Suddenly fall-

ing, and, rising again with the wriggle of a reptile, he struck Phelem-ghe-Madone on the sternum. The colossus staggered.

— Foul blow! cried Viscount Barnard.

Phelem-ghe-Madone sank down on Kilter's knee, saying—I begin to warm up.

Lord Desertum consulted the referees, and said:

— There will be five minutes' intermission.

Phelem-ghe-Madone fainted away. Kilter wiped, with a bit of flannel, the blood from his eyes and the sweat from his body, and put a bottle to his lips. It was the eleventh round. Phelem-ghe-Madone, besides the wound on his forehead, had his breast beaten in, his stomach swollen, and the crown of his head contused. Helmsgail had not a scratch.

A little noisy talk broke out among the gentlemen.

Lord Barnard repeated, Foul blow.

— No bet, said the Laird of Lamyrban.

— I claim my stakes, said Sir Thomas Colepeper.

And the honorable member for the borough of St. Ives, Sir Bartholomew Gracedieu, added:

— Let them give me my five hundred guineas; I will go.

— Stop the match, cried the spectators.

But Phelem-ghe-Madone raised himself up almost as staggeringly as a drunken man, and said:

— Let us go on with the match, on one condition. I shall have also the right of giving a foul blow.

On all sides they cried out:

— Agreed.

Helmsgail shrugged his shoulders.

The five minutes over, the round began.

The fight, which was an agony for Phelem-ghe-Madone, was a pastime for Helmsgail.

What a thing is science! The little one contrived to get the giant in chancery, that is to say, all of a sudden, Helmsgail caught under his left arm, which was bent like a pruning-hook, Phelem-ghe-Madone's big head and held it there under his arm-pit, the neck doubled up and the nape down, while, with his right fist, falling and falling again, like a hammer upon a nail, but on top and from below, he beat in the features at his ease. When Phelem-ghe-Madone, released at last, raised his head, he had no longer any features at all.

What had been a nose, eyes, and a mouth, had the appearance only of a black sponge soaked in blood. He spat out four teeth upon the ground.

Then he fell. Kilter received him on his knee.

Helmsgail was scarcely hurt at all. He had some trifling bruises and a scratch on the collar-bone.

Nobody was cold now. The odds were sixteen and a quarter upon Helmsgail against Phelem-ghe-Madone.

— Take your muffler, said Kilter to Phelem-ghe-Madone, and, cramming the bloody flannel rag into a bottle, he washed it with gin. Then he retouched his mouth, and Phelem-ghe-Madone opened one peeper. His temples seemed cracked.

— Another round, friend, said Kilter. And he added—For the honor of the lower classes.

The Welsh and Irish heard it. Nevertheless, Phelem-ghe-Madone gave no sign that indicated the least intelligence.

Phelem-ghe-Madone raised himself, Kilter helping him. It was the twenty-fifth round. After the manner of a Cyclop, for he had but one eye. He got into position. It was understood

that this was the closing round, and nobody doubted that he had lost. He raised his guard above his chin, folly of a dying man. Helmsgail, scarcely sweating, cried out,

—I back myself. A thousand to one!

Helmsgail, raising his arm, struck a blow, and, what was strange, both fell together. A grunt of satisfaction was heard.

It was Phelem-ghe-Madone that gave it.

He had taken advantage of the terrible blow that Helmsgail had given him on the skull, to give him one, a foul blow, on the navel.

Helmsgail, at full length, rattled in the throat.

The spectators saw Helmsgail on the ground, and said,

—Paid off.

Everybody clapped his hands, even the losers.

Phelem-ghe-Madone had given foul blow for foul blow, and dealt after his right.

They carried Helmsgail off in a wheel-barrow. The opinion was that he would not recover. Lord Robartes cried out—I win twelve hundred guineas. Phelem-ghe-Madone had evidently been maimed for life.

Going away, Josiane took Lord David's arm, which is allowed to engaged people. She said to him,

—This was very fine, but—

—But what?

—I had supposed it would relieve my ennui. But it has not.

Lord David stopped, looked at Josiane, closed his mouth, and puffed out his cheeks in shaking his head, which signifies, attention! and said to the duchess:

—For ennui there is but one remedy.

—What?

—Gwynplaine.

The duchess asked:

—What is gwynplaine?

BOOK II.

GWYNPLAINE AND DEA.

I.

A SIGHT OF THE MAN'S FACE, WHOSE ACTIONS ONLY HAVE BEEN SEEN HITHERTO.

Nature had been prodigal in her gifts to Gwynplaine. She had given him a mouth stretching from ear to ear, ears coming forward upon his eyes, a shapeless nose adjusted for balancing the spectacles of a grimace-maker, and a countenance that you could not look at without laughing.

We have said that Nature had showered her gifts upon Gwynplaine. But was it Nature?

Had she not been aided?

A pair of eyes shining apparently with a borrowed light, a vacuum for a mouth, a snubbed protuberance with two holes that were nostrils, a squashed mass by way of face, and all this producing a joyous effect—it is certain that Nature, of herself, cannot produce such masterpieces.

Only, are laughing and joy synonymous?

If, in presence of this buffoon—for a buffoon he was—you let your first hilarious impression pass off, and observed the man closely, you would recognize in him the trace of art. Such a phiz is not accidental, but designed. It is not in Nature to be perfect to this point. Man can add nothing to his beauty, but every thing to his ugliness. You can't make a Roman profile, out of a Hottentot profile; but out of a Greek nose you can make a Calmuck nose. It was not unadvisedly that the

low Latin of the middle ages invented the verb *denasare*. In Gwynplaine's childhood, had he been an object of so much attention, that some one was interested in him to the extent of modifying his visage? Why not, were it only for purposes of exhibition and speculation? According to all appearance, certain laborious handlers of children had been working upon his countenance. It seemed evident that a mysterious and probably hidden science, which bore to surgery the relations of alchemy to chemistry, had chiselled this flesh, certainly at a very early age, and made up, with premeditation, this physiognomy. This science — skilled in quarterings, in obtusions, and in ligatures—had slit the mouth, sundered the lips, laid bare the gums, distended the ears, jumbled together the cartilages, misshaped the eyebrows and the cheeks, enlarged the zygomatic muscle, smoothed over (as with a stomp in drawing) the seams and scars, brought back the skin over the lesions, while keeping the surface agape—and, from this valid and deep sculpturing, had come forth the mask, Gwynplaine.

No one is born thus.

At any rate, Gwynplaine was a perfect success. Gwynplaine was a boon conferred by Providence upon the sadness of man. By what Providence? Is there a Demon Providence, as there is a God Providence? We suggest the question, but do not attempt to answer it.

Gwynplaine was a mountebank. He exhibited himself in public. None other could approach him, for effect. He cured hypochondriacs by simply showing himself. People in mourning kept out of his way, discomposed as they were and forced into indecent laughter, if they caught sight of him. One day, the executioner came, and Gwynplaine made him laugh. You saw Gwynplaine, and you held your sides; he spoke, and you held your sides; he spoke again, and you fell down in a fit of laughter. He was the antipodes of chagrin. Spleen was one extreme; Gwynplaine the other.

Thus, at fairs and in public places, he had rapidly achieved the very desirable renown of a man-monster.

It was in laughing that Gwynplaine made others laugh. And, nevertheless, he did not laugh himself. His face laughed—not his fancy. The exceptional sort of visage, that chance or a quaintly special calling had fashioned, was all that laughed. Gwynplaine had nothing to do with it. What was without was not dependent on what was within. This laugh—that he had not himself imprinted on his forehead, on his cheeks, on his eyebrows, on his mouth—he could not remove from them. An everlasting laugh had been stamped upon his countenance. It was a compulsory laugh, and so much the more irresistible, that it was petrified. No one could sneak away from this grin. Two movements of the mouth are catching—the laugh and the yawn. By virtue of the mysterious operation, probably undergone by Gwynplaine in childhood, every portion of his face contributed to this grin; all his physiognomy tended thitherward, as the spokes of a wheel toward the hub; all his emotions, of whatever kind, augmented—or, we should better say, aggravated—this uncouth semblance of gayety. A surprise coming upon him, a pain felt by him, anger taking hold of him, a sense of pity that he might have experienced, would but have increased this hilarity of the muscles. If he had cried, he would have laughed; and whatsoever Gwynplaine did, whatsoever he desired, whatsoever he thought, so soon as he raised his head, the crowd, if crowd there were, had before its eyes this apparition—a convulsive burst of laughing.

Figure to yourself a Medusa's head—jocund!

All that might be on the mind was put to rout by this unexpected air; you must needs laugh.

Ancient art was wont to display, upon the front of theatres, a face in brass, joyous. This face was called Comedy! The bronze seemed to laugh, and provoked laughter, and was pensive. All the caricature that leads up to madness, all the irony that leads up to wisdom, were condensed and amalgamated in this visage. The aggregate of cares, of disillusions, of disgusts, and of sorrows, stamped itself upon the impassible forehead, and gave forth that lugubrious total—mirth. One corner of the mouth was drawn up, on the human side, by mockery; the other corner, on the divine side, by blasphemy. Men confronted, in this model of ideal sarcasm, the ironical mirror that every one has within himself; and the crowd, renewed unceasingly around this persistent laugh, was charmed with the sepulchral immobility of the giggle. Of this sombre dead mask of antique comedy, adjusted to a living man, it might almost be said that it was Gwynplaine. On his neck he bore the same infernal head of unpitying hilarity.—An eternal laugh—what a burden for the shoulders of a man!

An eternal laugh! Let us understand each other, and explain. According to the Manichæans, the absolute yields at intervals, and Divinity itself is not without intermission. Let us be explicit, also, touching the will. We do not admit that it can ever be entirely powerless. All existence resembles a letter, which the postscript modifies. For Gwynplaine the postscript was herein: by force of will, and in concentrating all his mind, and on condition that no emotion intervened to distract him and unbend the fixity of his effort, he could succeed in suspending the eternal grin upon his face, and in throwing over it a sort of tragic veil. Then there was no more laughing before him; men shuddered.

Let us add that Gwynplaine scarcely ever made this effort, for the fatigue of it was painful and the tension hard to bear. Besides, it was sufficient that there should be the least distraction or the least emotion, for the laugh—chased away for a moment—to reappear, irresistible as the tidal reflux, upon his face; and so much the more intense was it, as the emotion had been powerful, be it what it might.

With this restriction, Gwynplaine's laugh was eternal.

People saw Gwynplaine; they laughed. When they had laughed, they turned away their heads. The women, above all, were horror-struck. The man was frightful. The jocose convulsion was, as it were, a tribute paid; it was joyously undergone, but almost mechanically. After which—the laugh once chilled—it was intolerable for a woman to see Gwynplaine, impossible to study him.

Beyond this, he was tall, well made, agile, and in no way deformed save in countenance. This was an indication, furthermore added to the presumption that there was to be seen, in Gwynplaine, rather a creation of art than a work of Nature. Gwynplaine, handsome in figure, had probably been handsome in face. At birth, he must have been like any other baby. They had kept the body intact, and had only touched up the face.

Such, at least, was the probability of the case.

They had left him his teeth. The teeth are requisite in laughing. The death's-head keeps them.

The operation performed upon him must have been fearful. He had no recollection of it, which was no proof that he had not undergone it. This

surgical sculpture could only succeed upon a child very young, and, in consequence, having little cognizance of what happened to it, and easily capable of mistaking a wound for a sore. Besides, in those days, be it remembered, means for putting the patient to sleep, and for suppressing pain, were known. Only, at that period, they were called magic. Nowadays they are called anæsthesia.

In addition to this physiognomy, those who brought him up had provided him with the accomplishments of the gymnast and the athlete. His joints, usefully dislocated, and adapted for bendings backward, had received the clown's training, and could, like the hinges of a door, move themselves in either direction. In fitting him for the mountebank's trade, nothing had been neglected.

His hair had been dyed with ochre, once for all—a secret rediscovered in our own day. Pretty women use it now; what disfigured in former times is now thought to embellish. Gwynplaine had yellow hair. This hair-dye, corrosive, apparently, had left it woolly and awry. These tawny bristles, more like a mane than a head of hair, covered and hid a lofty skull, made for purposes of thought. The operation, such as it was, that had taken away all harmony from the countenance, and thrown all this flesh into disorder, had laid no hold upon the bony lid. Gwynplaine's facial angle was surprisingly marked with power. Behind the laugh there was a soul, that dreamed, as we all dream.

For the rest, this laugh was, for Gwynplaine, a definite talent. He could not control it at all; but he derived advantage from it. By means of this laugh he gained his livelihood.

Gwynplaine—as you have, without doubt, already perceived—was that child abandoned, one winter's evening, upon the coast of Portland, and sheltered at Weymouth, in a poor hut upon wheels.

II.

DEA.

The child was now a man. Fifteen years had slipped away. It was 1705. Gwynplaine was twenty-five.

Ursus had kept with him the two children. This had constituted a nomad group.

Ursus and Homo had grown old. Ursus had become entirely bald. The wolf had become gray. The age of wolves is not determined like that of dogs. According to Molin, there are wolves that live eighty years: among others, the small Koupara, *caviæ vorus*, and the strong-smelling wolf, *canis nubilus* of Say.

The little girl found upon the dead woman was now a tall personage of sixteen, pale, with brown hair, slight, frail, almost tremulous by reason of delicateness, and causing fear lest one should dismember her, beautiful exceedingly, with eyes full of light, blind.

The fatal winter's night, that had cast down upon the snow the beggar-woman and her child, had dealt a double stroke. It had killed the mother and blinded the daughter.

Amaurosis had forever paralyzed the eyeballs of this girl, in her turn become a woman. In her countenance, across which the light reached her not, the corners of the lips sorrowfully turned downward were expressive of this bitter disappointment. Her eyes, large and clear, were strange in this respect — quenched for herself, they were brilliant for others. Mysterious torches, illumining only what was without. She gave forth light, she who had it not. Those eyes, effaced,

were resplendent. Captive of darkness, she whitened the gloomy circle around her. From the depth of her incurable eclipse, from behind the black wall that we term blindness, she jetted forth radiance. She saw not the sun outside of her; and you could see, in her, her soul.

Her dead look had a celestial intensity, that is indescribable.

She was the night; and, from this remediless shade amalgamated with herself, she came out, a star.

Ursus, crazy about Latin names, had christened her Dea. He had in some degree consulted his wolf. He had said to Homo—You represent man: I represent the beast. We are the world below; this little one shall represent the world on high. Such weakness is omnipotence. In this fashion, the universe complete, humanity, bestiality, divinity, will be in our hut.—The wolf had made no objection.

And thus it was that the foundling was called Dea.

As for Gwynplaine, Ursus had no trouble in inventing a name for him. On the very morning of the day, when he had ascertained the little boy's disfigurement and the little girl's blindness, he had asked: — Boy, what's your name? And the lad had replied,— They call me Gwynplaine.

— Gywnplaine let it be! Ursus had said.

Dea assisted Gwynplaine in his exercises.

If human misery could be summed up, it might have been in Gwynplaine and Dea. They seemed to have been born, each in a compartment of the sepulchre; Gwynplaine in the horrible, Dea in the obscure. There was for Gwynplaine, who could see, a harrowing possibility, that had no existence for Dea, being blind: that of comparing himself with other men. Now, in a position like that of Gwynplaine—admitting that he sought to take account of it—to compare himself was no longer to understand himself. To have, like Dea, a void look, whence the world is absent, is a supreme affliction; less, however, than this: to be an enigma to one's own self; to feel also that something is absent, which is one's self; to see the universe, and not to see one's self. Dea had a veil—the darkness; Gwynplaine had a mask—his face. Circumstance unspeakable: it was with his own flesh that Gwynplaine was masked! What his countenance was, he knew not. His face was in a swoon. They had put upon him his mock self. For visage, he had a spiriting-away. The head lived, and the visage was dead. He did not remember to have seen it. The human race, for Dea as for Gwynplaine, was a fact out of themselves; they were far from it. She was alone, he was alone; the isolation of Dea was funereal—she saw nothing; the isolation of Gwynplaine was sinister — he saw every thing. For Dea, creation passed not the bounds of hearing and touch; her real was narrow, limited, short, lost all at once; her only infinite was darkness. For Gwynplaine, to live was to have the crowd forever before him, and forever beyond his reach. Dea was proscribed from light; Gwynplaine was banished from life. The two, unquestionably, might abandon themselves over to despair. The depth of possible calamity was touched. They were in it, he and she alike. An observer, who had seen them, might have felt his musing resolve itself into measureless pity. What must they not suffer? A decree of ill weighed visibly upon these two human creatures; and never had fatality better laid out a destiny of torture and a life of hell, for two beings who had nothing done.

They were in a paradise.

They loved each other.

Gwynplaine adored Dea. Dea idolized Gwynplaine.

— You are so handsome! said she to him.

III.

"OCULOS NON HABET, ET VIDET."

One single woman upon earth saw Gwynplaine. It was this blind one.

What Gwynplaine had been for her, she knew from Ursus, to whom Gwynplaine had told the story of his rude march from Portland to Weymouth, and of the agonies mixed up with his abandonment. She knew that, when quite a little baby, dying upon a dead mother, sucking at a corpse, a being, only somewhat less small than herself, had picked her up; that this being, stricken out, and, as it were, buried under the gloom of universal rejection, had heard her cry; that, all being deaf for him, he had not been deaf for her; that this child, isolated, feeble, cast out, with nothing to lean upon, dragging himself through the desert, worn out with fatigue, broken down, had accepted from the hands of night the burden of another child; that he, who had nothing to expect in the dubious distribution that is termed fate, had charged himself with a destiny; that, in destitution, in agony, in distress, he had constituted himself a providence; that, Heaven closing itself, he had opened his heart; that, being lost, he had saved; that, having nor roof nor shelter, he had been a refuge; that he had made himself mother and nurse; that he, himself alone in the world, had replied to abandonment by an adoption; that in darkness he had set this example; that, not finding himself sufficiently weighed down, he had not objected to another's misery in addition; that upon this earth, whereon it seemed that there was nothing for him, he had fallen upon an object of duty; that there, where all might have hesitated, he had gone forward; that there, where all would have recoiled, he had consented; that he had put his hand into the sepulchre's mouth, and had drawn out her, Dea; that, half naked, he had given his rags, because she was cold; that, hungry, he had thought of making her drink and eat; that, for her so little, he, the little one, had combated death; that he had combated it under every form, under the form of winter and snow, under the form of solitude, under the form of terror, under the form of cold and hunger and thirst, under the form of tempest; that for her, Dea, this Titan of ten years had waged battle with the immensity of night. She knew that he had done this, being a child, and that now, being a man, he was her strength for her who was weak, her wealth for her who was poor, her cure for her who was sick, her eye for her who was blind. Through the dense unknown, by which she felt herself held at distance, she distinguished clearly this devotion, this self-sacrifice, this courage. Heroism, in the region of the immaterial, has a form. She caught this form sublime. She perceived the mysterious outlines of Virtue, within that inexpressible abstraction where dwells the mind unillumined by the sun. Amid the surroundings of obscure objects set in motion, which was the only impression made upon her by reality—in that unquiet stagnation of the passive creature ever watchful against possible peril—in that sensation of being therein without defence, which is all the existence of the blind—she made out Gwynplaine above her, Gwynplaine never chilled, never absent, never eclipsed; Gwynplaine tender, helpful, gentle. Dea thrilled with this certainty and with gratitude. Her anxiety, reassured, tended to ecstasy; and, from her eyes surcharged with shadows, she contemplated at the zenith

of her abyss this goodness, as it were immeasurable light.

In the ideal, goodness is the sun; and Gwynplaine dazzled Dea.

For the crowd—which has too many heads to have a thought, and too many eyes to have a look—for the crowd—which itself a surface, stops short at surfaces—Gwynplaine was a clown, a buffoon, a mountebank, a grotesque creature, a little more and a little less than an animal. The crowd knew nothing but his face.

For Dea, Gwynplaine was the saviour who had picked her up in the tomb, and brought her out thence, the consoler who had made existence possible for her, the liberator whose hand she felt in her own amid the labyrinth of darkness. Gwynplaine was the brother, the friend, the guide, the support, the semblance of one from above, the winged and radiant spouse. There, where the multitude saw a monster, she saw an archangel.

The fact was, Dea, being blind, perceived his soul.

IV.

THE LOVERS PAIRED.

Ursus, philosopher, understood it. He approved of Dea's fascination.

He said:

— The blind one sees the invisible.

He said:

— Conscience is sight.

He looked at Gwynplaine, and muttered to himself:

— Half monster, but half god.

Gwynplaine, on his part, was infatuated with Dea. There is the invisible eye, the mind; and there is the visible eye, the eyeball. It was with the visible eye that he saw her. Dea was dazzled through the ideal; Gwynplaine, through the real. Gwynplaine was not ugly—he was hideous; he had before him his contrast. By as much as he was terrible, by so much was Dea charming. He was horror; she was grace. There was something of fancy in Dea. She seemed to be a dream partially embodied. There was in all her person, in her Æolian cast, in her delicate and supple figure, tremulous as a reed, in her shoulders perchance invisibly winged, in the discreet rounding of the forms that indicated her sex—though rather to the spirit than to the senses—in her pallor which was almost a transparency, in the solemn and serene introspection of her look divinely closed against earth, in the hallowed innocence of her smile—an exquisite approach to the angelic, while she was none the less sufficiently a woman.

Gwynplaine, as we have said, made comparisons, as regarded himself, and as regarded Dea. His existence, such as it was, was the result of a double and unwonted adoption. It was the intersecting point of two rays, one from below and one from above, one black, the other white. The same crumb perhaps, pecked at simultaneously by the respective beaks of good and evil, the one bringing with it a bite, the other a kiss. Gwynplaine was this crumb, an atom bruised and caressed. Gwynplaine was the issue of a fatality mixed up with a providence. Misfortune had laid a finger on him, and good fortune also. Two widely sundered destinies had made up his wayward lot. Anathema and benediction were upon him. He was the accursed and the elect. Who was he? He knew not. Looking at himself, he saw a stranger. But the stranger was a monstrosity. Gwynplaine lived in a state of decapitation, having a countenance that was not himself. This countenance was horrible, so horrible as to be amusing. It gave rise to so much fear, that it made one laugh. It was infernally

ludicrous. It was the wreck of the human face in a bestial mask. Never had been seen upon the human visage a more total eclipse of man; never had parody been more perfect; never had outline more squalid sneered in a nightmare; never had all that could be repulsive to a woman been more hideously amalgamated in a man. The wretched heart, masked and calumniated by the face, seemed forever doomed to solitude beneath the visage, as beneath the lid of a tomb. And yet, not so! There, where some mysterious malice had exhausted itself, invisible beneficence in its turn had been lavish. In this poor down-fallen one, suddenly raised up, it inspired what is attractive, side by side with all that repels; amid dangers it planted a loving nature; it winged the flight of a soul toward the forsaken; it charged the dove to console the thunder-stricken; it caused deformity to be adored by beauty.

For this to be possible, need was that the fair one saw not the disfigured one. For this blessing, this misfortune was requisite. Providence had made Dea blind.

Vaguely did Gwynplaine perceive that he was the object of a redemption. Wherefore the persecution? He knew not. Wherefore the ransom? He knew not. A halo of glory had come and settled itself over the blight that was on him; this was all he knew. Ursus, when Gwynplaine was old enough to understand it, had read and explained to him the text of Doctor Conquest *De Denasatis*, and in another folio, *Hugo Plagon*,* the passage *nares habens mutilas;* but Ursus had prudently abstained from conjectures, and had specially guarded himself against conclusions of any sort. Suppositions were possible; the probability of violence having been done to Gwynplaine's infancy was glanced at; but, for Gwynplaine, there was only one thing in evidence, the result. His fate, it was to live under a brand imprinted. Why this brand? There was no answer. Silence and solitude around Gwynplaine. All was shifting, in the conjectures that could be brought to bear upon this tragic reality; and nothing, save the terrible fact, was certain. In this extremity, Dea intervened; a sort of heavenly interposition between Gwynplaine and despair. Touched, and as it were rewarmed, he noted how the sweetness of this exquisite girl leaned toward his hideousness. A paradisiacal astonishment softened his Draconian face. Formed to appall, there was for him the marvellous exception of being admired and worshipped by light in its ideal; and, monster himself, he felt that a star was contemplating him.

Gwynplaine and Dea, they were a pair; and these two pathetic hearts adored each other. One nest, and two birds; there is their story. They had reëntered into the universal law, which is to love, to seek, and to find.

In such manner, that hate had made a mistake. The persecutors of Gwynplaine, whoever they were—the enigmatical implacableness, come whence it might—had missed their aim. They had desired to make a man abandoned to despair; they had made one enraptured. They had affianced him in advance, to a grievous wound; they had predestined him to be consoled by an affliction. The executioner's pincers had been softly transformed into a woman's hand. Gwynplaine was horrible, artificially horrible, horrible by the hand of man. They had hoped to isolate him forever—from his family in the first place, if he had relations, and from humanity thereafter. A child, they had made of him a ruin; but Nature had reclaimed this ruin, as she re-

* Versio Gallica, Will. Tyris, lib. 2, chap. 23.

claims all ruins; Nature had consoled this solitude, as she consoles all solitudes. Nature comes to the rescue of all that is renounced. There, where all is wanting, she rebestows herself in whole; she reflowers and covers again with verdure all that has fallen down; she has ivy for stones, and love for men.

Profound munificence of the shadowy!

V.

THE BLUE IN THE BLACK.

Thus, one by aid of the other, lived these hapless ones; Dea supported, Gwynplaine accepted.

This orphan woman had this orphan man. This fragile one had this deformed one.

These widowhoods espoused each other.

An ineffable thanksgiving grew out of these two afflictions. They thanked.

Whom?

The darksome Infinitude.

The mere act of acknowledgment suffices. Thanksgiving has wings, and penetrates where it ought to penetrate. Your prayer goes further lengths than you go.

How many men have thought that they were praying to Jupiter, and have prayed to Jehovah! How many believers in amulets have been heard by the Infinite! How many atheists fail to perceive that, by the sole fact of being good and sorrowful, they are praying to God!

Gwynplaine and Dea were grateful.

Deformity is expulsion. Blindness is a precipice. The expulsion was adopted; the precipice was habitable.

Gwynplaine saw coming down to him in full light—in an ordering of destiny that resembled the setting forth of a dream—a white cloud of beauty in woman's form, a radiant vision wherein was a heart; and this apparition, half cloud and woman notwithstanding, clasped him, and this vision embraced him, and this heart favored him. Gwynplaine, being loved, was no longer deformed. A rose asked a caterpillar in marriage, perceiving in this caterpillar the paragon butterfly. Gwynplaine, the rejected one, was chosen.

To have what is essential—that is every thing. Gwynplaine had his; Dea had hers. The abjectness of the disfigured one, alleviated and as it were made sublime, dilated itself in exaltation, in ecstasy, in faith. The sombre hesitation of the blind one in her darkness was met by an outstretched hand.

It was the entry of two miseries into the ideal, this one absorbing that one. Two excluded ones gave each other admission. Two voids combined to fill each other up. They laid hold of that which was wanting. Where one was poor, therein the other was rich. The misfortune of one made the other's treasure. If Dea had not been blind, would she have chosen Gwynplaine? If Gwynplaine had not been disfigured, would he have preferred Dea? She would probably have liked deformity no better than he would have liked infirmity. What happiness for Dea, that Gwynplaine was hideous! What luck for Gwynplaine, that Dea was blind! Outside of their providential watching each other, there was impossibility between them. A prodigious need, one of the other, was the basis of their love. Gwynplaine saved Dea; Dea saved Gwynplaine. A meeting of afflictions, resulting in adherence! The embrace of the engulfed in the abyss! Nothing more contracted, nothing more desperate, nothing more exquisite!

Gwynplaine had one thought:

—What should I be, without her?

Dea had one thought:

—What should I be, without him?

These two banishments led up to one country; these two incurable fatalities —the brand upon Gwynplaine, and Dea's blindness—effected their junction in contentment. They were all in all to each other; they imagined nothing beyond themselves. To converse together was a delight; to draw near each other was bliss. By force of mutual intuition, they had reached a unity of ideas; they two thought the same thought. When Gwynplaine walked, Dea imagined that she heard a step in an apotheosis. They leaned one against the other in a sort of sidereal twilight, full of perfume, of glimmerings, of music, of luminous architecture, of dreams. They belonged each to the other. They felt that they were united forever, in the same joy and in the same rapture. Nothing so strange as this construction of an Eden by two of the condemned.

They were inexpressibly happy.

Out of their hell they had made a heaven. Such, O Love, is thy power!

Dea heard Gwynplaine laugh; and Gwynplaine saw Dea smile.

Thus an ideal felicity was found; the perfect joy of life was realized; the vague problem of happiness was solved. And by whom? By two poor wretches.

For Gwynplaine, Dea was the "splendor." For Dea, Gwynplaine was the "presence."

The presence, profound mystery, which makes the invisible divine, and whence results that other mystery, faith. In religions, there is this only of irreducible. But this irreducible suffices. One sees not the great being essential to our existence; one feels it.

Gwynplaine was Dea's religion.

Sometimes, distracted with love, she threw herself on her knees before him, as it were a fair priestess adoring the full-blown gnome of a pagoda.

Picture to yourself the bottomless pit, and in the midst of it an oasis of brilliancy, and in this oasis these two beings, beyond this life, bedazzling each other.

No purity comparable to that of these love-passages. Dea knew not what a kiss was, albeit perhaps she desired it, for blindness, especially in a woman, has its fancies, and, though trembling at the approaches of the unknown, does not shrink from them all. As for Gwynplaine, the emotions of youth made him pensive. The more he felt himself fascinated, the more timid was he. He might have ventured to any lengths with this companion of his early years; with her who was as unfamiliar with sin as with light; but he would have thought himself to be stealing what she might have given. He resigned himself, with complacent melancholy, to loving in angelic fashion, and the sense of his deformity resolved itself into dignified bashfulness.

Such was this idyl, growing out of a tragedy.

VI.

URSUS TUTOR, AND URSUS GUARDIAN.

Ursus had been, for Gwynplaine and Dea, almost a father and a mother. Murmuring all the time, he had reared them; scolding all the time, he had nourished them. This adoption having made the hut upon wheels heavier, he had been obliged to harness himself more frequently with Homo, to drag it.

Let us add that, after the first few years, when Gwynplaine was almost grown up and Ursus was quite old, it had been Gwynplaine's turn to drag Ursus.

Ursus, seeing Gwynplaine grow bigger, had cast the horoscope of his deformity.—They have made your fortune! was his remark.

This family, of an old man, two children, and a wolf, had become—with all

their prowling about—a group more and more closely bound together.

The wandering life had not prevented education. To wander is to thrive, said Ursus. Gwynplaine was evidently made to be exhibited at fairs. Ursus had cultivated in him the mountebank; and in this mountebank, to the best of his ability, he had incrusted learning and wisdom. Ursus, arrested before the dumfoundering mask of Gwynplaine, muttered: "A good beginning has been made of him." That is why he had finished him off with all the ornaments of philosophy and knowledge.

Often did he repeat to Gwynplaine—Be a philosopher! To be wise is to be invulnerable. Such as you see me, I have never wept. Strength of my wisdom. Do you think, if I had desired to weep, that I should have lacked an occasion?

Ursus, in his monologues, whereto the wolf was a listener, remarked:—I have taught Gwynplaine every thing, Latin included, and Dea nothing, including music. He had taught them both to sing. He had himself a pretty talent upon the wheaten pipe, a tiny flute of that day. He played it agreeably enough, as also the *chiffonie*, a mendicant's hurdy-gurdy, which the chronicle of Bertrand Duguesclin terms "instrument Fuand," and which is the starting-point of symphony. This music attracted the populace. Ursus showed the *chiffonie* to the crowd, and said: — In Latin, *organistrum*.

He had taught Dea and Gwynplaine singing, according to the method of Orpheus and of Egide Binchois. It occurred more than once that he cut short his lessons, with this cry of enthusiasm: Orpheus, musician of Greece! Binchois, musician of Picardy!

These complications of a careful education had not so far occupied the two children, as to hinder them from adoring each other. They had grown up, commingling their hearts, just as two saplings planted near together, in becoming trees, mingle their branches.

— It's all the same, murmured Ursus; I'll marry them.

And he grumbled, aside:

— They bore me with their love.

The past—the small portion that was theirs at least—had no existence for Gwynplaine and Dea. They knew, concerning it, just what Ursus had told them. They called Ursus, "Father."

Gwynplaine had no remembrance of his childhood, but as of the passing of demons over his cradle. He had an impression of it, as of having been stamped upon, in darkness, by deformed feet. Was this done purposely, or involuntarily? He did not know. What he recalled clearly, and in its every detail, was the tragic adventure of his abandonment. The godsend of Dea made for him, out of that terrible night, a radiant point of time.

Dea's recollections were still more obscure than Gwynplaine's. Having been so young, all had passed away. She recalled her mother as something cold. Had she ever seen the sun? Perhaps. She tried hard to replunge her mind into the swoon that was behind her. The sun? What was it? She remembered an indescribable something, luminous and warm, that had been replaced by Gwynplaine.

They conversed in low tones. Certain is it that to coo is the most important thing in the world. Dea said to Gwynplaine:—The light, it is when you are speaking.

VII.

BLINDNESS GIVES LESSONS IN CLAIRVOYANCE.

At times, Gwynplaine reproached himself. He made of his happiness an affair of conscience. He fancied that to let himself be loved by this woman, who could not see him, was to deceive

her. What would she say, if her eyes were suddenly opened? How would she be repelled, by what now attracts her? How would she recoil before so horrible a lover! What a shriek! What hands covering her face! What a plight! A harassing scruple tormented him. He said to himself that he, a monster, had no right to appropriate love. Hydra, worshipped by a star, it was his duty to enlighten this blinded luminary.

Once he said to Dea:

You know that I am very ugly?

— I know that you are sublime, was her reply.

He continued:

— When you hear everybody laughing, it is at me that they laugh, and because I am a horrible object.

—I love you, said Dea.

After a pause, she added:

— I was in death; you brought me back into life. With you there, heaven is at my side. Give me your hand, that I may touch Divinity.

Their hands sought and clasped each other; and they said never more a word, rendered silent by the plenitude of loving. The crabbed Ursus had overheard them. The next day, when they were all three together, he said:

—Besides, Dea is ugly also.

The words failed in their effect. Dea and Gwynplaine were not listening. Absorbed in each other, they seldom paid attention to Ursus's apothegms. Ursus was profound, and at a dead loss.

This time, however, the warning of Ursus, "Dea is ugly also," indicated in that learned man a certain knowledge of woman. Gwynplaine, without doubt, had committed, in all loyalty, an act of imprudence. Said to a very different woman, and to a very different blind person from Dea, the expression "I am ugly," might have been dangerous. To be blind, and to be in love, is to be doubly blind. In that situation, one dreams. Illusion is the nourishment of dreams; to deprive love of illusion is to take away the food on which it lives. All enthusiasm enters, usefully, into its formation; physical, no less than moral, admiration. Furthermore, one should never, with a woman, use an expression difficult to understand. She dreams over it; and often she dreams ill. An enigma in a dream makes havoc. The percussion of a word, that is let fall, disintegrates what adheres. It happens sometimes that, one knows not how, because it has received the chance-shock of a casual word, a heart becomes void insensibly. The being, who loves, is conscious of a diminution in his bliss. Nothing is to be feared so much as this slow trickling out from a cracked vase.

Fortunately, Dea was not of this clay.

The stuff for making womankind in general had not served for her. A rare nature was Dea. The body was fragile; the heart not. What was at the very root of her being, was a divine perseverance in love.

All the mischief, wrought upon her by Gwynplaine's expression, led to making her say to him, one day, these words:

— To be ugly, what is that? It is to do evil. Gwynplaine does nothing but good. He is handsome.

Then, always under that form of interrogation familiar to children and blind people, she went on:

— To see? What do you call seeing, you others? I do not see, I; I know. It seems that to see means to conceal.

— How do you mean? asked Gwynplaine.

Dea answered:

— To see is something that hides the truth.

— No! said Gwynplaine.

— Yes, I tell you, replied Dea, since you tell me that you are ugly!

She thought a moment, and added:

— Liar!

And Gwynplaine had the dear delight of having avowed, and of not be-

ing believed. His conscience was at ease; his love also.

Thus had they reached, she sixteen years, he twenty-five.

They were not, as one would say now, more advanced than in the first day.

Their caresses went not much beyond hands pressed.

Twenty-five years, and sixteen! This brought it about that, one morning, Ursus, not losing sight of his "bad turn," said to them:

— One of these days you will choose a religion.

— For what purpose? asked Gwynplaine.

— To be married by.

— But that's done, replied Dea.

Dea did not understand how they could be husband and wife, more than they were.

In the main, this chimerical and virginal contentedness, this ingenuous satiating of soul by soul, this celibacy, taken for marriage, was not displeasing to Ursus. What he said of it was said because he was bound to say something. But the physician within him found Dea, if not too young, at least too delicate and too frail for what he termed "hymen in the flesh and bone."

That would always come soon enough.

Besides, were they not married? If the indissoluble exist anywhere, was it not in this cohesion, Gwynplaine and Dea? Rare circumstance, they were adorably cast into each other's arms by misfortune! And as though this first bond were not sufficient, love had come to attach itself to misfortune, to be enveloped in it, to be closely bound to it. What force could ever break the iron chain, made firmer by the knot of flowers?

There, in truth, must be the inseparables.

Dea had beauty, Gwynplaine had sight. Each brought a dowry; and they made more than a couple—they made a pair, kept apart only by innocence; a sacred interposition.

Nevertheless, it was in vain that Gwynplaine went on dreaming, and absorbed himself as far as he could in contemplation of Dea, and in the spiritual tribunal of his love; he was man. There is no eluding the laws of fatality. He underwent, as does Nature throughout all her immensity, the secret workings ordained by the Creator. This, at times when he appeared in public, made him eye the women who were in the crowd; but he turned away immediately this untoward look, and hastened to reënter, repentant, into his inner self.

Let it be added, that encouragement was wanting upon the countenances of all the women at whom he looked; he saw aversion, antipathy, repugnance, rejection. It was clear that, for him, none other but Dea was possible. This aided him in his repentance.

VIII.

NOT HAPPINESS ONLY, BUT PROSPERITY.

How much truth there is in fables! Remorse for an evil thought is the searching touch of an invisible devil.

In Gwynplaine's case, the evil thought was not yet hatched, and he never felt remorse. But, occasionally, he felt regret.

Vague film of conscience!

What was there in it? Nothing.

Their good fortune was complete. So complete that they were no longer even poor.

Between 1689 and 1704, a great change had taken place.

It happened sometimes, in this year 1704, that, at nightfall, a large and heavy caravan, drawn by two strong horses, made its entry into such or such small sea-coast town. It was like the hull of a vessel turned upside-down, the keel for roof, the deck for floor, and set upon four wheels. The wheels were all of the same size, and no higher

than those of stone-carts. Wheels, pole, and body—all was painted in green, with a rhythmical gradation of shades, varying, from bottle-green on the wheels, to apple-green on the roofing. This green color had ended by setting a mark upon the vehicle; and it became well known wherever fairs were held. They called it the Green-Box. This Green-Box had only two windows, one at each end, and a door behind, with steps. Above the roof, from a funnel painted green like the rest, issued the smoke. This peripatetic house was always newly varnished and freshly washed. In front, upon a bracket-seat attached to the vehicle and with access to it through the window, above the horses' hind-quarters and by the side of an old man who held the reins and managed the team, two trolloping women of the gypsy tribe, costumed as goddesses, sounded the trumpet. The wonder-stricken citizens stared at and commented upon this machine, as it rudely jolted about.

It was the old establishment of Ursus, amplified by success, and promoted from a mountebank's stage to a theatre.

An animal, something between dog and wolf, was chained under the caravan. This was Homo.

The old whip, driving the hacks, was the philosopher himself in person.

Whence came this expansion of the miserable hut into an Olympian car?

From this fact: Gwynplaine was a celebrity.

It was with a sagacious foresight of that which is success among men, that Ursus had said to Gwynplaine:—They have made your fortune!

Ursus, it will be remembered, had made Gwynplaine his pupil. Unknown persons had worked upon the visage. He himself had worked upon the intelligence; and, behind the mask so successfully wrought, had inserted all that he could of thought. So soon as the child, grown bigger, seemed to him worthy of it, Ursus had brought him upon the stage, that is to say upon the front board of the hut. The effect of this appearance had been extraordinary. All in a moment, the passers-by had admired. Nothing comparable to this surprising mimic laugh had ever been seen. No one knew how the miracle of communicable hilarity had been obtained. Some thought it natural, some artificial; and, conjecture being added to reality, everywhere, in the public places, in the markets, in the various stations of fair and fête, the crowd flung itself upon Gwynplaine. Thanks to this "great attraction," a shower had fallen into the poor money-box of the wandering group—first of farthings, then of pennies, and finally of shillings. One field for curiosity exhausted, they passed on to another. The rolling stone does not grow rich, but the rolling hut does: and thus from year to year, from town to town, with the growth of Gwynplaine's figure and of his ugliness, the fortune came that Ursus had predicted.

— What a service they rendered you there, my boy! said Ursus.

This "fortune" had allowed Ursus, the administrator of Gwynplaine's success, to have the vehicle of his dreams constructed; that is to say, a caravan large enough to carry a theatre and sow science and art in the public squares. Further still, Ursus had been enabled to add to the group composed of himself, of Homo, of Gwynplaine, Dea, two horses and two women, the latter of whom were goddesses in the troop, as we have just remarked, and servants. A mythological frontispiece was useful in those days, to a mountebank's booth. — We are a wandering temple! said Ursus.

These two trolloping women, picked up by the philosopher in the nomadic pell-mell of towns and suburbs, were ugly and young, and were called, by de-

cree of Ursus, the one Phœbe, and the other Venus. Read: *Fibi* and *Vinos*, seeing that it is proper to conform to English pronunciation.

Phœbe did the cooking, and Venus scrubbed the temple.

Furthermore, on the days of performance, they dressed Dea.

Outside of what constitutes—for mountebanks as for princes—public life, Dea, like Fibi and Vinos, wore a Florentine skirt in flowered stuff, and a woman's hooded cape, which, having no sleeves, left her arms free. Ursus and Gwynplaine wore men's hooded capes, and large shoulder-knots, like seamen in the navy. Gwynplaine had, in addition, for his exercises and exhibitions of strength, a leather pelerine round his neck and over his shoulders. He took care of the horses. Ursus and Homo took care of each other.

Dea, from being accustomed to the Green-Box, came and went in the interior of that rolling house, quite at her ease, and as though she could see.

An eye that could have penetrated into the recesses, and noted the arrangements of this travelling abode, might have perceived in one corner—fastened to the wooden sides and immovable upon its four wheels—the old hut of Ursus, put upon the retired list, having permission to rust, and henceforth exempted from rolling, as Homo from dragging.

This hut, set up in the back corner on right of the door, served as chamber and dressing-room for Ursus and Gwynplaine. It contained, now, two beds. In the opposite corner was the kitchen.

The arrangement on shipboard is not more compressed and precise than was the internal parcelling out of the Green-Box. Every thing therein was fixed, set in its place, provided for, designed.

The caravan was divided into three compartments, partitioned off. The compartments communicated by openings, without doors. A piece of stuff, let fall, closed them in a manner. The rear compartment was the men's lodging; the front compartment was the women's lodging; the middle compartment, separating the two sexes, was the theatre. The orchestral instruments and the accessories were in the kitchen. A loft under the arch of the roof contained the scenery; and, by opening a trap-door in the loft, lamps were unmasked that produced magical effects in lighting.

Ursus was the poet of these enchantments. He it was who got up the shows.

His were varied talents; he had special juggler's tricks of his own. Besides the voices that he made you hear, he brought out all sorts of unexpected things, abrupt transitions from light to darkness, spontaneous formations of ciphers or words at will upon the partition, lights and shadows mingled with the fading away of figures, and many another oddity, in the midst of all which, inattentive to the gaping crowd, he seemed to be meditating.

Gwynplaine had said to him one day:

— Father, you have the air of a magician.

And Ursus had replied:

— This comes, perhaps, from my being one.

The Green-Box, constructed according to a skilful diagram by Ursus, had one ingenious refinement. Between the two fore and hind wheels, the central left-hand panel worked upon a hinge by means of an adjustment of chains and pulleys, and could be lowered at will like a drawbridge. As it was lowered, it set at liberty three props, also on hinges, which, remaining vertical while the panel was down, set themselves upright upon the ground, like the legs of a table, and upheld above it, as it were, a stage, the panel converted into a platform. The theatre was at

the same time disclosed, enlarged by the platform which made the front of its stage. This opening—according to the out-of-doors Puritan preachers, who turned away from it with horror—absolutely resembled a mouth of hell. Probably it was for an impious invention of this kind that Solon had Thespis cudgelled.

Thespis, moreover, has lasted longer than is believed. The theatre on wheels still exists. It was upon movable boards of this sort that, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, they represented, in England, the ballets and the ballads of Amner and of Pilkington; in France, the pastorals of Gilbert Colin; in Flanders, at the fairs, the double choruses of Clement, called Non-Papa; in Germany, the Adam and Eve of Thailes; and in Italy, the Venetian shows of Animuccia and of Ca-Fossis, the Sylvæ of Gesualdo, Prince of Venousa, Laura Guidiccioni's "Satyr," the Despair of Philenus, "Ugolino's Death," by Vincent Galileo, father of the astronomer, the which Vincent Galileo sang his own music, accompanying himself on the viol di gamba, together with all those first attempts at Italian opera, which, after 1580, substituted free inspiration for the madrigal style.

The caravan, in its color emblematic of Hope, that bore Ursus and Gwynplaine and their fortunes, and at the head of which Fibi and Vinos trumpeted like a brace of Fames, was a link in all this grand chain, Bohemian and literary. Thespis would no more have disavowed Ursus, than Congris would have disavowed Gwynplaine.

On their arrival upon the public places in town or village, and in the intervals of Vinos and Fibi's flourishes, Ursus commented upon the trumpets, with instructive revelations.

— That symphony is Gregorian, he cried. Fellow-citizens, the Gregorian sacramental rite—that grand advance —has run a tilt in Italy against the Ambrosian rite, and in Spain against the Mozarabic rite, and has only triumphed over them with difficulty.

After which, the Green-Box came to a halt on some spot of Ursus' choosing; and in the evening, the panel stage-front was lowered down, and the performance began.

The theatre of the Green-Box represented a landscape, painted by Ursus, who didn't know how to paint; by reason of which, when required, the landscape could do duty as a subterranean vault.

The screen, that which we call the curtain, was a blind made of silk with variegated squares.

The public was outside, in the street, in the open place, grouped in a semi-circle around the show, under sunlight, or under sudden showers, an arrangement that made rain less desirable for theatres of that time, than for those of to-day. As often as they could, they gave representations in the court-yard of an inn. Hereby, they had as many tiers of boxes as there were rows of windows; and thus also, the more cramped the theatre, the larger the paying public.

Ursus figured everywhere in the piece, in the troupe, in the kitchen, in the orchestra. Vinos beat the kettle-drum, the sticks of which she handled marvellously; and Fibi thrummed the *morache*, a sort of gittern. The wolf had been promoted to be "utility man." He was decidedly a member of the company, and played occasionally the odds-and-ends of a part. Often, when they appeared side by side upon the stage, Ursus and Homo, Ursus in his bear-skin lightly laced, Homo in his wolf-skin better adjusted still, one could not make out which was the beast. This flattered Ursus.

IX.

EXTRAVAGANCES THAT TASTELESS FOLKS CALL POETRY.

Ursus's plays were interludes, a style somewhat out of vogue in these days. One of these pieces, which has not come down to us, was entitled *Ursus Rursus.* It is probable that he himself played the principal part in it. A wrong exit, followed by a reën-trance, was probably its subject — a sober and praiseworthy one.

The title of Ursus's interludes was sometimes in Latin, as you perceive, and the verse sometimes in Spanish. The Spanish verses of Ursus were rhymed, like nearly all the Castilian sonnets of that period. That did not trouble the people. Spanish was then a common tongue; and the English seamen spoke Castilian, just as the Roman soldiers spoke Carthaginian. Refer to Plautus. Besides, at the theatre, as at mass, the Latin or any other tongue, not understood by the audience, did not embarrass any one. They got out of any difficulty, by accompanying it gayly with well-known words. Our old Gallic France had this peculiar mode of being devout. At church, the faithful chanted *Liesse prendrai*, to an *Immolatus;* and *Baise-moi, ma mie*, to a *Sanctus.* A council of Trent was required to put a stop to these familiarities.

Ursus had composed one interlude for Gwynplaine, with which he was content. It was his masterpiece. He had laid himself thoroughly out in it. To gain his sum total in his product is the triumph of whoever creates. The female toad, conceiving a toad, makes a masterpiece. You doubt it? Try to do as much!

Ursus had licked this interlude over and over. The bear's whelp was entitled *Chaos Conquered.*

This is what it was:

An effect of night. At the moment when the blind was removed, the crowd, massed before the Green-Box, saw nothing but blackness. In this blackness, three confused forms were moving on the floor like reptiles—a wolf, a bear, and a man. The wolf was the wolf; Ursus was the bear; the man was Gwynplaine. The wolf and the bear represented the fierce forces of Nature —unconscious hunger, savage obscurity —and both threw themselves upon Gwynplaine; this was chaos combating with man. None of their faces could be distinguished. Gwynplaine did his fighting, covered with a sheet; and his face was hidden by his thick falling hair. Besides, all was in darkness. The bear growled; the wolf gnashed his teeth; the man shrieked. The man was underneath; the two beasts bore hard upon him. He shouted for help and relief; profound was his appeal to the unknown. He rattled in his throat. They were witnessing that agony of man in the rough, which is scarcely distinct from that of brutes. It was doleful; the crowd looked on, panting. A minute more, and the beasts would triumph; and chaos was about to reabsorb man. Struggles, cries, howls; and then, all at once, silence. A song in the shade; a breath had passed; they heard a voice. Mysterious music was floating round, accompanying this song of the invisible; and suddenly, one knew not how or whence, a whiteness grew up before them. This whiteness was light; this light was woman; this woman was mind. Dea, calm, pure, lovely, intimidating in her serenity and sweetness, appeared in the midst of a halo. Faint suggestion of brilliancy, at the dawn of day. The voice—it was she. Voice light-toned, but deep, ineffable. The invisible made apparent, in this day-dawn she was singing. You thought you heard an

angel's song, or the hymn of a bird. At this apparition, the man, raising himself up with a start of dazzled wonderment, let fall his two closed fists upon the two brutes overpowered.

Then the vision, borne forward by a gliding movement difficult to make out, and for that reason all the more admired, sang these verses in Spanish sufficiently pure for the English sailors who were the listeners:

Ora! Llora!
De palabra
Nace razon
Da luz el son.*

Then she let her eyes fall below her, as though she might have been looking into a gulf, and continued:

Noche quítate de allí!
El alba canta hallelí.†

By degrees as she sang, the man raised himself more and more, and, from a recumbent posture, was now kneeling, his hands lifted toward the vision, and his two knees set upon the two beasts, who were motionless and as it were thunderstricken. Turned toward him, she went on:

Es menester á cielos ir,
Y tu que llorabas reir.‡

And approaching with starry majesty, she added:

Quiebra barzon.
Deja Dextra, monstruo,
A tu negro
Caparazon.§

And she placed her hand upon his brow.

Then another voice was lifted up, deeper, and consequently sweeter still, a voice, broken-hearted and ecstatic, of a gravity tender and wild; and this was the human chant, in response to the chant from the stars. Gwynplaine all the while kneeling in the darkness upon the vanquished bear and wolf, with his head under Dea's hand, then sang:

O ven! ama!
Eres alma,
Soy carazon.*

And suddenly, in the darkness, a jet of light struck Gwynplaine full in the face.

The full-blown monster was made visible in the obscurity.

It would be impossible to describe the commotion in the crowd. A sun of laughter bursting out—such was the effect. Laughter is born of the unexpected; and nothing could be more unexpected than this winding-up. No shock comparable to this buffet of light upon this buffoonish and terrible mask. There was laughing round about this laughter; everywhere, above, below, in front, at the back; men, women, old bald-heads, rosy faces of children, the good, the bad. Gay folks, sad folks, all the world, and even passers-by in the street, those who saw not, hearing the laugh, laughed. And the laugh ended in clappings of hands and in stampings of feet. The blind let down, Gwynplaine was tumultuously recalled. Thence an enormous success. Have you seen *Chaos Conquered?* There was running after Gwynplaine. Carelessness came to laugh, melancholy came to laugh, evil consciences came to laugh. So irresistible was the laugh, that at moments it seemed as though it might be unwholesome. But if there be one pest that man shuns not, it is the contagion of mirth. For the rest, the success did not reach beyond the populace. A large crowd is a small audience. *Chaos Conquered* was seen for a penny. The fashionable world goes not where it can go for a penny.

Ursus did not think meanly of this

* Pray! Weep! Reason is born of the word. Song creates light.

† Night! Go away! The dawn is singing the death-whoop.

‡ Thou must go to heaven and laugh, thou who wert weeping.

§ Break the yoke! Leave, monster, thy black callipash!

* Oh, come, Love! Thou art soul; I am heart.

work, which he had been a long time hatching.

— It is in the style of a fellow named Shakspeare, said he modestly.

Dea's contiguity heightened the inexpressible effect of Gwynplaine. This blanched figure, by the side of this gnome, was a symbol of superhuman astonishment. The people regarded Dea with an approach to mysterious apprehension. Hers was a something supreme and indescribable, made up of the virgin and the priestess, ignorant of man and familiar with the Deity. One saw that she was blind, and yet one felt that she was seeing. She seemed to stand upon the threshold of the supernatural. She appeared to be half within our own range of light, and half in the brightness of another sphere. She came to do her work upon earth, and to work as Heaven works with the dawn. She found a hydra, and made a soul. She had the air of a creative faculty, content yet astounded with her creation. You imagined upon her visage, adorably terrified, the will to act, and surprise at the result. You felt that she was in love with her monster. Did she recognize his monstrosity? Yes, because she came in contact with him. No, because she accepted him. All this night, all this day, intermingled, resolved itself in the spectator's mind into a dim medium, peopled with infinite vistas. How divinity cleaves to the rough draft, in what guise the penetration of soul into matter is accomplished, how the solar ray constitutes an umbilical cord, how the disfigured is transfigured, how the shapeless becomes paradisiacal—glimpses of all these mysteries complicated, with an emotion almost comic, the convulsion of hilarity excited by Gwynplaine. Without going to the root of it, for the spectator likes not the trouble of deep probing, one comprehended something beyond what was seen; and this strange spectacle had in it the translucency of Avatar.

As for Dea, what she experienced transcends human words. She felt that she was in the midst of a crowd, and knew not what a crowd was. She heard a noise, and that was all. For her, a crowd was a breath; in reality, it is nothing more. Generations are puffs of breath, that pass away. Man respires, aspires, and expires. In this crowd Dea felt herself to be alone, and shivered as one might if suspended over a precipice. All at once, in this trouble of the innocent in distress, who is ready to accuse the unknown, in this misgiving as to a possible fall, Dea—serene, nevertheless, and superior to the vague anguish of peril, though internally quivering at her isolation—found again her certitude and her support. She seized again her guiding clew in the labyrinth of darkness. She laid her hand upon the potent head of Gwynplaine. Joy unheard of! She leaned her rosy fingers upon this forest of crispy hair. The touch of wool awakens an idea of something soft. Dea was touching a sheep, whom she knew to be a lion. All her heart grounded itself upon an ineffable love. She felt herself to be out of danger; she had found her saving genius. The public fancied that it saw the reverse. For the spectators, the being saved was Gwynplaine, and the being who saved was Dea.—What matter? thought Ursus, to whom Dea's heart was revealed.—And Dea—reassured, consoled, enchanted—worshipped the angel; while the people stared at the monster, and, themselves also fascinated, though in the inverse sense, kept up this immense Promethean laughter.

True love is not palled. Being all soul, it cannot become lukewarm. Embers may be put out with ashes; a star cannot be. These delicious impressions were renewed every evening for Dea;

and she was ready to weep for very tenderness, while the rest were writhing in laughter. Around her they were given up to mirth; she—she was happy.

For the rest, this hilarious effect, due to Gwynplaine's unforeseen and stupendous grimace, was evidently not coveted by Ursus. He would have preferred more smiling and less laughing, and an admiration more literary in character. But triumph consoles. He reconciled himself, evening after evening, to his prodigious success, as he counted how many piles of farthings made up the shillings, and how many piles of shillings made up the pounds. And then he said to himself that, after all, when the laughing was over, *Chaos Conquered* would be found again in the popular heart, and that something of it would remain with them. Perhaps he did not altogether deceive himself; the settling-down of a work is dependent on the public. The truth is, this populace—attentive to this wolf, to this bear, to this man, then to this music, to these howls subdued by harmony, to this night dispelled by the dawn, to this song ushering in the light—accepted with a confused yet deep sympathy, and even with a certain tender respect, the drama-poem of *Chaos Conquered*, the victory of mind over matter, eventuating in human joy.

Such were the people's rude pleasures.

And they sufficed. The people had not the wherewithal for going to the "noble's match" of the gentry, and could not, like the lords and gentlemen, bet their thousand guineas on Helmsgail against Phelem-ghe-Madone.

X.

AN OUTSIDER'S SURVEY OF MEN AND THINGS.

Man has one thought—to avenge himself for pleasure conferred upon him. Thence the contempt for actors.

This being charms me, diverts me, distracts me, teaches me, enchants me, consoles me, distils for me the ideal, is agreeable and useful to me—what harm can I do him in return? Humiliation. Disdain is the slap-in-the-face from a distance. Let's slap his face! He pleases me; therefore he is vile. He serves me; therefore I detest him.—Where is there a stone that I can throw at him? Priest, give me yours! Philosopher, give me yours! Bossuet, excommunicate him! Rousseau, insult him! Orator, spit at him the pebbles from your mouth! Bear, heave at him your paving-stone! Let's throw stones at the tree, bruise the fruit, and eat it! Bravo! and down with him! Repeat poets' words? It's pestiferous! Stage-player! Away! Let's put him in the pillory in the midst of his success!—Let's wind up his triumph with a hoot! Let him gather a crowd, and create a solitude! Thus it is that the rich classes, called the high classes, have invented for the actor that form of isolation—applause.

The populace is less ferocious. It did not detest Gwynplaine. Neither did it despise him. Only, the lowest caulker, of the lowest crew, of the lowest carack, moored in the lowest of the English ports, considered himself immeasurably superior to that amuser of the rabble, and held that a caulker is as far above a mountebank, as a lord is above a caulker.

Gwynplaine, then, like all actors, was applauded and isolated. Besides, here below all success is crime, and must be

expiated. Whoever has the medal has the reverse.

But, for Gwynplaine, there was no reverse—for the reason that his success was agreeable to him on both sides. He was satisfied with the applause, and content with the isolation. Through the applause, he was rich; through the isolation, he was happy.

To be rich, in these shallows, is to be no longer miserable. It is to have no more holes in one's clothes, no more chill on the hearth, no more void in the stomach. It is to eat when one is hungry, and drink when one is athirst. It is to have all that is necessary, including a penny for a poor man. Of this indigent wealth, sufficient to keep him free, Gwynplaine was possessed.

On the side of the soul, he was opulent. Love was his. What could he desire?

He desired nothing.

The removal of his deformity—you might imagine this an offer to be made him! How he would have repelled it! Lay down this mask, and take up again his own visage, becoming once more handsome and charming as he had perhaps been—assuredly, he would not have wished it! And by what means could he have supported Dea? What would have become of the poor and gentle blind one who loved him? Without this grin, that made of him a clown unparalleled, he would have been no more than any other mountebank, a mere equilibrist like the rest, a picker-up of farthings in the pavement crevices; and Dea perhaps would not have been sure of her every-day's bread. With profound and tender pride, he felt that he was the protector of this celestial weakness. Night, solitude, nakedness, impotence, ignorance, hunger, and thirst—the seven yawning mouths of misery—were threatening around her, and he was the St. George to fight this dragon. And he triumphed over the misery. How?—by his deformity! Through his deformity, he was useful, helpful, victorious, great. He had only to show himself, and money came. He was the master of crowds; he proclaimed himself the sovereign of the populace. He could do every thing for Dea. He provided for her wants. Within the limited range of wishes possible to the blind, he satisfied her desires, her cravings, her fantasies. Gwynplaine and Dea, as we have already shown, were a providence, one for the other. He felt himself borne up on her wings; she felt herself carried in his arms. To protect her who loves you, to confer competency upon her who confers the stars upon you—there is nothing sweeter. Gwynplaine enjoyed this supreme felicity. He owed it to his disfigurement. This disfigurement had made him superior to every thing. By it, he gained his livelihood and the livelihood of others; by it, he acquired independence, liberty, celebrity, satisfaction within himself, pride. In this disfigurement he was inaccessible. The Fates could do nothing against him, beyond this stroke wherein they had exhausted themselves, and which he had converted into a triumph. This depth of ill had become an Elysian pinnacle. Gwynplaine was imprisoned in his deformity—but with Dea. This was, as we have remarked, to be in a dungeon of Paradise. Between them and the living world there was a wall. So much the better. This wall penned them in, but defended them. What could any one do against Dea, what could any one do against Gwynplaine, so shut out from the life around them? Take away success from him? Impossible; it would have been requisite to take away his face. Take away love from him? Impossible; Dea did not see him. Dea's blindness was divinely incurable. What inconvenience did his disfigurement cause to Gwynplaine? None. What advantages had it? All.

He was loved in spite of this horror, and perhaps in consequence of it. Weakness and deformity were, by instinct, drawn together, and coupled. To be loved, is not this every thing? Gwynplaine did not think of his disfigurement, save with gratitude. The brand was for him a blessing. He felt with joy that it was ineradicable and eternal. What luck, that the boon should be remediless! So long as there were open places, fair-grounds, roads whereon to travel at one's will, a people below, and a heaven above, so long he would be sure of a livelihood; Dea would want for nothing; there would be love for them! Gwynplaine would not have changed faces with Apollo. To be monstrous was, for him, a form of bliss.

Thus did we say, at the beginning, that destiny had filled up his measure. This condemned one was in high favor.

He was so happy that he came to commiserate the men around him. He pitied them more than enough. It was furthermore his instinct to look somewhat outside of himself; for no man is all of one piece, nor is Nature an abstraction. He was charmed to be walled in; but, from time to time, he raised his head above the wall. It was only with so much the more delight that he fell back upon his isolation by Dea's side, after having made his comparisons.

What did he see around him? What were these living people, of whom his own roving life showed him all manner of specimens, each day replaced by others? Ever new crowds, and ever the same multitude. Ever new faces, and ever the same adversity. A promiscuousness of ruins. Every evening, all the social fatalities came and grouped themselves around his felicity.

The Green-Box was popular.

A low price appeals to a low class. They who came to him were the feeble, the poor, the little ones. They resorted to Gwynplaine, as one resorts to gin. They came to buy two halfpence worth of forgetfulness. From the elevation of his stage, Gwynplaine passed the unenlightened populace in review. His spirit drank in all these successive apparitions of uttermost wretchedness. The human physiognomy is compounded of conscience and of life, and is the result of many a mysterious delving. Not a pang, not a passion, not a shame, not a despair, whereof Gwynplaine did not witness the furrow. These children's mouths had not eaten food. That man was a father, that woman a mother; and behind them he divined families in perdition. Such a countenance was emerging from vice, and entering upon crime; and he comprehended the wherefore—ignorance and indigence. Such another offered the impress of early goodness, erased by social pressure, and replaced by hate. On this old woman's face he read famine; on that young girl's brow he read prostitution—the same fact, offering in the case of the young one a resource, and all the more mournful therein. In the crowd, there were arms, but no tools; the workmen were willing, but the work was lacking. Occasionally a soldier—it might be a disabled one—came and took his seat beside a workman; and then Gwynplaine saw the spectre, war. Here Gwynplaine read cessation from labor, there labor with research, there servitude. On certain brows he made out an indescribable ebbing toward animal life, and that gradual return of man to beast, that is brought about, below, by the indefinite pressure of ponderous enjoyment above. In all this gloom, there was for Gwynplaine one relief. He and Dea derived happiness through a borrowed light. All the rest was perdition. Gwynplaine perceived above him the unconscion-

able prancing of the powerful, the opulent, the magnificent, the great, the elect of chance. Beneath him, he distinguished the pale-faced herd of the disinherited. He saw himself and Dea—with their happiness, limited but immense—placed between two worlds: above, the world that comes and goes, free, joyous, dancing, trampling under foot; above, the world that marches onward; below, the world over which it marches. Fatal fact, indicative of profound social ill, the light eclipses the shade! Gwynplaine verified this sorrow. What! a destiny so like a reptile's! Man dragging himself along thus! Such a clinging to dust and mire, such disgust, such abdication, such abjectness, that one longs to put the foot upon it! Of what butterfly, then, is this terrestrial life the caterpillar? What! in this crowd of the hungry and the ignorant, everywhere, before us, the point of interrogation of crime or of shame! Inflexibility of laws, productive of enervated consciences! Not a child, that grows not up to be humbled! Not a virgin, who grows not taller for the procuress! Not a rose, that buds not for the slime of the snail! His eyes, at times, curious with the curiosity of emotion, sought to pierce to the bottom of that obscurity, wherein so many abortive efforts were agonizing and so many wearinesses were struggling—families devoured by society, morals tortured by laws, sores gangrened by penalties, indigences gnawed by taxation, intelligences gone to wreck in the engulfment of ignorance, rafts in distress covered with the starving, wars, famines, rattlings in the throat, cries, disappearances. He felt himself vaguely seized upon by this poignant and universal anguish. He had a sight of all this spume of misfortune, cast over the sombre human pell-mell. For himself, he was in port, as he looked at the shipwreck all around him. Once in a while, he took his disfigured head between his hands, and mused.

What madness to be happy! How one dreams! Fancies came upon him. Absurd ideas passed across his brain. Because he had once succored a child, it occurred to him that he would like to aid the world. The mists of revery obscured at times his own identity. He so far lost the sense of proportion, as to say: "What can one do for these poor people?" Sometimes his absorption was such, that he said it aloud. Ursus then shrugged his shoulders, and looked steadily at him; and Gwynplaine went on: "Oh! if I were powerful, how I would help the wretched! But what am I? An atom. What can I do? Nothing."

He was mistaken. He could do much for the wretched. He made them laugh.

And, as we have remarked, to make any one laugh is to make him forget.

What a benefactor on earth is a distributor of forgetfulness!

XI.

GWYNPLAINE HAS JUSTICE ON HIS SIDE; URSUS HAS TRUTH.

A PHILOSOPHER is a spy. Ursus, observant of dreams, studied his pupil. Our monologues are vaguely reflected on our brows, as is distinctly apparent to the physiognomist. This is why what was passing in Gwynplaine did not escape Ursus. One day, when Gwynplaine was meditating, Ursus, pulling him by his hooded cape, exclaimed:

—You have the air of a star-gazer, you simpleton. Take care; this is no concern of yours. You have only one thing to do—to love Dea. You have two good reasons for being happy: The one, that the crowd sees your muzzle;

the other, that Dea doesn't see it. You have no right to this latter good luck. No woman, who could see your mouth, would accept your kiss. And the very mouth that makes your fortune, the face that brings you riches—they are not your own. You were never born with that countenance. You borrowed it from the grin, which lies in the depths of the infinite. You have robbed the devil of his mask. You are hideous; be content with throwing double-fives. There are in this world, which is a pretty well-constructed affair, the happy by right, and the happy by a chance hit. You are happy by the chance hit. You are in a cellar, wherein a star has been caught. The poor star is yours. Don't try to get out of your cellar; and hold on, spider, to your star! You have got the ruby, Venus, in your web. Do me the favor to be satisfied. I perceive that you have unquiet dreams; that's idiotic. Listen; I'm going to talk to you in the language of true poetry. Let Dea eat beefsteaks and mutton-cutlets; in six months she will be as strong as a Turk; marry her right off, and have a child, two children, three children, a long string of children. That's what I call philosophy. Besides, one is happy, which is no nonsense. Having little ones, that's the ticket. Have brats; handle them, wipe their noses, put them to bed, smear up their faces, and wash them off again; let it all be going on at once about you; if they laugh, that's well; if they squall, that's better; to cry is to be alive; look at them, sucking at six months, crawling at twelve, walking at two years, growing tall at fifteen, loving at twenty. Whoever has these delights, has every thing. As for me, I've missed them, which accounts for my being a brute. The good God, a maker of fine poems, and who is the first of men-of-letters, dictated to his fellow-worker, Moses: *Multiply!* That is the text. Multiply, animal! As for the world, it is what it is; it has no need of you for going along badly. Don't trouble yourself concerning it. Don't occupy yourself with what's outside. Leave the horizon alone. An actor is made to be looked at, not to be looking. Are you aware of what there is outside?—the happy by right. You, I tell you again, you are of the happy by chance. You are the pickpocket of the happiness, whereof they are the proprietors. They are legitimate; you are an intruder; you live in concubinage with luck. What would you, more than you have? So help me Shibboleth, the dirty fellow is a scoundrel! It's none the less pleasant to multiply one's self through Dea; but such felicity is much like swindling. Those who have the good things down here, by privilege from up yonder, don't approve of others beneath them having so much enjoyment. If they asked you, by what right are you happy?—you wouldn't know how to answer. You have no patent; they have one. Jupiter, Allah, Vishnu, Sabaoth, no matter who, has given them a visa for being happy. Have a fear of them. Don't meddle with them, so that they may not meddle with you. Do you know, wretched one, what a happy one by right is? A terrible being is it; it is the lord. Ah! the lord; there's one who must have intrigued on the devil's unknown ground, before coming into the world, in order to enter life by that door! How hard it must have been for him to be born! This is the only trouble he ever gave himself. But, just Heaven, what a job! to obtain from Destiny, that blind dolt, that she should make you, at the start, from the cradle, the master of men; to corrupt that office-keeper, so that she gives you the best place in the theatre! Read the memento, that is in the hut that I have put on the retired

list; read that breviary of my wisdom; there you will see what the lord is. A lord—it is one who has every thing, and is every thing. A lord is one who exists at an elevation above his own proper nature; one who, being young, has the rights of old age; being old, the lucky chances of youth; vicious, the respect of good people; a coward, the command of the stout-hearted; doing nothing, the fruits of labor; ignorant, the diploma of Oxford or Cambridge; silly, the admiration of poets; ugly, the smile of women; Thersites, the helmet of Achilles; a hare, the lion's skin. Don't misunderstand my words. I don't say that a lord must necessarily be ignorant, cowardly, ugly, silly, and old; I only say that he may be all this, without any harm to him therefrom. On the contrary. The lords are the princes. The king of England is only a lord, the first lord in the lordly estate. This is all; this is much. Kings were formerly called lords: the lord of Denmark, the lord of Ireland, the lord of the Isles. The lord of Norway has only been called king during three hundred years. Lucius, the first-known king of England, was termed by St. Télesphorus *my Lord Lucius*. The lords are peers, that is to say, equals. Of whom? Of the king. I do not commit the blunder of confounding the lords with the Parliament. The popular assembly, which the Saxons, before the Conquest, entitled *Wittenagemot*, was entitled *Parliamentum* by the Normans, after the Conquest. Little by little, the people have been pushed out of doors. The king's writ convoking the commons, had the phrase, *ad consilium impendendum;* to-day they have it, *ad consentiendum*. The commons have the right of consenting. To say "yes" is their privilege. The peers can say "no." And the proof is, that they have said it. The peers can cut off the king's head; the people can't. The axe-stroke of Charles I. is an encroachment—not upon the king, but upon the peers; and the gibbeting of Cromwell's carcass was rightly done. The lords have the power—why?—because they have the wealth. Who is there, that has turned over the leaves of the Doomsday-Book? It is the proof that the lords hold possession of England; it is the register of the subjects' goods and chattels, made up under William the Conqueror; and it is in charge of the chancellor of the exchequer. To copy any thing in it, you pay four halfpence a line. It is a proud record. Do you know that I was once domestic physician in the establishment of a lord who was named Marmaduke, and who had nine hundred thousand French francs for his yearly revenue? Get yourself out of that, you frightful idiot! Do you know that, with nothing but the rabbits of Earl Lindsay's warrens, all the rabble of the Cinque Ports might be fed? Meddle with them, therefore! All is well-ordered there! Every poacher is hung. Just for two long downy ears that peeped out of his pouch, I have seen a father of six children hanging from the gallows. Such is lordship. A lord's rabbit is more than a man of the good God. Lords there are, you scoundrel; and we ought to find it good. And then, if we find it bad, what difference does that make to them?—the people making objections! Plautus himself couldn't come near this, for comic effect. A philosopher would be jesting, if he counselled this poor devil of a multitude to exclaim against the breadth and the weight of the lords. As well make the caterpillar raise issue on the elephant's foot. One day, I saw a hippopotamus tread upon a molehill; he crushed it all in; he was not to blame. He didn't even know—the huge, good-natured mastodon—that there were moles. My dear fellow, among the

moles that are crushed, is the human race. Crushing is a law. And do you believe that the mole himself does not crush any thing? He is the mastodon of the flesh-worm, who is the mastodon of the animalcula. But don't let us argue it. Carriages, my boy, exist. The lord is inside; the people are under the wheel; the wise man makes room. Step aside, and let pass. As for me, I like lords, and I keep out of their way. I have lived with one. That's enough for embellishing my recollections. I call to mind his country-seat, as a glory in a nimbus. My dreams are of the past. Nothing more admirable than Marmaduke Lodge, for vastness, symmetrical beauty, rich revenues, adornments, and accessories of the edifice. For the rest, the houses, mansions, and palaces of the lords, constitute a collection of all that is grand and magnificent in this flourishing kingdom. I like our noblemen. I thank them for being opulent, powerful, and prosperous. I, who am clothed in darkness, see with interest and pleasure this specimen of celestial blue, that is termed a lord. You entered Marmaduke Lodge by an extremely spacious court-yard, which formed an oblong divided into eight squares, enclosed with balustrades, that left on every side a wide, open road-way. There was, in the middle, a superb hexagonal fountain, with two basins, covered with a dome of exquisite workmanship, open at the top, and supported upon six columns. It was there that I was acquainted with a learned Frenchman, the Abbé du Cros, attached to the house of the Jacobins in St. James's Street. One half of the library of Erpenius was at Marmaduke Lodge, the other half being in the Theological Lecture-Room at Cambridge. There did I read books, as I sat under the decorated portal. These things are, for the most part, only seen by a small number of curious travellers. Are you aware, you absurd boy, that the Honorable William North, who is Lord Gray of Rolleston, and who sits fourteenth upon the barons' bench, has more tall forest-trees on his hill-side, than you have hairs upon your horrible head-piece? Are you aware that Lord Norris of Ricott, which is the same as the Earl of Abingdon, has a square donjon-keep two hundred feet high, bearing this device, *Virtus ariete fortior*, which has the air of intending to say, *Virtue is stronger than a ram*, but which really means, you booby, *Courage is stronger than a war-machine?* Yes, I honor, accept, respect, and reverence our nobles. It is the lords who, together with the royal majesty, labor to secure and preserve national advantages. Their consummate wisdom shines forth in difficult conjunctures. The precedence over all—I should prefer seeing that they had it not. They have it. That which is called in Germany a prince, and in Spain a grandee, is called a peer in England and in France. As one might have been justified in finding this world sufficiently wretched, God perceived where the shoe pinched it, desired to prove that He knew how to create happy folks, and made lords, to satisfy philosophers. This bit of creation corrects the other bit, and gets the good God out of the scrape. For Him, it is a decent outlet from a false position. The great are great. A peer, in speaking of himself, says *nos*. A peer is plural. The king terms the peers *consanguinei nostri*.

The peers have made a host of wise laws, amongst which is the one that condemns a man to death who cuts down a three-years' old poplar-tree. Such is their supremacy, that they have a language of their own. In the heraldic style, black, which is called "sable" for the mass of the well-born, is

termed "saturn" for princes, and "diamond" for peers. Diamond-powder, starred night, is the black of the fortunate. And even among themselves they have nice distinctions, these mighty nobles. A baron cannot wash with a viscount, without his permission. Excellent arrangements these, and preservative of nations. How fine it is for a people to have twenty-five dukes, five marquises, seventy-six earls, nine viscounts, and sixty-one barons, which makes one hundred and seventy-six peers, some of whom are his Grace and some his Lordship! After this, what if there be some rags and tatters here and there? All cannot be in gold. Rags, so be it! Is not the purple visible? The one compensates for the other. It must be that something should be constructed out of something. Well; yes, there are the poor—a pretty job! They stifle the happiness of the potent. Why, zounds! our lords are our glory. The pack of hounds of Charles Mohun, Baron Mohun, costs as much of itself as the Moorgate Hospital for lepers, and as Christ's Hospital, founded for children in 1553, by Edward VI. Thomas Osborne, Duke of Leeds, spends for his liveries alone five thousand golden guineas a year. The grandees of Spain have a guardian, appointed by the king, who keeps them from ruining themselves. That's cowardly. Our lords, ours, are extravagant as well as magnificent. I like that. Don't let us rail, as though we were envious. I am grateful for a fair vision that passes. I have not the light itself; but I have its reflection. "Reflected upon my ulcer," you will say. To the devil with you! I am a Job, happy in the contemplation of Trimalcion. Oh! the lovely planet, radiant, up yonder! It is something to have this moonlight. Suppress the lords! That's an idea that Orestes, all madman that he was, would not have dared to sustain. To say that lords are noxious or useless, this is much the same as saying that states must be unsettled, and that men are not made to live like flocks, browsing on the grass and bitten by the dog! The meadow is sheared by the sheep; the sheep is sheared by the shepherd. What more equitable? For one shearer, a shearer and a half. As for me, it's all the same; I'm a philosopher, and I stick on to life, like a fly. Life is only a temporary lodging. When I think that Henry Bowes Howard, Earl of Berkshire, has in his stables twenty-four gala-carriages, some of which have harness in silver and some in gold! Good heavens! I know well enough that everybody has n't twenty-four gala carriages; but it is of no use to inveigh. Because you were cold, one night—lo and behold, there's no one else but you! Others also are cold and hungry. Do you know that, without this cold, Dea would not be blind; and that, if Dea were not blind, she wouldn't love you? Answer that, booby! And then, if all the stragglers were complaining, what a jolly hubbub there would be! Silence—that's the rule. I am convinced that the good God orders the doomed to hold their peace, without which it would be the good God who would be doomed to hear a never-ending cry. The bliss of Olympus is in proportion to the silence of Cocytus. Therefore, hold your tongues, O people! I myself do better; I approve and I admire. Just now I enumerated the lords; but two archbishops and four-and-twenty bishops must be added. In truth, I am quite touched when I think of them. I remember to have seen, at the tithe-gatherer's of the reverend Dean of Raphoë—which dean was a part of the lordship and of the Church—a vast corn-stack of the finest wheat, collected from the peasants round about, and which the dean had not taken the trouble to have threshed. This left him

time for praying to God. Do you know that Lord Marmaduke, my master, was Lord High Treasurer of Ireland and High Seneschal of the sovereignty of Knaresborough, in the county of York? Do you know that the Lord Chamberlain—which is an appointment hereditary in the family of the Dukes of Ancaster—puts the king's robes on him on the day of the coronation, and receives for his pains forty ells of crimson velvet, besides the bed on which the king has slept; and that the Usher of the Black Rod is his deputy? I should like to see you make a stand against this—that the oldest viscount of England is the Sire Robert Brent, created viscount by Henry V. All the lords' titles indicate a sovereignty over an estate, Earl Rivers excepted, whose title is his family name. How admirable is their right to tax others, and to levy, for instance, as at this present moment, four shillings on the pound sterling of income, which is just continued for a year, and all those fine imposts on distilled spirits, on the excise of wine and beer, on tonnage and poundage, on cider, perry, mum, malt, and prepared barley, and on coal and a hundred other similar articles! Let's reverence what is. The clergy itself is dependent on the lords. The Bishop of Man is the subject of the Earl of Derby. The lords have special wild beasts, that they put into their armorial bearings. As God has not made enough of them, they invent others. They have created the heraldic *sanglier* which is as much above a wild boar, as a boar is above a pig, and a nobleman above a priest. They have created the griffin, which is an eagle among lions and a lion among eagles, and which intimidates the lions by his wings and the eagles by his mane. They have the wyvern, the unicorn, the salamander, the gorgon, the Tarascon crocodile, the dragon, the hippogriff. All this, terrifying for us, is for them decoration and finery. They have a menagerie that is called the blazon, and in which unknown monsters roar. No forest comparable to their pride, for the stupendousness of its prodigies. Their vanity is full of phantoms, stalking about therein as in the sublimity of night, armed, helmeted, cuirassed, spurred, the staff of empire in hand, and saying, with grave voice: "We are the ancestors!" The beetles devour the roots, and the panoplies devour the people. Why not? Are we going to alter the laws? Lordship forms part of their order. Do you know that there is a duke in Scotland who gallops thirty leagues, without going off his own ground? Do you know that the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury has an income of a million of French francs? Do you know that his Majesty has for his civil list seven hundred thousand pounds sterling a year, without reckoning country-seats, forests, domains, fiefs, tenancies, freeholds, prebends, tithes and rents, confiscations and fines, which exceed a million sterling? They who are not content are hard to please.

— Yes, murmured Gwynplaine, thoughtfully; it is from the hell of the poor that the paradise of the rich is made.

XII.

URSUS THE POET CARRIES AWAY URSUS THE PHILOSOPHER.

Then Dea came in; he looked at her, and saw her only. Thus is it with love. One may be invaded and beset at a certain moment, by any thoughts whatsoever; in comes the woman whom one loves, and abruptly puts to flight all that is not her own presence, with never a notion that she may, possibly, be effacing a world within us.

Let us make one point here. In *Chaos Conquered*, one word, *monstro*,

addressed to Gwynplaine, was offensive to Dea. Sometimes, with the little Spanish that all the world knew then, she took the slight liberty of substituting *quidro*, which signifies, I will have it so. Ursus tolerated, not without some impatience, these changes in the text. He would freely have said to Dea, as in our day Moëssard to Tissot: "You are wanting in respect for the *répertoire*."

"The man who laughs." Such was the form that Gwynplaine's celebrity had taken. His name, Gwynplaine, almost unknown, had disappeared under this nickname, as his face under the laugh. His popularity, like his visage, was a mask.

His name, however, might be read upon a large bill placarded in front of the Green-Box, which gave to the crowd the following compilation, due to Ursus:

"Here may be seen Gwynplaine, abandoned at ten years of age, on the night of the 29th of January, 1690, by the villanous Comprachicos, on the seashore at Portland, grown up from a boy, and now called

'THE MAN WHO LAUGHS.'"

The existence of these mountebanks was an existence of lepers in a lazar-house, and of the blissful in an Atlantis. It was, day by day, an abrupt change from an alien show of the most blustering sort, to abstraction the most complete. Every evening, they made their exit from this world. It was as though the dead took their departure, under engagement to be born again next day. The actor is a revolving light-house—appearance, then disappearance; and he only lives for the public, as a phantom and a glimmer in this life of rotatory flashes.

To the plot of open ground succeeded monastic seclusion. So soon as the performance was over, while the spectators were disentangling themselves, and while the crowd's hurrah of satisfaction was losing itself in the divergences of the streets, the Green-Box drew up its panel, as a fortress its drawbridge; and communication with the human race was cut off. On one side, the universe; on the other, this booth; and in this booth there were liberty, clear conscience, courage, devotedness, innocence, happiness, love—all the constellations.

Blindness, seeing, and deformity, beloved, were seated at each other's side, hand pressing hand, forehead touching forehead; though delirious, they whispered low.

The middle compartment served two purposes: for the public, a theatre—for the actors, a dining-room.

Ursus, always on the alert for a comparison, profited by this diversity of uses, to liken the central compartment of the Green-Box to the arradash of an Abyssinian hut.

Ursus counted the receipts; then they supped. For love, every thing is idealized; and for lovers to eat and drink together gives rise to all sorts of sweet and furtive comminglings, that make a mouthful become a kiss. They drink ale or wine out of the same glass, as they might drink dew out of the same lily. Two souls, in a love-feast, have the same grace as two birds. Gwynplaine helped Dea, cut up her morsels, poured out for her what she drank, drew too near her.

— Hum! said Ursus; and he averted his muttering, which ended, in spite of himself, in a smile.

The wolf, under the table, was eating his supper, inattentive to whatever was not bone.

Vinos and Fibi shared the repast, but were rather in the way. These two vagabonds, half-savage and still scared, spoke their own jargon together.

At last Dea reëntered the women's

quarters with Fibi and Vinos. Ursus went to chain up Homo under the Green-Box; and Gwynplaine looked after the horses, the lover becoming a groom, as though he had been one of Homer's heroes, or one of Charlemagne's paladins. At midnight, all were asleep, except the wolf, who, under a strong sense of his responsibility, kept one eye open.

The next day at dawn, they met again, and breakfasted together, generally on ham and tea—tea, in England, dates from 1678. Then Dea, according to the Spanish custom, and by advice of Ursus, who thought her delicate, went to sleep again for some hours, while Gwynplaine and Ursus were occupied with all the little details, within and without, that are required in wandering life.

It was seldom that Gwynplaine strolled about outside of the Green-Box, unless on unfrequented roads and in solitary spots. In towns, he only went out at night, hidden by a broad slouched hat, so as not to make his face familiar in the street.

He was only to be seen, with uncovered visage, on the stage.

Furthermore, the Green-Box had not much frequented the towns. Gwynplaine, at twenty-four, had hardly seen one larger than the Cinque Ports. Still, his renown went on increasing. It began to overtop the populace, and it mounted higher up. Among the amateurs of foreign wonders, and the runners after curiosities and prodigies, it was known that an extraordinary mask was in existence somewhere, in a wandering condition of life, now here, now there. He was talked about and searched for, and "Where is he?" was asked concerning him. "The Man Who Laughs" was becoming decidedly famous. A certain lustre was reflected, from him, upon *Chaos Conquered.*

To such extent that, one day, Ursus, ambitious, exclaimed:

— We must go to London.

BOOK III.

OPENING OF THE FISSURE.

I.

THE TADCASTER INN.

At this period London had only one bridge, London Bridge, with houses upon it. This bridge connected London with Southwark, a suburb paved and gravelled with pebbles from the Thames, all in narrow streets and lanes, in parts very much confined, and comprising, like the city, a mass of buildings, habitations, and wooden hovels—a combustible jumble that fire might ravage at discretion. This had been proved in 1666.

Southwark was then pronounced *Soudric:* in these days they call it *Sousourc*, or nearly so. For the rest, an excellent way of pronouncing English names is not to pronounce them at all. Thus, for Southampton, say *Stpntn.*

That was the time when *Chatham* was pronounced *Je t'aime.*

The Southwark of those days resembled the Southwark of to-day, as Vaugirard resembles Marseilles. It was a borough; it is a town. Nevertheless, there was considerable activity there in the way of navigation. Into a long cyclopean wall bordering the Thames were fastened rings, whereto the river barges were moored. This wall was called Effroc's Wall or Effroc-Stone. York, when it was Saxon, was called Effroc. The story went, that a duke of Effroc had been drowned at the foot of this wall. The water there was, in fact,

deep enough for a duke. At low water there were still six good fathoms. The excellence of this little anchorage drew thither sea-going vessels; and the round-bellied Dutch galliot, called *La Vograat*, was habitually moored to the Effroc-Stone. Once a week the *Vograat* made the direct voyage from London to Rotterdam, or from Rotterdam to London. Other craft started twice a day, for Deptford, for Greenwich, or for Gravesend, going down by one tide and coming up by the other. The passage to Gravesend, although twenty miles, was made in six hours.

The *Vograat* was of a model seen only nowadays in marine museums. The galliot was something of a junk. At that time, while France was copying Greece, Holland was copying China. The *Vograat*, a heavy two-masted hull, was divided by vertical water-tight partitions, giving a very deep cabin amidships, and was low-decked forward and aft, like the iron turret-ships of our time. This was an advantage, inasmuch as it lessened the hold of a sea shipped in bad weather; but an inconvenience, as the want of bulwarks exposed the crew to its force. There was nothing to keep a man on board who chanced to fall. Thence frequent accidents and loss of life, which caused this mode of building to be abandoned. The galliot *Vograat* traded direct with Holland, not touching even at Gravesend.

An old cornice in stone—rock as much as masonry—ran along the lower part of the Effroc-Stone, and, being available at any time of tide, facilitated communication with the craft moored to the wall. The wall, at certain distances, was cut through by stairways. It marked the southern point of Southwark. An embankment gave passers-by the means of leaning upon the top of the Effroc-Stone, as upon the parapet of a quay. The Thames was visible from it. On the other side of the water London ended. There was nothing but fields.

Higher up the stream than the Effroc-Stone, at the bend of the river nearly opposite St. James's Palace, behind Lambeth House, not far from the public walk, then called Foxhall (probably Vauxhall), there was—between a pottery where porcelain was made, and certain glass-works for the manufacture of colored bottles—one of those plots of waste and grass-grown ground, formerly called in France *cultures* and *mails*, and in England bowling-greens. From bowling-green, green turf for rolling balls, we have made *boulingrin*. This sward we have now in our houses—only we plant it on a table; it is in cloth instead of sod; and it gives rise to the name billiards.

Beyond this we cannot see why, having *boulevard* (bowl-green), which is the same word as *bowling-green*, we should have given ourselves *boulingrin*. It is surprising that so grave a personage as the dictionary should indulge in these useless luxuries.

The Southwark bowling-green was called Tarrinzeau-Field, from having formerly belonged to the Barons Hastings, who are Barons Tarrinzeau and Mattchline. From the Lords Hastings the Tarrinzeau-Field had passed to the Lords Tadcaster, who had laid it out for a public resort, as, at a later period, a Duke of Orleans laid out the Palais-Royal. Then the Tarrinzeau-Field had become a common, and was parochial property.

The Tarrinzeau-Field was a sort of permanent fair-ground, encumbered with jugglers, acrobats, merry-andrews, and itinerant musicians, and was continually filled with foolish people, who came hither to "look at the devil," according to the phrase of Archbishop Sharpe. To look at the devil is to go to the play.

Several inns, that took in, and sent

forth their public to these strolling theatres, were open on this spot that kept holiday all the year round, and prospered upon it. These inns were simply covered-in stalls, inhabited only during the day. In the evening, the tavern-keeper put the key of the tavern into his pocket and went away. One only of these inns was a house. There was no other lodging-place on all the bowling-green, the sheds of the fair-ground being always liable to disappear from moment to moment, in view of the absence of ties and the vagabondage of all these mountebanks. A life without root is that of gypsies.

This inn, called The Tadcaster Inn, from the name of the old lords—rather a public-house than a tavern, and rather a hostelry than a public-house—had a gateway and a tolerably large court-yard.

The gateway, opening from the court-yard upon the public ground, was the proper entrance to the Tadcaster public-house, and had at one side a special door by which there was a way in. To say special is to say preferred. This low door was the only one, through which people passed. It opened into the drinking-shop, properly speaking, which was a large, besmoked, and scrubby room, with a low ceiling, and set out with tables. It was surmounted by a window on the first floor, from the iron bars of which the sign-board of the inn was adjusted and hung. The main door, barred and bolted for good and all, remained shut.

To get into the court-yard, it was necessary to pass through the drinking-shop.

There were, in the Tadcaster Inn, a master and a boy. The master was called Master Nicless; the boy was called Govicum. Master Nicless — Nicolas without doubt, which becomes Nicless in English pronunciation—was a widower, miserly and timid, and holding the law in respect. Otherwise, having bushy eyebrows and hairy hands. As for the lad of fourteen, who served the drink and answered to the name of Govicum, he was a merry, loutish chap, with an apron. His hair was cropped short—a sign of servitude.

He slept on the ground floor, in a cell, wherein they had formerly kept a dog. This cell had a small window made dormer-fashion, that looked out upon the bowling-green.

II.

OUT-OF-DOOR ELOQUENCE.

One evening, when there was a high wind and it was pretty cold, and when there was every reason in the world for hurrying along the streets, a man who was pursuing his way through the Tarrinzeau-Field, under the wall of the Tadcaster public-house, suddenly stopped. It was toward the close of the winter of 1705. The man, whose dress bespoke him a sailor, was of good air and of fine figure, as is prescribed for folks at court, and is not forbidden for common people. Why had he stopped? To listen. To what was he listening? To a voice that was speaking probably withinside a court-yard, on the other side of the wall — a voice somewhat senile, but nevertheless so loud that it reached the passers-by in the street. At the same time, the rustle of a crowd was audible in the enclosure whence the voice harangued. The voice was saying:

— Men and women of London, here I am! I congratulate you heartily on being English. You are a great people. I say more; you are a great populace. Your blows of the fist are finer than your sword-strokes. You have a good appetite. Yours is the nation that eats others. Magnificent function. This gulping down the world classes England

apart. In policy and philosophy, in handling colonies, populations, and trades, and in the will to do just such ill to others as is good for yourselves, you stand alone, and are wonderful. The moment approaches when there will be two placards over the earth; on one will be read: *Men's Side;* on the other will be read: *Englishmen's Side.* I make this declaration for your glory—I, who am neither Englishman nor man, having the honor to be a bear. Further than this, I am a doctor. This accords with the other. Gentlemen, I teach. What? Two sorts of things—those that I know, and those that I don't know. I sell drugs, and I give away ideas. Draw near, and listen. Science asks for your company. Open your ear; if it is small, it will hold but little truth; if it is large, abundance of stupidity will enter therein. Attention, then! I teach the Pseudodoxia Epidemica. I have a comrade who makes people laugh; I make them think. We live in the same box, the laughter being equally well-born with the knowledge. When Democritus was asked: "How do you know?" he replied: "I laugh." And I, if I am asked: "Why do you laugh?" I shall answer: "I know." However, I do not laugh. I am the rectifier of popular errors. I undertake the clearing-up of your understandings. They are soiled. God permits the people to deceive themselves and to be deceived. It is of no use to have mock-modesty. I confess frankly that I believe in God, even when He is against me. Only, when I meet with filth—and errors are filth—I sweep it away. How do I know what I know? That's my affair alone. Every one gets knowledge where he can. Lactantius propounded questions to a Virgil's head in bronze, that answered him. Sylvester II. held parleys with birds. Did the birds speak? Did the pope chirp? Questions. The dead child of the Rabbi Eleazar conversed with St. Augustine. Between ourselves, I doubt all these facts, except the last. The dead child spoke; very well; but he had at his tongue's end a golden plate, whereon were graven divers constellations. Therefore, he cheated. The fact explains itself. You perceive my moderation. I separate the true from the false. Look you; here are some other errors that you, poor common people, share, without doubt, and from which I desire to set you free. Discorides believed that there was a god in henbane; Chrysippus, in *cynopaste;* Josephus, in the root *bauras;* Homer, in the plant moly. All deceived themselves. That which is in these herbs is not a god; it is a demon. I have verified it. It is not true that the serpent that tempted Eve had, like Cadmus, a human face. Garcias de Horto, Cadamosto, and Jean Hugo, Archbishop of Trèves, deny that, for capturing an elephant, it is sufficient to saw down a tree. I incline to their way of thinking. Citizens, the efforts of Lucifer are the cause of erroneous opinions. Under the reign of such a prince, meteors of error and perdition must appear. Claudius Pulcher, O people, did not die because the fowls refused to come out of the hen-roost; the truth is, that Lucifer, having foreseen the death of Claudius Pulcher, took care to prevent those creatures from eating. Let Beelzebub have given to the Emperor Vespasian the power of straightening up the halt, and of giving sight to the blind, by touching them; it was an action praiseworthy in itself, but one of which the motive was culpable. Gentlemen, mistrust the pretenders to science, who search into the roots of wall-moss and white briony, and who make eye-salve with honey and cock's blood. Learn how to see clearly into lies. It is not quite accurate that Orion was born of a natural want of

Jupiter; the truth is, it was Mercury who produced this star in this manner. It is not true that Adam had a navel. When St. George killed the dragon, he did not have a saint's daughter near him. St. Jerome did not have a clock upon the mantel-piece in his cabinet; in the first place, because, being in a grotto, he had no cabinet; secondly, because he had no mantel-piece; thirdly, because clocks were not then invented. Let us set things right! Let us set things right! O gentlefolks who listen to me, if any one tells you that whoever smells at the herb valerian has a lizard engendered in his brain, that in putrefaction the ox changes into bees and the horse into hornets, that man weighs more when dead than when alive, that a he-goat's blood dissolves the emerald, that a caterpillar and a fly and a spider seen on the same tree are signs of famine and war and pestilence, that the falling-sickness is cured by means of a worm that is found in the roebuck's head—don't believe a word of it; these are errors. But here are truths: the skin of the sea-calf is a protection against the thunderbolt; the toad lives upon earth, which is the reason why a stone grows in his head; the rose of Jericho blossoms on Christmas eve; snakes cannot bear the shade of the ash-tree; the elephant has no joints, and is forced to sleep standing up, leaning against a tree; let a toad hatch a serpent-egg, and you will have a scorpion that will make you a salamander; a blind man recovers his sight by placing one hand on the left side of the altar, and the other hand over his eyes; virginity does not prevent maternity. Good people, sustain yourselves upon these proofs. Whereupon, you can believe in God after two fashions—either as thirst believes in the orange, or as the donkey believes in the whip. Now, I am going to present my establishment to you.

Here a pretty heavy gust of wind shook the window-casings and shutters of the inn, which was an isolated house. This caused, as it were, a prolonged murmur up above. The orator waited for a moment, and then went on:

—Interruption. So be it. Speak, O North wind! Gentlemen, I am not annoyed. The wind is talkative, as all solitary persons are. No one keeps him company, up yonder. Therefore, he babbles. I resume my thread. You look here upon associated artists. We are four. *A lupo principium.* I begin with my friend, who is a wolf. He makes no secret of it. Look at him. He is trained, grave, and sagacious. Providence intended for a while, probably, to make of him a university doctor; but, for that, one must be something of a simpleton, and he is not. I may add that he is without prejudices, and by no means aristocratic. He keeps company with dogs—he, who, in his native woods, was their fiercest enemy. His dauphins, if there be any, probably combine with grace the yelping of their mother and the howling of their sire. For he does howl. Howling is requisite with men. He barks also, out of condescension to civilization. Magnanimous softening down! Homo is a dog made perfect. Let us respect the dog. The dog—what a comic beast!—whose sweat is on his tongue, and whose smile is in his tail. Gentlemen, Homo equals in wisdom, and surpasses in frankness, the hairless wolf of Mexico, the admirable Xoloïtzeniski. Let me add that he is humble. He has the modesty of a wolf, that is useful to human creatures. He is ready to help, and charitable, in a silent way. His left paw does not know the good action done by his right paw. Such are his merits. Of this other, my second friend, I will only say one word: he is a monster. You will admire him. He was formerly abandoned by pirates, on the border of the savage ocean. This

one is a blind girl. Is that an exception? No. We are all blind. The miser is blind; he sees gold, and does not see wealth. The prodigal is blind; he sees the beginning, and does not see the end. The coquette is blind; she does not see her wrinkles. The scholar is blind; he does not see his ignorance. The honest man is blind; he does not see the scamp. The scamp is blind; he does not see God. For myself, I am blind; I speak, and I do not see that you are deaf. This blind girl here, who accompanies us, is a mysterious priestess. Vesta might have confided her lighted brand to her. She has spots in her character, gentle and obscure, like the intervals that open in a sheep's fleece. I believe, without affirming it, that she is a king's daughter. A laudable mistrust is the sage's attribute. As for me, I reason, and I prescribe. I think, and I dress wounds. *Chirurgus sum.* I cure fevers, miasma, and plagues. Nearly all our phlegmasies and sufferings are issues, and, if well looked after, would rid us comfortably of other ills that would be worse. Notwithstanding this, I would not advise you to have an anthrax, otherwise called carbuncle. It is a foolish disorder, that does no good. People die of it; but that's all. I am neither unlettered, nor a boor. I honor eloquence and poetry, and I live in innocent intimacy with those goddesses. Let me close with a bit of counsel. Gentlemen and gentlewomen, cultivate within you, from the side whence cometh the light, virtue, modesty, probity, justice, and love. With this, every one here below may have his little pot of flowers in his window. My lords and gentlemen, I have done. The show is about to begin.

The man, a sailor probably, who was listening outside, entered into the low drinking-room of the inn, passed through it, paid the money that was asked of him, penetrated into a court-yard filled with people, perceived at the lower end of the court a caravan on wheels, wide open, and saw upon the boards an old man clad in a bear's skin, a young man who seemed to have on a mask, a blind girl, and a wolf.

—By Heaven! exclaimed he, here is an admirable set.

III.

WHEREIN THE PASSER-BY REAPPEARS.

The Green-Box, as you have already perceived, had reached London, and was established at Southwark. Ursus had been attracted by the bowling-green, which possessed this advantange —the fair was never suspended, not even in winter.

It had been agreeable to Ursus to see the dome of St. Paul's.

London, take it all in all, is a city that has some good in it. It was a bold thing to dedicate a cathedral to St. Paul. The really sainted cathedral is St. Peter's. St. Paul is suspected of imagination; and, in ecclesiastical affairs, imagination means heresy. St. Paul is only a saint with extenuating circumstances. He only entered heaven by the artists' door.

A cathedral is a symbol. St. Peter's indicates Rome, the city of dogma; St. Paul's stands for London, the city of schism.

Ursus, whose philosophy had such wide-spreading arms that it embraced every thing, was a man to appreciate these nice distinctions. His attraction to London originated perhaps in a certain preference for St. Paul.

The large court-yard of the Tadcaster Inn had determined Ursus' selection. The Green-Box seemed to have been foreseen by this yard. It was a theatre ready made. The yard was square, with buildings on three of its sides, and a wall opposite the main one, against

which the Green-Box was backed. A deep wooden gallery, covered with a shed, and supported on posts, that served for entrance to the rooms on the first floor, ran along the three sides of the inner façade, with two turns at right angles. The windows of the ground-floor made lower boxes; the pavement of the yard made the pit; and the gallery made the first circle. The Green-Box, ranged against the wall, had before it this play house laid out. It was much like the Globe Theatre, where *Othello*, *King Lear*, and the *Tempest* were performed.

In a corner, behind the Green-Box, there was a stable.

Ursus had made his arrangements with the tavern-keeper, Master Nicless, who, in view of the respect due to the law, only admitted the wolf on his paying higher terms. The placard: GWYNPLAINE—THE MAN WHO LAUGHS, unhooked from the Green-Box, had been hung up near the sign-board of the inn. The drinking-room had, you remember, an inner door that opened upon the court-yard. By the side of this door there was improvised—out of a cask split in half—a small lodge for the office-keeper, who was sometimes Fibi, sometimes Vinos. It was almost as it is nowadays. Whoever entered paid. Underneath the placard, THE MAN WHO LAUGHS, a board, painted white, was hung from two nails. It bore, charcoaled in large letters, the title of Ursus' great piece, *Chaos Conquered.*

In the middle of the first circle, exactly opposite the Green-Box, a compartment, the principal entrance to which was through one of the windows, had been partitioned off and reserved for the nobility.

It was large enough to hold ten spectators, in two rows.

—We are in London, said Ursus. We must provide for the gentry.

He had made them furnish this box with the best chairs from the inn, and place in the centre a large arm-chair of Utrecht velvet, with gold spots of cherry pattern, in the event of some alderman's wife coming.

The performances had begun.

Very soon the crowd flocked in.

But the compartment for the grandees remained empty.

With that exception, the success was such as no mountebank's memory could parallel. All Southwark rushed in a mass to admire "The Man Who Laughs."

The merry-andrews and jugglers of the Tarrinzeau-Field were frightened at Gwynplaine. The effect was that of a hawk lighting upon a cage of goldfinches, and pecking at their seed-trough. Gwynplaine ate up their public for them.

Besides the small fry of fellows who swallowed swords and who grinned their grimaces, there were some veritable shows upon the bowling-green. There was a women's circus, resounding from morn till eve with a magnificent jingle of all sorts of instruments, psalteries, drums, rebecs, bells, reeds, lutes, German horns, shepherds' pipes, oaten pipes, bagpipes, and flageolets. There, under a large round tent, were tumblers who are not equalled by our traversers of the Pyrenees — Dulma, Bordenave, and Meylogna — who go down from the peak of Pierrefitte to the table-land of Limaçon, which is almost the same thing as falling. There was a travelling menagerie, wherein was seen a comic tiger, that, being constantly whipped by a keeper, tried to snap at the whip and to swallow the lash. This comedian of jaw and claw was himself eclipsed.

Curiosity, applause, receipts, crowd —"The Man Who Laughs" carried all before him. It was done in the twinkling of an eye. There was nothing else but the Green-Box.

— Chaos conquered is chaos con-

queror, said Ursus, taking to himself half the credit of Gwynplaine's success, and fitting the cap to himself, as they say in strolling players' jargon.

Gwynplaine's success was prodigious. Still, it remained local. Renown has trouble in crossing the water. Shakespeare's name took a hundred and thirty years to come from England into France; the water is a wall; and if Voltaire—though he much regretted it subsequently—had not made Shakespeare mount over his back, Shakespeare, at this time of day, would perhaps be on the other side of the wall, in England, imprisoned in his insular glory.

Gwynplaine's fame did not cross over London Bridge. It did not take the dimensions of a grand town echo. At least, in the first instance. But Southwark may satisfy a clown's ambition. Ursus said:—The receipt-bag, one can see, begins to enlarge greatly.

They played *Ursus Rursus;* then *Chaos Conquered.*

In the intervals, Ursus did justice to his title of *Engastrimythe*, and manifested transcendent powers of ventriloquism. He imitated every voice that offered itself from the audience, whether in song or cry, so as to astound by its resemblance the singer or the crier himself; sometimes he reproduced the hum of the crowd; and he panted, as though he himself alone had been a herd of people. Remarkable talents, these.

In addition, he made speeches, as you have just seen, like Cicero, sold drugs, prescribed for maladies, and even cured the ailing.

Southwark was charmed.

Ursus was satisfied with the applauses of Southwark, but he was not surprised thereat.

— These are the ancient Trinobantes, said he.

And he added:

— Whom I do not confound, for refinement of taste, with the Atrobates who have peopled Berkshire, the Belgians who have inhabited Somersetshire, and the Parisians who founded York.

At each representation, the inn-yard, transformed into a pit, was filled with a tatterdemalion and enthusiastic audience. It was composed of boatmen, chairmen, shipwrights, bargemen from river barges, sailors freshly landed, and spending their pay in good cheer and among the girls. There were tall footmen, ruffians, and blackguards, the last-named being soldiers condemned for some breach of discipline to wear their red coats turned so as to show the black lining, and thence called blackguards, whence we have borrowed *blagueurs.* All this streamed from the street into the theatre, and streamed back from the theatre into the drinking-room. The emptied cans did no harm to the success.

Among the people whom it is the custom to call the scum, there was one man taller than the rest, of bigger build, stronger, less poverty-stricken, broader in the shoulders, dressed in the commonest style, but not tattered, a frantic admirer, forcing his way with his fists, hare-brained, swearing, shouting, bantering, by no means dirty, and at need giving a black eye or treating to a bottle.

This frequenter was the passer-by, whose outburst of enthusiasm was heard not long since.

The connoisseur, fascinated at once, had immediately adopted "The Man Who Laughs." He did not come to every performance. But, when he did come, he it was who drew the public on; applause was changed into acclamation; success went up—not to the frieze, for there was none, but—to the clouds of which there were some. These clouds, in fact, for lack of a

ceiling, sometimes rained upon Ursus' masterpiece.

All this to such extent, that Ursus noted this man, and Gwynplaine looked at him.

He was a spirited friend, the unknown man whom they had there!

Ursus and Gwynplaine desired to make his acquaintance, or at least to know who he was.

Ursus, one evening—from the slips, that is to say, from the kitchen-door of the Green-Box—having by chance Master Nicless, the innkeeper, near him, pointed out this man amid the crowd, and asked:

—Do you know that man?

—Certainly.

—Who is he?

—A sailor.

—What's his name? said Gwynplaine, breaking in.

—Tom-Jim-Jack, replied the host.

Then, as he went down the step-ladder behind the Green-Box to re-enter the inn, Master Nicless let fall this reflection, more profound than appears at first sight:

—What a pity that he isn't a lord! He would make a famous scamp!

For the rest, although installed in a public-house, the Green-Box party had in no respect modified its habits; and it maintained its isolation. With the exception of exchanging a few words now and then with the innkeeper, they did not mix themselves up with the inhabitants of the inn, permanent or transient, and they continued to live together apart.

Since they had been at Southwark, Gwynplaine had fallen into the habit—after the performance and the supper of man and horse, and when Ursus and Dea had gone to bed on their respective sides—of going out, between eleven o'clock and midnight, to breathe a little fresh air on the bowling-green. Something vague, that there is in the mind, prompts to nocturnal walks and starry saunterings. Youth is a mysterious biding of time; that is why one walks at night, willingly though aimless. At that hour, there was no one on the fair-ground; or, at most, there was only the occasional reel of a drunken man, that made oscillating outlines in dark recesses. The empty taverns were shut; the low room of the Tadcaster Inn grew indistinct, showing scarcely in any corner a last candle lighting a last toper. A misty glimmer peered out through the casings of the inn-door standing ajar; and Gwynplaine, pensive, contented, dreaming, happy in a dim celestial bliss, walked up and down before this half-opened door. Of what was he thinking? Of Dea, of nothing, of everything, of the measureless. He did not stray far from the inn, held back, as by a thread, in Dea's neighborhood. It was enough for him to take a few steps beyond it.

Then he went in, found all the Green-Box asleep, and went to sleep himself.

IV.

OPPOSITES FRATERNIZE IN HATE.

Success is not liked, especially by those whose fall it involves. It is seldom that the eaten adores the eater. "The Man Who Laughs" had decidedly made a sensation. The mountebanks round about were indignant. A theatrical success is a siphon; it pumps in the crowd, and makes a void elsewhere. The shop over the way is aghast. A fall in the neighboring receipts corresponded immediately, as we have observed, with the increase of the Green-Box receipts. All at once, the shows, thriving up to that time, stood still. It was like a water-mark, marking itself, in a double sense, but with perfect con-

cordance—the rise here, the fall there. At all theatres these effects of tide are known; it is up with this one, only on condition that it is down with that one. The alien throng, that exhibited its talents and its flourish of trumpets on the surrounding boards, seeing itself ruined by "The Man Who Laughs," was in despair, but, at the same time, was dazzled. All the dotards, all the clowns, all the jugglers, envied Gwynplaine. There's a fellow lucky enough to have a wild-beast's muzzle! The female buffoons and rope-dancers, who had pretty children, eyed them angrily, as they pointed to Gwynplaine, and said: "What a pity that you haven't such a face as that!" Some of them beat their little ones, exasperated at finding them handsome. More than one, if she had known the secret, would have got up her son in the style of Gwynplaine. An angelic head, that brings in nothing, is not worth a devil's face, that is lucrative. One day, the mother of a child, that was a cherub of pretty ways and played Cupids, was heard to exclaim: "They have missed it in our children. There's only this Gwynplaine that is a hit." Then, shaking her fist at her son, she added: "If I had but your father here, I'd pick a bone with him!"

Gwynplaine was a hen that lays golden eggs. What a marvellous phenomenon! There was but this one cry in all the booths. The mountebanks, in ecstasies and exasperated, ground their teeth as they looked at Gwynplaine. Rage, that can admire, is called envy. Then it yells. They tried to break up *Chaos Conquered*, clubbed together, whistled, groaned, hissed. This was a pretext for Ursus making Hortensian harangues to the populace, and an occasion for friend Tom-Jim-Jack administering some of those fisticuffs that reëstablish order. Tom-Jim-Jack's fisticuffs brought to a point Gwynplaine's notice of him and Ursus' esteem. But remotely, however; for the Green-Box party was sufficient for itself in itself, and held aloof from every thing. As for Tom-Jim-Jack, that leader of the rabble produced the effect of a sort of supreme bully, without ties, without intimacies, a breaker of windows, a ringleader among men, everybody's comrade, and nobody's companion.

This unchaining of envy against Gwynplaine was not inclined to give it up, for a few slaps in the face from Tom-Jim-Jack. The hisses having miscarried, the mountebanks of the Tarrinzeau-Field got up a petition. They addressed themselves to the authorities. That is the customary progression. Against a success that annoys us, we first raise a mob, and then crave aid from the magistracy.

The clergy united with the jugglers. "The Man Who Laughs" had proved a blow at preaching. The void was not made in the booths alone, but in the churches. The chapels in the five parishes of Southwark had no more congregations. They forsook the sermon, to go to Gwynplaine. *Chaos Conquered*, the Green-Box, "The Man Who Laughs," all these abominations of Baal carried the day against pulpit eloquence. The voice that cries in the desert, *vox clamantis in deserto*, is not well pleased, and willingly adjures the government. The pastors of the five parishes complained to the Bishop of London, who complained to her Majesty.

The appeal of the mountebanks was based upon religion. They declared it outraged. They pointed out Gwynplaine as a sorcerer, and Ursus as impious.

The clergy, on their part, invoked social order. They laid great stress upon the violated acts of Parliament, leaving orthodoxy aside. This was more malevolent; for it was then the epoch of

Mr. Locke—dead scarcely six months, on the 28th of October, 1704—and the skepticism was beginning that Bolingbroke was to breathe into Voltaire. At a later period Wesley was to restore the Bible, as Loyola restored the papacy.

In this manner the Green-Box was battered in breach on two sides—by the mountebanks in the name of the Pentateuch, by the chaplains in the name of police regulations. On one side Heaven, on the other side the department of public ways—the clergy holding for the department, and the buffoons for Heaven. The Green-Box was denounced by the priests as a nuisance, and by the merry-andrews as a sacrilege.

Was there any pretext in it? Did it expose itself? Yes. What was its offence? This: it possessed a wolf. In England, a wolf is an outlaw. The dog—let him be; the wolf—no. England recognizes the dog that barks, and not the dog that howls—nice distinction between the back-yard and the forest. The rectors and vicars of the five Southwark parishes recalled, in their application, the numerous royal and parliamentary decrees that put the wolf beyond the pale of law. They asked for some such conclusion as the imprisonment of Gwynplaine, and the putting the wolf in the pound, or at least his ejectment. Question of public interest, risk for passers-by, etc. And, thereupon, they appealed to the faculty. They cited the verdict of the College of Eighty Physicians of London, a learned body that dates from Henry VIII., that has its seal as the state has, that elevates the sick to the dignity of being amenable to their tribunal, that has the right to imprison those who infringe its laws and contravene its ordinances, and that, among other authentications useful to the citizens' health, has put beyond doubt this fact, deduced from science: If a wolf sees a man first, the man becomes hoarse for life. Furthermore, one may be bitten.

Homo, therefore, was the pretext.

Ursus had wind of these plots through the innkeeper. He was uneasy. He dreaded those two claws, police and justice. To be afraid of the magistrates, it is sufficient to be afraid; there is no need to be culpable. Ursus had little desire for contact with sheriffs, provosts, bailiffs, and coroners. His ardor to come face to face with these officials was null. He had just about as much curiosity to see the magistrates, as the hare to see the pointer.

He began to regret having come to London.

—Leave well alone, murmured he, aside. I thought the proverb was discredited. I was wrong. Foolish truths are the true truths.

Against the coalition of so many powers—mountebanks taking in hand the cause of religion, chaplains vexing wrath in the name of medicine—the poor Green-Box, suspected of sorcery in Gwynplaine and of hydrophobia in Homo, had on its side but one thing only, though that is a great power in England, municipal inertness. It is from local leaving alone that English liberty took its rise. Liberty, in England, demeans itself like the sea around England. It is a tide. Little by little, customs overtop the laws. A fearful legislation engulfed, usage uppermost, a ferocious code still visible through the transparency of immense freedom—that is England.

"The Man Who Laughs," *Chaos Conquered*, and Homo might have against them the jugglers, the preachers, the bishops, the house of commons, the chamber of peers, her Majesty, and London, and all England—and remain tranquil—so long as Southwark was for them. The Green-Box was the favorite amusement of the suburb, and the local authority seemed to be indif-

ferent. In England, indifference is protection. So long as the sheriff of the county of Surrey, under whose jurisdiction was Southwark, did not budge, Ursus breathed, and Homo might be supine about his pair of wolf's ears.

On condition that they did not end in the thumb-screw, these hatreds were aids to success. The Green-Box, for the moment, was none the worse. On the contrary. It transpired in the public that there were intrigues going on. "The Man Who Laughs" became all the more popular. The crowd has a keen nose for things denounced, and takes them in good part. To be suspected is a recommendation. The people adopt, by instinct, what the index threatens. The thing denounced is the beginning of forbidden fruit; they make haste to bite of it. And then, applause that teases some one, especially when that some one is an authority, has its charm. It is pleasant, in passing an evening agreeably, to manifest your sympathy with the oppressed, and opposition to the oppressor. You protect, in the act of amusing yourself. Let us add that the theatrical booths of the Bowling-Green continued to hiss and to cabal against "The Man Who Laughs." Nothing better for success. Enemies make a noise; that is efficacious in sharpening and brightening up a triumph. A friend sooner wearies of praising, than an enemy of abusing. To abuse is not to harm; and this is what enemies do not know. They cannot refrain from insulting, and therein is their usefulness. They have that impossibility of remaining silent, which keeps public attention awake. The crowd grew larger at *Chaos Conquered.*

Ursus kept to himself what Master Nicless told him of the intrigues and complaints in high places, and did not speak of them to Gwynplaine, so as not to trouble, by preoccupation, the requisite composure of his performances.

If ill came of them, it would be known soon enough.

V.

THE WAPENTAKE.

Once, however, he thought he ought to deviate from this prudence, for prudence' sake, and deemed it of advantage to try to make Gwynplaine uneasy. True it was, that Ursus was occupied in his mind with far more important matters than the intrigues of the fair or of the church. Gwynplaine, on picking up a farthing that had fallen to the ground when he was counting up the receipts, had set himself to looking at it closely, and had drawn a contrast, in the presence of the innkeeper, between the farthing representing the wretchedness of the people, and the image representing, under the form of Anne, the parasitical magnificence of the throne—a remark sounding badly; and this remark, repeated by Master Nicless, had gone so far that it had come back to Ursus through Fibi and Vinos. Ursus was in a fever about it. Seditious words. High-treason. He rudely admonished Gwynplaine.

—Keep a watch on your abominable jaw. There is one rule for the great—to do nothing; and one rule for the small—to say nothing. The poor have but one friend, silence. They should use but one monosyllable: Yes. To confess and to concede—this is all the right they have. Yes, to the judge. Yes, to the king. The great, if it so please them, give us blows with a stick; I have had them; it is their prerogative, and they lose nothing of their greatness in cracking our bones; the osprey * is a kind of eagle. Let us

* [*Note by the Translator.*—Victor Hugo here puns upon the word *ossifrage*, which has the

worship the sceptre, which is the first among sticks. Respect is prudence, and humility is egotism. He who insults his king places himself in the same peril with the girl rashly cutting the lion's mane. They tell me that you have been gabbling about a farthing, and that you have spoken contemptuously of this coin, by means of which we buy at market the half-quarter of a salt herring. Take care. Become serious. Learn that there are punishments. Acquaint yourself with the stern facts of legislation. You are in a country where he who cuts down a little tree three years old is quietly led to the gallows. Profane swearers are set with their feet in the stocks. The drunkard is secured in a hogshead, with the bottom knocked out so that he can walk, with a hole in the top for his head to come through, and two holes in the side for his hands to come through, so that he cannot lie down. Whoever strikes any one in Westminster Hall is imprisoned for life, and his goods are confiscated. Whoever strikes any one in the king's palace has his right hand cut off. A fillip that makes the nose bleed, and there you are with but one hand. He who is convicted of heresy in the Bishop's Court is burned alive. It was for no grave matter that Cuthbert Simpson was stretched upon the rack. Within three years, in 1702 —it was not long ago, as you see—they put in the pillory a wretch named Daniel Defoe, who had had the audacity to print the names of the members of the Commons who had spoken the evening before in Parliament. He who is a felon to her Majesty is ripped open alive, and they tear out his heart, with which they buffet him on the cheeks. Teach yourself these notions of right and justice. Never allow yourself a word; and, at the least disturbance of the peace, run away. This is the bravery that I practise, and that I advise. In temerity, imitate the birds; and in idle talking, imitate the fish. In short, there is this to admire in England, that her code is exceedingly mild.

His admonition having been given, Ursus was for some time uneasy; Gwynplaine was not at all so. The fearlessness of youth consists in a lack of experience. Nevertheless, it seemed that Gwynplaine had been right in being unconcerned, for weeks passed away quietly, and it did not appear that his remark about the queen had led to any results.

Ursus, it is known, was wanting in indifference, and, like the deer on the lookout, was watchful on all sides.

One day, a little while after his remonstrance with Gwynplaine, in gazing from the window which afforded a view out of doors, Ursus turned pale.

— Gwynplaine, said he.

— What is it?

— Look!

— Where?

— In the square.

— What then?

— Do you see that man passing by?

— The man in black?

— Yes.

— Who has a sort of mace in his clinched hand?

— Yes.

— Well?

— Well, Gwynplaine, that man is the wapentake.

— What is the wapentake?

— He is the bailiff of the hundred; the *propositus hundredi.*

— What is the *propositus hundredi?*

— He is a terrible officer.

— What is it that he has in his hand?

— It is the iron weapon.

— What is the iron weapon?

— It is a thing of iron.

— What does he do with it?

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double meaning of bone-breaking and the bird osprey. The point is lost in the translation.]

— First of all, he takes the oath of office upon it. And this is why he is called the wapentake.

— What more?

— What more is that he touches you with it.

— With what?

— With the iron weapon.

— The wapentake touches you with the iron weapon?

— Yes.

— What does that mean?

— It means, follow me.

— And must you follow him?

— Yes.

— Where?

— How do I know?

— But he tells you where he is going to take you?

— No.

— But you have the right to ask him?

— No.

— How is this?

— He says nothing to you, and you say nothing to him.

— But . . .

— He touches you with the iron weapon; that's all. You must march.

— But where?

— Behind him.

— But where?

— Where he pleases, Gwynplaine.

— And if one resists?

— One is hanged.

Ursus withdrew his head from the window, breathed freely, and said:

— Thank God, he is gone! It was not to our house that he was coming.

Ursus was probably unreasonably alarmed at the indiscretion and possible complications of Gwynplaine's careless remarks.

Master Nicless, who had heard them, had no motive for compromising the poor devils of the Green-Box. He made indirectly a little fortune out of "The Man Who Laughs." *Chaos Conquered* had two successes; at the same time that it wrought a triumph of art in the Green-Box, it made drunkenness flourish at the inn.

VI.

THE MICE CROSS-EXAMINED BY THE CATS.

Ursus had yet another alarm sufficiently terrifying. This time it was he himself who was in question. He was summoned to Bishopsgate, before a commission composed of three disagreeable visages. These three visages were three doctors, overseers duly qualified. One was a doctor of theology, delegated by the Dean of Westminster; another was a doctor of medicine, delegated by the College of Eighty; the third was a doctor of history and civil law, delegated by Gresham College. These three experts *in omni re scibili* had jurisdiction concerning words spoken in public in the whole territory of the one hundred and thirty parishes of London, the seventy-three of Middlesex, and, by enlargement, of the five of Southwark. These theological jurisdictions yet exist in England, and were usefully severe on the 23d of September, 1868. By sentence of the Court of Arches, confirmed by a decree of the Lords of the Privy Council, the Reverend Mackonochie was reprimanded, with costs, for lighting candles on a table. The liturgy does not trifle.

Ursus, then, one fine day, received from these delegated doctors an order for his appearance, which, fortunately, was placed in his own hands, and which he could keep secret. He went, without saying a word, in obedience to the summons, trembling at the idea that he might be considered, to a certain extent, as giving occasion for being suspected of having been, perhaps, in a measure, rash. He who so much recommended silence to others had received

here a sharp lesson. *Garrule, sana te ipsum.*

The three doctors, overseers and delegates, were seated, at Bishopsgate, at the end of a hall on the ground-floor, on three arm-chairs in black leather, with the three busts of Minos, Aeacus, and Rhadamanthus, above their heads against the wall, a table before them, and at their feet a stool for the accused.

Ursus, introduced by a quiet and stern usher, entered, took a look at them, and upon the instant gave to each one of them, mentally, the name of the infernal judge that was over his head.

Minos, the first of the three, the overseer of Theology, made a sign to him to seat himself on the stool.

Ursus bowed in a proper manner, that is to say, down to the ground, and, knowing that you may charm bears with honey and doctors with Latin, said, remaining half bent over in homage:

Tres faciunt capitulum.

And with his head lowered—for humility disarms—he seated himself on the stool.

Each of the three doctors had before him on the table a bundle of papers, of which he turned over the leaves.

Minos began:

— You speak in public?

— Yes, replied Ursus.

— By what right?

— I am a philosopher.

— That is no right.

— I am also a juggler, said Ursus.

— That's another thing.

Ursus breathed, but humbly. Minos resumed:

— As a juggler, you may speak; but as a philosopher, you should hold your tongue.

— I will try, said Ursus.

And then he thought to himself—I may speak, but I ought to hold my tongue. Puzzle.

He was very much frightened.

The overseer on behalf of Heaven continued:

— You say things that sound badly. You insult religion. You deny the most palpable truths. You propagate revolting errors. For instance, you have said that virginity precludes maternity.

Ursus meekly raised his eyes.

— I did not say that. I said that maternity precluded virginity.

Minos was thoughtful, and growled:

— In fact, this is the contrary.

It is the same thing. But Ursus had parried the first blow.

Minos, thinking over the reply of Ursus, sank into the depths of his own stupidity, and this produced silence.

The overseer of History, he who to Ursus was Rhadamanthus, covered the defeat of Minos with this challenge:

— Accused, your audacities and your errors are of all kinds. You have denied that the battle of Pharsalia was lost, because Brutus and Cassius encountered a negro.

— I said, replied Ursus, in a low voice, that another cause of it was that Cæsar was the better captain.

The man of history passed abruptly to mythology.

— You have excused the infamies of Acteon.

— I think, suggested Ursus, that a man is not dishonored by having seen the beauty of a woman.

Rhadamanthus came back to history.

— Talking of accidents happening to the cavalry of Mithridates, you have contested the virtues of plants and herbs. You have denied that an herb like the *securiduca* would cause a horse's shoes to fall off.

— I beg pardon, replied Ursus, I said that this was only possible with the herb *sferra-cavalla*. I did not deny the virtue of any herb.

And he added in a lower tone:

— Nor of any woman.

By this little extra flourish to his answer, Ursus had satisfied himself that, agitated as he was, he had not been unhorsed. Ursus was made up of fright and presence of mind.

— I insist, resumed Rhadamanthus, you have declared it was a folly in Scipio, when he would open the gates of Carthage, to take for a key the herb *æthiopis*, because the herb *æthiopis* has not the property of breaking locks.

— I simply said that he had much better have made use of the herb *lunaria*.

— That is an opinion, murmured Rhadamanthus, hit in turn.

And the man of history was silent.

The man of theology, Minos, having recovered himself, questioned Ursus again. He had had time to consult his bundle of notes.

— You have classed orpiment with arsenical products, and you have said that you might poison with orpiment. The Bible denies it.

— The Bible denies it, sighed Ursus, but arsenic affirms it.

The personage in whom Ursus had seen Eacus, who was the overseer of Medicine, and who had not as yet spoken, interposed, and, with his eyes arrogantly half-opened, from his lofty height, came to the support of Ursus. He said:

— The answer is not inapt.

Ursus thanked him with a smile of the deepest abasement.

Minos made a frightful grimace.

— I continue, resumed Minos. Answer. You have said that it was false that the basilisk was the king of serpents under the name of cockatrice.

— Most reverend, said Ursus, I had so little desire to injure the basilisk, that I said it was certain that he had the head of a man.

— Be it so, replied Minos sternly; but you have added that Poerius had seen one that had the head of a falcon. Could you prove it?

— With difficulty, said Ursus.

Here he lost a little ground.

Minos, seizing again the advantage, pushed him hard.

— You have said that a Jew, who became a Christian, did not smell well.

— But I added that a Christian, who became a Jew, stank.

Minos cast a threatening look on the bundle.

— You affirm and propagate matters that have not the air of truth. You have said that Elien had seen an elephant write maxims.

— Not so, most reverend. I simply said that Oppien had heard a hippopotamus discuss a philosophical problem.

— You have declared that it is not true that a beech-wood plate would, of itself, cover itself with any viand that might be desired.

— I have said that, in order that it should possess this virtue, it must have been given to you by the devil.

— Given to me!

— No; to me, reverend sir! No; to anybody, to all the world.

And, aside, Ursus thought: I no longer know what I am saying. But his anxiety, though extreme, was not outwardly too discernible. Ursus struggled.

— All this, replied Minos, implies a certain belief in the devil.

Ursus stuck to it.

— Most reverend, I am not impious to the devil. Belief in the devil is the converse of belief in God. The one proves the other. He who does not believe a little in the devil does not believe much in God. He who believes in the sun must believe in the shadow. The devil is the night of God. What is night? The proof of day.

Ursus improvised here an incomprehensible mixture of philosophy and religion. Minos again became thoughtful, and took another plunge into silence.

Ursus breathed again.

A sharp attack followed. Eacus, the delegate of Medicine, who had just defended Ursus disdainfully against the overseer of Theology, suddenly became the ally of his assailant. He brought his clinched fist down upon the bundle, which was thick and well packed; and Ursus received from him, full in the face, this apostrophe:

— It is proved that crystal is refined ice, and that the diamond is refined crystal; it is asserted that ice becomes crystal in a thousand years, and that crystal becomes diamond in a thousand centuries. You have denied it.

— No, replied Ursus, dejectedly. I have only said that in a thousand years the ice had time to melt, and a thousand centuries it was not easy to compute.

The cross-examination went on, the questions and answers sounding like a clash of swords.

— You have denied that the plants can speak.

— Not at all. But for this they should be under a gallows.

— Do you assert that the mandragora cries?

— No, but it sings.

— You have denied that the fourth finger of the left hand had a sovereign virtue.

— I only said that sneezing to the left was an unlucky sign.

— You have spoken rashly and disparagingly of the phœnix.

— Learned judge, I have simply said that, when he wrote that the brain of the phœnix was a delicate morsel, but caused the headache, Plutarch went too far, seeing that the phœnix never existed.

— Abominable language. The cinnamon-bird, that makes its nest with sticks of cinnamon, the *rhintace* that Parysatis used in her poisonings, the *manucodiate*, which is the bird of paradise, and the *semenda*, which has a bill with three tubes, have improperly passed for the phœnix; but the phœnix has existed.

— I do not contest it.

— You are a donkey.

— I do not pretend to be any thing better.

— You have admitted that the elder cures the quinsy, but you have added that it was not because it had in its root a fairy excrescence.

— I said it was because Judas had hanged himself upon an elder.

— Plausible opinion, muttered the theologian, Minos, satisfied with giving his pin-thrust to the doctor, Eacus.

Pride, ruffled, immediately becomes anger. Eacus was enraged.

— Strolling fellow, you go astray as much with your mind as with your feet. You have suspicious and surprising proclivities. You walk on the very verge of sorcery. You are in correspondence with unknown animals. You speak to the rabble of matters that exist for yourself alone, and which are of a nature not understood, such as the *hæmorrhoiis*.

— The *hæmorrhoiis* is a viper that was seen by Tremellius.

This retort produced a certain confusion in the irritated science of the doctor Eacus.

Ursus added:

— The *hæmorrhoiis* is altogether as real as the strong-smelling hyena, and the civet described by Castellus.

Eacus recovered himself by a home-thrust.

— Here is the text of your most diabolical language. Listen.

His eye upon the notes, Eacus read:

— "Two plants, the *thalagssigle* and the *aglaphotis*, are luminous in the evening. Flowers by day, stars by night."

And, looking fixedly at Ursus:

— What have you to say?

Ursus replied:

— Every plant is a lamp. Perfume is light.

Eacus turned over some pages.

— You have denied that the vesicles of the seal were the same thing as the castor-bean.

— I contented myself with saying that we must distrust Aetius on that point.

Eacus became ungovernable.

— You practise medicine.

— I practise myself in medicine, timidly sighed Ursus.

— On the living?

— Rather more than on the dead, said Ursus.

Ursus retorted with firmness, but with self-abasement — admirable mixture wherein suavity predominated. He spoke, indeed, with so much sweetness that the Doctor Eacus felt the necessity of insulting him.

— What do you mean by cooing us in this way? said he, savagely.

Ursus was aghast, and contented himself with replying:

— Cooing is for the young, and groaning is for the old. Alas! I groan.

Eacus rejoined:

— Be warned of this; if a sick man is attended by you, and he dies, you will be punished with death.

Ursus hazarded a question:

— And if he is cured?

— In that case, replied the doctor, softening his tone, you will be punished with death.

— There's little difference, said Ursus.

The doctor answered:

— If there is a death, we punish the stupidity; if there is a cure, we punish the presumption. The gallows in both cases.

— I was ignorant of this little matter, said Ursus, in an undertone. I thank you for teaching it to me. One does not know all the beauties of legislation.

— Mind what you are about.

— Religiously, said Ursus.

— We know what you are doing.

— For myself, thought Ursus, I don't always know it.

— We could send you to jail.

— I have some inkling of that, my lords.

— You cannot deny your misdeeds and your transgressions.

— My philosophy begs pardon.

— They accuse you of insolence.

— They are enormously in error.

— They say that you cure the sick.

— I am the victim of calumnies.

The triple pair of horrible eyebrows bent upon Ursus became knit; the three learned faces came together and whispered. Ursus had a vision of a fool's cap indistinctly outlining itself above these three heads in authority. The confidential and privileged grumbling of the trio lasted several minutes, during which time Ursus felt all the freezings and all the burnings of anguish. At last, Minos, who was the presiding officer, turned toward him, and said to him, in a furious tone:

— Be off with you!

Ursus had in some degree the sensation of Jonah, as he came out of the whale's belly.

Minos continued:

— You are discharged.

Ursus said to himself:

— Catch me at it again! Good-by, Medicine!

And he added, in his inner conscience:

— Hereafter, I shall carefully leave people to die like brutes.

Bent double, he bowed to every thing, the doctors, the busts, the table, and the walls, and moved toward the door backward, disappearing like a shadow that vanishes away.

He left the hall slowly—like an honest man, and the street rapidly—like a culprit. The officers of justice have so

peculiar and mysterious an address, that even the acquitted avoid them.

In full flight, he grumbled:

—I had a narrow escape of it. I am the wild man of learning; they are the domesticated men of learning. The doctors are a plague to the learned. False science is the excrement of the true; and its function is the destruction of philosophers. The philosophers, in producing the sophists, produce their own ruin. Of the droppings of the thrush is born the mistletoe, of which they make the birdlime, with which they catch the thrush.

We have not set up Ursus as a nice man. He had the effrontery to use words that conveyed his meaning. He had no more taste than Voltaire.

Ursus returned to the Green-Box—told Master Nicless that he had been belated by following a pretty woman—and breathed not a word of his adventure.

Only, that evening, he said in low tone to Homo:

—Know this. I have vanquished the three heads of Cerberus.

VII.

WHAT REASONS CAN A DOUBLOON HAVE FOR KEEPING BAD COMPANY AMONG TWOPENNY PIECES?

A DIVERSION occurred unexpectedly.

The Tadcaster Inn was more and more a furnace of fun and laughter. Never was there a gayer tumult. The innkeeper and his boy were not equal to pouring out the ale, the stout, and the porter. At night, the lower hall, all its windows streaming with light, had not one empty table. They sang, they shouted. The grand old fireplace, with a back like an oven, and its iron grate, heaped up with coal, blazed high. It was like a mansion of warmth and resounding merriment.

In the court-yard, that is to say, in the theatre, the crowd was greater still.

All the people that the suburb of Southwark could turn out came in such crowds to the representations of *Chaos Conquered*, that as soon as the curtain was raised, that is to say, as soon as the panel of the Green-Box was lowered, it was impossible to find a seat. The windows overflowed with spectators; the balcony was invaded. One could no longer see a single paving-stone of the court; every part was filled with human faces.

Only the compartment for the nobility remained always empty.

This made, in the centre of the balcony, a black void, which was called, in a slang metaphor, "the oven." Nobody there. Everywhere else, but there, an immense crowd.

One evening it contained somebody.

It was Saturday, the day when the English rush to amuse themselves, having to bore themselves on Sunday. The hall was full.

We say hall. Shakespeare, also, for a long time, had for his theatre only the court-yard of an inn, and he called it hall.

At the moment when the curtain was withdrawn upon the prologue of *Chaos Conquered*—Ursus, Homo, and Gwynplaine being on the stage—Ursus, as was his habit, threw a glance at the spectators, and received a shock.

The compartment "for the nobility" was occupied.

A woman was seated, alone, in the middle of the box, on an arm-chair of Utrecht velvet.

She was alone, and she filled the box.

Certain creatures have a dazzling splendor. This woman, like Dea, had a brightness of her own, but different. Dea was pale; this woman was rosy. Dea was the early dawn; this woman was the morning. Dea was lovely;

this woman was superb. Dea was innocence, candor, whiteness, alabaster; this woman was the purple, and you felt that she did not fear blushing. Her radiance overflowed the box, and she sat in the centre, motionless, as though she were some full-blown idol.

In the midst of this dirty crowd, she had the superior sparkle of the carbuncle; she flooded the people with so much light that she drowned them in shadow, and all these obscure faces underwent an eclipse. Her splendor had effaced every thing.

All eyes were upon her.

Tom-Jim-Jack mingled with the crowd. He disappeared with the rest, in the nimbus of this radiant person.

The woman absorbed, at the outset, public attention, made a competition with the play, and injured a little the earlier effects of *Chaos Conquered*.

However much she resembled a dream, she was real to those who were near her. She was indeed a woman. Perhaps she was too much a woman. She was tall and robust, and magnificently exhibited herself as nude as she well could be. She wore heavy earrings of pearls, set together with those curious jewels called "keys of England." Her skirt was of muslin of Siam, embroidered with gold threads, indicating the greatest luxury, since such muslin dresses cost at that time six hundred crowns. A large diamond agrafe fastened her chemisette, which was on a line with her bosom, according to the lascivious fashion of the age, and which was made of that Friesland cambric whereof Anne of Austria had sheets so fine that they were drawn through a fingerring. This woman wore—like a cuirass of rubies—uncut gems and precious stones sewed all over her bodice. Besides, her eyebrows were darkened with Indian ink; and her arms, her elbows, her shoulders, her chin, under her nostrils, under her eyelids, the lobes of her ears, the palms of her hands, the tips of her fingers, were touched with rouge, and had a certain warm and exciting effect; and above all this was a determined will to be lovely. She came very near being a savage. She was a panther, with the capacity of being a cat, and of fondling. One of her eyes was blue; the other was black.

Gwynplaine, like Ursus, looked attentively at this woman.

The Green-Box was something of a phantasmagoria, *Chaos Conquered* was more a charm than a play, and they had been wont to produce upon the public the effect of a vision. On this occasion the effect of a vision was produced in turn upon them; the house gave back the surprise to the stage, and it was their time to be startled. They experienced the ricochet of fascination.

The woman looked at them, and they looked at her.

To them, in the distance where they were, and in that luminous mist which constitutes the adumbration of a theatre, details were not distinguishable, and it was like an illusion. It was a woman beyond a doubt; but was it not also a phantom? This burst of light upon their darkness bewildered them. It was like the appearance of a strange planet. She had come from the realm of the blest. Her radiancy heightened the effect of her person. She had around her the scintillations of the night, like a Milky Way. Those jewels resembled the stars. That diamond agrafe was perhaps a Pleiad. The glorious modelling of her bosom was supernatural. Seeing this starry creature, one experienced the thrilling sensation of being momentarily about to enter the celestial regions. It was from the recesses of a paradise, that this face of imperturbable repose had leaned down upon the shabby Green-Box and its wretched patrons. Curiosity of the highest rank, which satisfied itself, and

gave food for the curiosity of the rabble. The lofty suffered the low to look at it.

Ursus, Gwynplaine, Vinos, Fibi, the crowd—all felt the power of this dazzlement, save Dea, ignorant of it in her darkness.

There was, in this presence, something of the apparition; but none of the ideas which the word ordinarily suggests were realized in this figure; she had nothing transparent, nothing indefinite, nothing floating, nothing vaporous; it was a fresh and ruddy apparition, in sound health. Nevertheless, under the optical conditions in which Ursus and Gwynplaine were placed, it was like a vision. Those gross phantoms, that we call vampires, do exist. The pretty queen, who herself is a vision to the multitude, and who eats up thirty millions a year, at the expense of her poor subjects, has just such health as this.

Behind the woman, in shadow, might be seen her attendant lad, *el mozo*, a little babyish man, fair and pretty, with a serious expression. A very young and very surly groom was the fashion of the period. The boy was dressed from top to toe in flame-colored velvet, and wore a skull-cap trimmed with gold lace, with a tuft of tailor-bird feathers, a mark of aristocratic servitude, indicating the valet of a very great lady.

The lackey is a part of the lord, and it was impossible not to remark, in the shadow of this woman, this train-bearing page. The mind often makes notes without our knowledge; and, though Gwynplaine was not aware of it, the round cheeks, the grave look, the gold-laced cap, and the tuft of tailor-bird feathers of this lady's boy, left some impression on him. Beyond this, the groom did nothing to cause himself to be observed. To attract attention is to forfeit respect; and he remained standing and passive at the end of the box, as far withdrawn as the closed door would admit.

Although the manikin trainbearer was there, the woman was none the less alone in the compartment, seeing that a valet does not count.

Powerful as had been the sensation created by this person, who produced the effect of a grand personage, the closing scene of *Chaos Conquered* was more powerful still. The effect was, as usual, irresistible. There had been in the hall, perhaps by reason of this radiant looker-on — since sometimes the spectator enhances the spectacle — an excess of electric excitement. The contagion of Gwynplaine's laugh was more triumphant than ever. The whole audience went into fits in an indescribable epilepsy of exhilaration, wherein you might distinguish the leading, ringing laugh of Tom-Jim-Jack.

Only the young stranger, who looked on the spectacle with the immobility of a statue and the eyes of a phantom, did not laugh.

A spectre, but a solar light.

The exhibition over, the panel put up, the privacy of the interior of the Green-Box reëstablished, Ursus opened and emptied on the supper-table the bag of twopenny pieces, among which rolled out suddenly an ounce of Spanish gold.

— From her! cried Ursus.

This ounce of gold in the midst of the verdigrised pennies was, in effect, this woman in the midst of the people.

— She has paid a doubloon for her place! repeated Ursus, enthusiastically.

At this moment the innkeeper entered the Green-Box, passed his arm through the window-frame, opened in the wall against which the Green-Box leaned a sliding pane, of which we have spoken, which afforded a sight of the fair-ground, and which was at the same height as the window, and made a sign to Ursus to look out. A carriage,

set off with plumed lackeys bearing torches, and drawn by a magnificent team, was moving off at a fast trot.

Ursus respectfully took the doubloon between his thumb and forefinger, showed it to Nicless, and said:

— She is a goddess.

Then his eyes fell on the carriage just turning the corner of the ground, and on its top, where the torches of the valets lighted up a coronet of gold with eight fleurons, and he cried out:

— She is more. She is a duchess.

The carriage disappeared. The sound of the wheels died away.

Ursus remained for some minutes in an ecstatic state, elevating the doubloon between his two fingers, converted into a monstrance, such as they use for the elevation of the host.

Then he laid it on the table, and looking at it began to speak of "the lady." The innkeeper made reply. It was a duchess. Yes. They knew her title. But her name? This they did not know. Master Nicless had seen close at hand her carriage all emblazoned, and her lackeys all gold-laced. The coachman wore a wig that would make you think him the lord-chancellor. The carriage was of that unfrequent pattern known in Spain as the *coche-tumbon*, a splendid variety, with a top like a tomb, which was a famous support for a coronet. The boy-valet was a sample of humanity so small, that he could seat himself on the step of the carriage outside the door. They employ these pretty little fellows to carry the ladies' trains; they also carry their messages. And did you remark the boy's tuft of tailor-bird feathers? Here's grandeur. Whoever wears these tailor-bird feathers, without the right, pays a heavy fine. Master Nicless had also seen the lady, quite close at hand. A sort of queen. So much do riches lend to beauty. The skin is whiter, the eye more flashing, the bearing more noble, the beauty more insolent. Nothing can equal the impertinent elegance of hands that do not work. Master Nicless recounted this magnificence of the fair skin with the blue veins, that neck, those shoulders, those arms, that rouge everywhere, those pearl-drops, that head-dress of powdered gold, that profusion of precious stones, those rubies, those diamonds.

— Less brilliant than the eyes, muttered Ursus.

Gwynplaine was silent.

Dea listened.

— And do you know, said the innkeeper, what is most astonishing?

— What? demanded Ursus.

— It is that I saw her get into her carriage.

— What of that?

— She did not get in alone.

— Bah!

— Somebody got in with her.

— Who?

— Guess.

— The king, said Ursus.

— In the first place, said Master Nicless, there is no king just now. We are not under a king. Guess who got into the carriage with that duchess.

— Jupiter, said Ursus.

The innkeeper replied:

— Tom-Jim-Jack.

Gwynplaine, who had not uttered a word, broke silence.

— Tom-Jim-Jack! cried he.

There was an interval of suspense, in which you might have heard Dea say:

— Can't we prevent that woman's coming here?

VIII.

SYMPTOMS OF POISONING.

The "apparition" did not come back.

She did not come back to the show, but she came back to Gwynplaine's mind.

To a certain extent, Gwynplaine was troubled.

It seemed to him that, for the first time in his life, he had seen a woman.

All at once, it occurred to him to dream strangely—in itself almost a fall. We should be on our guard against the revery that lays its hold upon us. The mystery and the subtlety of an odor are in revery. It is to thought what the perfume is to the tuberose. It is sometimes the expansion of a poisonous idea, and it has the penetrating power of smoke. You may poison yourself with reveries, as with flowers. Suicide intoxicating, exquisite, and sinister!

The suicide of the soul is to think evil. Therein is the poisoning. Revery entices, inveigles, lures, enwraps, and then makes of you its accomplice. It makes you its partner in the tricks that it plays upon conscience. It charms you. Then it corrupts you. That may be said of revery which is said of gambling. You begin by being a dupe; you finish by being a cheat.

Gwynplaine dreamed.

He had never seen Woman.

He had seen her shadow in all the female populace; in Dea he had seen her soul.

Now he had seen her reality.

A skin, warm and living, under which might be felt the ebb and flow of an impassioned blood—forms that had the precision of marble and the undulation of the wave—a countenance supercilious and impassible, mingling refusal with allurement, and epitomized in radiance—hair colored as though reflected from a conflagration—an indelicacy of attire, having in itself, and inciting, the tremor of voluptuousness—a suspicion of nudity, betraying a disdainful wish to be possessed at arm's length by the crowd—an impregnable coquetry—an impenetrable charm—temptation made piquant by foreseen perdition—a promise to the senses, and a menace to the spirit—a double anxiety, one half of which is desire, and the other half is fear; this is what he had seen. He had seen a woman.

He had seen more and less than a woman—a female.

And at the same time an Olympian.

A female of a god.

That mystery, sex, had been manifested to him.

And where? In the inaccessible.

At an infinite distance.

Mocking destiny! The soul, that thing celestial, he held it; he had it in his hand—it was Dea. The sex, that thing terrestrial, he perceived in the topmost height of heaven—it was that woman.

A duchess.

More than a duchess, Ursus had said.

How lofty a battlement!

A very dream would recoil before any attempt to scale it.

Was he going to be mad enough to dream of this unknown woman? He debated it within himself.

He recalled all that Ursus had said to him touching these exalted and quasi-royal existences. The philosopher's wanderings, that had seemed to him superfluous, became for him landmarks of meditation. We have often in our memories only a very thin coating of forgetfulness, which, on occasion, reveals suddenly that which is underneath. He portrayed to himself that august world, the lordly estate, whereof was this woman, inexorably superimposed upon that lowest world, the people, whereof he was himself. And was he, even, of the people? Was he not, he, the mountebank, lower than that which is the lowest? For the first time since he had reached the age of reflection, his heart was oppressed by the meanness, that in our day we should call abasement. The pictures and the details of Ursus, his lyrical inventories, his dithyrambics on country seats, parks,

fountains, and colonnades, his displays of wealth and power, came to life again in Gwynplaine's thought, standing out as something real in a cloudy setting. He was possessed by this climax. That a man could be a lord seemed to him chimerical. So it was, nevertheless. Incredible fact. There were lords; but were they, like ourselves, of flesh and bone? That was doubtful. He felt that he himself was in the depth of the shadow, with a wall around him; and he perceived in the supreme distance above his head, as though through the opening of a well wherein he might be, that dazzling medley of azure and of forms and of rays, that constitutes Olympus. In the midst of this glory, the duchess was resplendent.

The need of this woman, that he felt, was an indescribable compound of the strange and the impossible.

And, despite himself, this poignant contrariety returned unceasingly to his mind: the seeing the soul beside him, within his reach, in a limited and tangible reality—the flesh, in the unseizable, in the very depths of the ideal.

No one of these his thoughts was clearly defined. There was as it were a mist within him. It changed its form every moment, as it floated; but its obscurity was profound.

Beyond this, the idea of any thing herein, in any degree approachable, did not an instant ruffle his mind. He sketched not, even in his dreams, any movement upward toward the duchess. Happily for him.

The trembling of such ladder-steps, when once the foot is set upon them, may settle forever in the brain. You think you are mounting to Olympus, and you reach Bedlam. A distinct longing, had it taken form in him, would have terrified him. He experienced nothing of the kind.

Besides, would he ever see this woman again? Probably not. To be smitten by a light that streams on the horizon—madness goes not beyond that point. Making eyes at a star—strictly speaking, you can understand that; you see it again; it reappears; it is fixed. But how can any one be enamoured of a flash of lightning?

He had as it were a pass-rope of dreams. The idol in the centre of the box, majestic and seductive, was drawn luminously with the stomp on the surface of his conceits; then it was effaced. He thought of it, thought no more of it, occupied himself with something else, and returned to it again. He underwent a delusion—nothing more.

This hindered him from sleeping for several nights. Sleeplessness is as full of dreams as slumber.

It is almost impossible to convey in their exact limits the abstruse evolutions that take place in the brain. The inconvenience of words is, that they have a more definite shape than ideas. All ideas merge into each other at their edges; words do not. A certain vague nook of the soul always escapes them. Expression has its boundaries; thought has none.

Such is the sombre immensity within us, that what passed in Gwynplaine scarcely came in contact with Dea, in his mind. Dea was in the centre of his soul, sainted. Nothing could come near her.

And, nevertheless—the human mind being made up of these contradictions—there was a conflict within him. Was he aware of it? Barely.

In the spiritual tribunal within him, at the spot where fracture is possible—we all have that spot—he felt a collision of feeble desires. For Ursus it would have been simple; for Gwynplaine it was indistinct.

Two instincts, the one ideal, the other sexual, combated within him. Such struggles are there between the angel of whiteness, and the angel of

blackness, on the bridge of the bottomless pit.

In the end, the black angel was thrown down.

One day, all at once, Gwynplaine thought no more of the unknown woman.

The combat between the two principles, the duel between his celestial and his terrestrial impulses, had taken place in his own innermost recesses, and at such depth that he had but a very confused perception of it.

What is certain is, that he had not ceased for a minute to adore Dea.

There had been in him a disorder, and far advanced. His blood had had a fever; but it was ended. Dea alone remained.

Any one would have astonished Gwynplaine greatly, who had told him that Dea could have been for a moment in danger.

In a week or two, the phantom, that had seemed to menace these two souls, had faded away.

There was no longer any thing in Gwynplaine, but the heart—a hearth, and love—a flame.

Furthermore, as we have said, the duchess had not returned.

Ursus found this quite natural. The "lady of the doubloon" is a phenomenon. It enters, pays, and vanishes. It would be too much of a fine thing, that it should come back.

As for Dea, she made not even an allusion to this woman who had gone by. She listened probably, and was sufficiently informed by sighs from Ursus, and, here and there, by some significative exclamation, such as—"It doesn't rain gold every day!" She spoke no more of "the woman." Therein was a profound instinct. The soul takes these obscure precautions, into the secret of which it has not always itself entered. To hold one's tongue about any one seems equivalent to sending that person away. In making inquiries, one fears to summon back. We keep silence thereupon, as we would shut a door.

The incident was forgotten.

Was there even any thing in it? Had it really occurred? Could it be said that a shadow had floated between Gwynplaine and Dea? Dea did not know it, and Gwynplaine knew it no more. No. There had been nothing. The duchess herself was outlined in the dim distance, like an illusion. It was but a minute's dreaming traversed by Gwynplaine, and from which he had emerged. A revery dissipated, like a fog dissipated, leaves no trace; and, the cloud passed away, love is no more diminished in the heart than the sun in the sky.

IX.

ABYSSUS ABYSSUM VOCAT.

Another figure had disappeared—and that was Tom-Jim-Jack. He ceased abruptly to come to the Tadcaster Inn.

Persons, so situated as to see both sides of the elegant life of the great London lords, might have noted perhaps that, at the same period, the *Weekly Gazette*, between two extracts from parish registers, announced "the departure of Lord David Dirry-Moir, by order of her Majesty, to resume the command of his frigate, in the White Squadron cruising on the coast of Holland."

Ursus perceived that Tom-Jim-Jack did not come any more; the fact preoccupied him much. Tom-Jim-Jack had not reappeared, since the day when he went off in the same carriage with the "lady of the doubloon." An enigma truly was this Tom-Jim-Jack, who carried off duchesses with extended arms. What an interesting investigation to be

made! What questions to be propounded! How much to be said! That is why Ursus did not say a word.

Ursus, who had seen life, knew what smarting a rash curiosity may occasion. Curiosity should always be proportioned to the curious individual. In listening, you risk the ear; in watching, you risk the eye. It is prudent to hear nothing and to see nothing. Tom-Jim-Jack had mounted into that princely carriage, and the public-house keeper had witnessed his ascension. That sailor seating himself by the side of that lady had an air of prodigy about it that made Ursus circumspect. The caprices of upper life should be held sacred by the lower class. All those reptiles, who are called the poor, have nothing better to do than to cower down in their holes when they perceive any thing extraordinary. To keep snug is a necessity. Shut your eyes, if you have not the happiness to be blind; stop your ears, if you have not the luck to be deaf; paralyze your tongue, if you lack the perfection of being dumb. The great are what they choose to be; the small are what they can be; let the unknown go by. Don't let us importune mythology; don't let us worry apparitions; let us have a profound respect for images! Don't let us direct our tittle-tattle toward the shrinkings or the enlargements that take place in the regions above us, for motives of which we are ignorant. These, for us puny creatures, are for the most part optical illusions. Metamorphoses are the affair of the gods; transformations and disintegrations, of the grand contingent personages who float above us, are clouds impossible to comprehend and perilous to study. Too much scrutiny vexes the Olympians in their evolutions of amusement or fantasy; and a thunderstroke may disagreeably teach you that the bull, whom you have examined too curiously, is Jupiter. Do not let us draw half-open the neutral-tinted curtain-folds of the powerful, who are to be dreaded. Indifference is intelligence. Do not budge; that is wholesome. Sham dead, and they won't kill you. Such is the insect's wisdom. Ursus practised it.

The innkeeper, puzzled on his side, interrogated Ursus one day.

— Do you know that we don't see Tom-Jim-Jack any more?

— Ah, said Ursus, I had not noticed it.

Master Nicless made some remark in a low tone, without doubt upon the mixing-up of the ducal carriage with Tom-Jim-Jack—an observation probably irreverent and dangerous, to which Ursus took pains not to listen.

Ursus, nevertheless, was too much an artist not to regret Tom-Jim-Jack. He experienced a certain degree of disappointment. But he confided his impressions to Homo only, the sole confidant of whose discretion he felt sure. He whispered into the wolf's ear:

— Since Tom-Jim-Jack has ceased coming, I feel a void as a man, and a chill as a poet.

This outpouring into the heart of a friend comforted Ursus.

He remained walled up with Gwynplaine, who, on his side, made no allusion to Tom-Jim-Jack.

In fact, a little more or less of Tom-Jim-Jack made no difference to Gwynplaine, absorbed in Dea.

Forgetfulness had taken hold of Gwynplaine, more and more. Dea herself did not even suspect that a vague commotion had taken place. At the same time there was no more talk of cabals and complaints against "The Man Who Laughs." Hatred seemed to have let go its hold. All had subsided within the Green-Box and around the Green-Box. No more humbug, nor strolling players, nor priests. No outside grumbling. They had the success, without

the menace. Destiny gives sometimes this sudden serenity. The shining bliss of Gwynplaine and of Dea was, for the moment, absolutely without a shadow. It had mounted little by little to that point, where nothing can be added to it. There is a word that expresses such situations — apogee. Happiness, like the sea, reaches its high-water. The disquieting fact for the perfectly happy is, that the sea goes down again.

There are two modes of being inaccessible — the being very high, and the being very low. At least as much perhaps as the former, the latter is desirable. More surely than the eagle escapes the arrow, the animalcule escapes crushing. This security of littleness, we have already remarked, if any one had it upon earth, was enjoyed by those two beings, Gwynplaine and Dea; but never had it been so complete. They lived more and more, one through the other, one in the other, ecstatically. The heart saturates itself with love, as with a divine salt that preserves it; thence the incorruptible binding together of those who have loved each other from the dawn of life, and the freshness of olden loves prolonged.

There is such a thing as embalming love. It is from Daphnis and Chloe that Philemon and Baucis are made. That sort of old age, the similitude of the evening to the dawn, was evidently reserved for Gwynplaine and for Dea. In the meanwhile, they were young.

Ursus regarded this love, as a doctor makes his clinical inspection. Besides, he had what was called in those days the Hippocratic look. He fixed upon Dea, fragile and pale, his sagacious eyeball, and grumbled out: It is very fortunate that she is happy! At other times, he said: She is happy, for the benefit of her health.

He shook his head, and at times read attentively Avicenna, translated by Vopiscus Fortunatus, Louvain, 1650—an old worm-eaten book that he had— where he treated of cardiac disorders.

Dea, easily fatigued, was subject to sweats and drowsiness, and took, it may be remembered, her siesta in the day. On one occasion when she was thus asleep, lying down upon the bear's-skin, Gwynplaine not being there, Ursus leaned over her softly, and applied his ear to Dea's chest on the side of the heart. He seemed to listen for some instants; and then murmured, as he rose up: She must not have a shock. The crack would be speedily enlarged!

The crowd continued to overflow, at the representations of *Chaos Conquered*. The success of "The Man Who Laughs" appeared to be inexhaustible. All flocked thither; and it was not now Southwark only—London came in for a small share. The public even began to be a mixed one. It was no longer simple sailors and drivers. In the opinion of Master Nicless, a connoisseur in rabble, there were now, in this populace, gentlemen and lords disguised as common people. Disguising is one of the delights of pride; and it was then very much in vogue. This mingling of the aristocracy with the mob was a good sign, and showed an extension of success taking hold on London. Gwynplaine's fame had decidedly made its entry among the great public. And the fact was real. The only thing talked of in London was "The Man Who Laughs." The talk had even reached up to the queen.

In the Green-Box, there was not a misgiving. They were content to be happy. Dea's intoxication was to touch, every evening, Gwynplaine's wavy and yellow hair. In love, there is nothing so intoxicating as a habit. All of life is concentrated therein. The reappearance of the star is a habit of the universe. Creation is nothing else than a loving woman; and the sun is a lover.

Light is a dazzling Caryatid, that supports the world. Day by day, during one sublime minute, the earth, covered by night, leans upon the rising sun. Dea, blind, felt the same return of warmth and hope within her, at the moment when she placed her hand upon Gwynplaine's head.

To be two darksome beings adoring each other; to love each other in the fulness of silence—one would be reconciled to an eternity thus passed.

One evening, Gwynplaine — overcharged with that felicity which, like intoxication from perfumes, causes a divine uneasiness—was roving on the fair-ground at some hundred paces from the Green-Box, as was not unusual with him when the performance was ended. One has occasionally these hours of expansion, when the too-full heart overflows. The night was dark, but clear. The stars shone brightly. All the bowling-green was deserted; there was only sleep and forgetfulness in the booths scattered around the Tarrinzeau-Field.

One light alone was not put out; it was the lantern of the Tadcaster Inn, half-open and awaiting Gwynplaine's return.

Midnight had just tolled from the five parish churches of Southwark, with the intervals and variations of tone that distinguish one belfry from another.

Gwynplaine was dreaming of Dea. Of what should he have dreamed? But, this evening, unusually perturbed, full of a charm not devoid of pain, he was dreaming of Dea as man dreams of woman. He reproached himself for it. It was a falling off. The secret spousal impulse was beginning in him. Anxiously did he cross-examine himself; he blushed, as one might say, internally.

Given too much paradise—love ceases to have a fancy for it. Love must have the life stirred up, the kiss electric and irreparable. The sidereal discomposes; the ethereal oppresses. An excess of heaven is, in love, what an excess of combustibles is, in fire; the flame suffers from it. He was ashamed of this visionary encroachment. It was almost an effort of profanation. He struggled against this besetting. He turned away from it; then he came back to it. It seemed to him like committing an offence against decency. Dea was, for him, in a cloud. Trembling, he drew away the cloud.

He took steps at random, with the rocking, absent motion, that one has in solitude. To have no one about—this tends to rambling of mind. Whither went his thought? He would not have dared to tell himself. Up to heaven? No.

Solitude in the bowling-green was so peaceful, that at moments he spoke aloud.

To feel that you have no listeners makes you talk.

He walked slowly, with his head bent down, his hands behind his back, the left in the right, the fingers open.

Suddenly, he felt, as it were, the gliding of something into the inert opening between his fingers.

He turned sharply round.

He had a paper in his hand, and a man before him.

It was the man who, coming up to him from behind with the stealth of a cat, had put the paper between his fingers.

The paper was a letter.

The man, sufficiently distinct by the dim starlight, was small, chubby-faced, young, grave, and wearing a flame-colored livery, visible from head to foot through the vertical opening of a long gray overcoat, which was then called a *capenoche*, a Spanish word contracted, that means a hooded night-cloak. On

his head he wore a crimson cap, like a cardinal's coif, whereon the service he was in should be indicated by a certain trimming. On this coif might be seen a plume of bird-feathers.

He was motionless before Gwynplaine. You might have called him the phantom of a dream.

Gwynplaine recognized the valet-boy of the duchess.

Before Gwynplaine could utter any exclamation of surprise, he heard the shrill voice, at once childish and feminine, of the boy, that said to him:

— At this hour to-morrow be at the entrance of London Bridge. I shall be there. I will guide you.

— Where? asked Gwynplaine.

— Where you are expected.

Gwynplaine dropped his eyes upon the letter that he held mechanically in his hand.

When he raised them up again, the boy was no longer there.

He could make out, in the obscurity of the fair-ground, a vague dark form that rapidly diminished. This was the little lackey going his way. He turned the corner of the street, and there was no one to be seen.

Gwynplaine looked at the valet disappearing; then he looked at the letter. There are moments in life when that which happens to you does not happen; astonishment keeps you for a time at a certain distance from the fact. Gwynplaine brought the letter up to his eyes, as a person who wished to read; then he discovered that he could not read it, for two reasons—in the first place, because he had not unsealed it; in the second place, because it was dark. Several minutes passed before he recalled to mind that there was a lantern in the inn. He took a few steps, but aside, and as though he did not know where to go. A somnambulist, to whom a ghost has delivered a letter, might walk in this manner.

At last he made up his mind, ran rather than advanced toward the inn, placed himself in the streak of light from the half-open door, and by that light examined once more the closed letter. No imprint could be seen upon the seal or the envelope. There was only, "To Gwynplaine." He broke the seal, tore the envelope, unfolded the letter, brought it fully under the light, and read what follows:

— "You are horrible, and I am beautiful. You are a stage-player, and I am a duchess. I am the first, and you are the last. I love you. Come!"

BOOK IV.

THE PENAL VAULT.

I.

THE TEMPTATION OF ST. GWYNPLAINE.

One jet of flame scarcely makes a point in the darkness; another would set a volcano on fire.

There are sparks that are enormous.

Gwynplaine read the letter, and then re-read it. There was, without doubt, the expression—"I love you."

Apprehensions succeeded each other in his mind.

The first was the believing himself crazed.

He was crazed. That was certain. What he had just seen had no existence. The twilight phantoms were playing with him, poor wretch. The little scarlet man was the flash of a vision. Sometimes, at night, a nonentity, condensed into a flame, will come and laugh at you. After this mocking, the illusory being had disappeared, leaving behind him Gwynplaine crazed.

The second apprehension was the proving that he had all his senses about him.

A vision? Not at all. Well! And this letter? Had he not a letter in his own hands? Was there not absolutely an envelope, a seal, paper, writing? Did he not know from whom all this came? Nothing obscure in this adventure. Somebody has taken a pen and ink, and has written. Somebody has lighted a taper, and has made a seal with wax. Was not his name superscribed upon the letter—"To Gwynplaine?" The paper smells sweet. All is clear. The little man—Gwynplaine recognizes him. This dwarf is a groom. This glare is a livery. This groom has appointed a meeting with Gwynplaine, for the next day, at the same hour, at the entrance of London Bridge. Is London Bridge an illusion? No, no; all that holds good. There is no delirium therein. All is reality. Gwynplaine is perfectly lucid. Gwynplaine is not dreaming. And he read the letter again.

Well, then; yes! But what next?

The what next is formidable.

There is a woman who loves him.

A woman loves him! In that case, let no one evermore henceforward pronounce that word—"incredible." A woman loves him! A woman who has seen his countenance! A woman who is not blind! And who is this woman? An ugly one? No; a beauty! A gypsy? No; a duchess!

What was there herein, and what did it mean? What peril in such a triumph! But how avoid throwing one's self into it head foremost?

What! this woman, the siren, the apparition, the lady, the spectator from the visionary box, the radiant dark one. For she it was, she truly.

The crackling of the conflagration, thus begun, broke out all over him. It was the marvellous unknown one! the same who had caused him so much pain. And his first tumultuous thoughts concerning that woman came again upon him, as though heated in all this sombre fire. Forgetfulness is neither more nor less than a palimpsest. A certain incident occurs; and all the effaced portions revive, in the spaces between the lines of wondering memory. Gwynplaine believed that he had withdrawn this figure from his mind; and he found it there again; and it was therein impressed; and it had dug a hollow in that unconscious brain, guilty of a dream. Unknown to himself, the profound graving of his revery had bitten in, and far down. Now a positive evil had been done. And all this revery, henceforward perhaps irreparable—he laid hold on it again with vehemence.

What! love for him! What! the princess descended from her throne, the idol from its altar, the statue from its pedestal, the phantom from its cloud! What! from the depths of the impossible, the chimera had arrived! What! this divinity painted on the ceiling; what, this irradiation; what, this Nereid all moistened with precious stones; what, this beauty unapproachable and supreme had leaned down toward Gwynplaine from the height of her escarpment of rays! What! she had stayed, above Gwynplaine, her Aurora's car, drawn jointly by turtle-doves and by dragons, and she had said to Gwynplaine: "Come!" What! he, Gwynplaine! his was this terrific glory, to be the object of such a lowering down of the empyrean! And this goddess, who came to him, knew what she was doing. She was not unaware of the horror incarnate in Gwynplaine. She had seen the mask that constituted Gwynplaine's face. And this mask had not caused her to shrink back! Gwynplaine was beloved in spite of it!

Fact, that went beyond all imaginings—he was loved on this account! Far from making the goddess recoil, the mask had attracted her!

What! there, where this woman was, in the royal midst of irresponsible splendor and of power in fullest sway, there were princes, and she could take a prince; there were lords, and she could take a lord; there were men, handsome, charming, proud, and she could take Adonis! And who was it that she was taking? Gnafron. She could choose, amid meteors and thunderbolts, the immense six-winged seraph; and she chose the larva crawling in the mire. On one side, highnesses and mightinesses, all the grandeur, all the opulence, all the glory; on the other side a mountebank. The mountebank carried the day! What scales, then, were there in this woman's heart? By what weights weighed she out her love? This woman took from her brow the ducal cap, and threw it upon the clown's trestle. This woman took from her head the Olympian aureole, and placed it on the bristly skull of a gnome. One knows not what turning of the world upside down—the swarming of insects above, constellations below—was swallowing up Gwynplaine, distracted under a downfall of light, and making for him a halo in his cloaca. "You are horrible. I love you;" these words touched Gwynplaine on the ghastly spot of pride. Pride is the heel wherein every hero is vulnerable. Gwynplaine was flattered in his vanity as monster. It was as a deformed being that he was loved. He also, as much as, perhaps more than, the Jupiters and the Apollos, was a specialty. He felt himself to be superhuman, and so monstrous as to be a god. Horrifying dazzlement!

And now, what was this woman? What knew he of her? Every thing, and nothing. She was a duchess; he knew that. He knew that she was beautiful, that she was rich, that she had liveries, lackeys, pages, runners with torches around her coroneted carriage. He knew that she was in love with him, or at least that she told him so. The rest he knew not. He knew her rank, and he knew not her name. He knew her thought, and he knew not her life. Was she wife, widow, maid? Was she free? Was she bound to any duties whatever? Of what family was she a member? Were there around her pitfalls, ambushes, reefs? Gwynplaine suspected nothing as to what gallantry is in high and idle places; as to there being caverns on these summits wherein ferocious charmers dream, while around them lie pell-mell the bones of loves already devoured; as to essayings, tragically cynical, whereto the ennui of a woman may tend, who deems herself superior to man. He had not even in his mind the wherewithal to build up a conjecture; in the social subsoil wherein he lived, one is badly informed herein. Nevertheless, he foresaw coming gloom. He avowed to himself that all this brilliancy was obscure. Did he comprehend? No. Did he divine? No. What was there behind this letter?—an opening of folding-doors, and, at the same time, a disquieting closure. On one side, avowal; on the other side, enigma.

Avowal and enigma — those two mouths, the one inciting and the other menacing — with the same word: "Dare!"

Never had the perfidy of chance taken its measures better; and never had it brought temptation more opportunely. It was at a troubled minute, that the offer was made to him, and that there was held before him, in all its splendor, the bosom of the sphinx.

Gwynplaine was overwhelmed.

There is a certain fume of evil which precedes crime, and which the conscience cannot inhale. Uprightness, when tempted, has the faint nausea of hell. What is half-opened sends forth an exhalation, that warns the strong

and makes dizzy the weak. Gwynplaine experienced this mysterious uneasiness.

Dilemmas, at once transitory and stubborn, floated before him. The misdeed, persevering in offering itself, took form — the next day, midnight, London Bridge, the foot-boy. Should he go? Yes! cried the flesh. No! cried the soul.

Let it be said, however—singular as it may seem at the first glance—that he did not once address this question to himself with perfect distinctness: — Should he go? Actions meriting reproach have their reserved corners. Like brandies that are too strong, we do not drink them at one gulp. We put the glass down; we will see, presently; the first drop has already a strange taste.

What is certain is, that he felt himself impelled backward toward the unknown.

And he shuddered. And he had a glimpse of something tottering to its fall. And he threw himself back, seized again from all sides by dismay. He shut his eyes. He made efforts to discredit the adventure in his own mind and to bring himself back to a doubt of his own sanity. Evidently this was for the better. The wisest thing for him to do, was to believe that he was mad.

Fatal fever. Every man, surprised by the unforeseen, has known in his life such tragical pulsations. The observer always listens anxiously to the echo of blows, dealt by the battering-ram of destiny against the conscience.

Alas! Gwynplaine interrogated himself. To ask questions, when duty is precisely defined, is already to be defeated.

Besides—a point to be noted—the effrontery of the adventure, which might perhaps have shocked a vicious man, was not apparent to him. He did not know what cynicism is. He saw but the greatness of this woman. Alas! he was flattered. His vanity could only verify his triumph. Much more wit than innocence has, would have been requisite for him to conjecture that he might be an object of wantonness rather than of love.

The mind is subject to invasions. The soul has its Vandals, evil thoughts, that come in and devastate our virtue. A thousand contrary ideas precipitated themselves upon Gwynplaine, one after another, and sometimes all at once. Then there was silence within him. Then he took his head between his hands, with an air of mournful contemplation, as though gazing on a landscape at night.

Suddenly, he was conscious of one thing—that he had ceased to think. His revery had reached that darksome moment, when every thing disappears.

He remarked, also, that he had not gone in. It might be two o'clock in the morning.

He put the letter brought by the page into his side-pocket; but, perceiving that it was on his heart, he removed it thence, and thrust it all crumpled into the first handy pocket of his small-clothes. Then he turned his steps toward the public-house; went in quietly; did not wake up the little Govicum, who was waiting for him, and had fallen asleep upon a table with his arms for pillow; reclosed the door; lighted a candle at the inn lantern; drew the bolts; turned the key in the lock; took mechanically the precautions of a man who comes home late; mounted the steps of the Green-Box; crept into the old hut which served as his bedroom; looked at Ursus, who was asleep; blew out his candle; and did not lie down.

An hour passed thus. At last wearied out, figuring to himself that bed is sleep, he laid his head on his pillow

without undressing, and conceded so far to darkness as to close his eyes. But the tempest, that assailed him, had not ceased for an instant. Sleeplessness is night's ill-usage of man. Gwynplaine suffered greatly. For the first time in his life, he was not pleased with himself. Inmost sadness mingled with vanity satisfied. What to do? Daylight came. He heard Ursus get up, and did not raise his eyelids. No relaxation, however. He thought over the letter. All the words came back to him in a sort of chaos. Thought becomes fluid, under certain violent blasts from within the soul. It falls into convulsions; it raises itself up; and there goes forth from it something that resembles the dull roaring of the waves. Flood, ebb, shocks, whirlings, hesitations of the billow before the reef, hail and rain, clouds with openings wherein is light, wretched clearings away of futile foam, mad acclivities suddenly crumbling away, immense efforts lost, appearance of shipwreck on all sides, shadows and dispersions — all this, which is in the abyss, is in man. Gwynplaine was a prey to this torment.

At the very height of his anguish, his eyelids being still drooped, he heard an exquisite voice that said:— "Are you asleep, Gwynplaine?"—He opened his eyes with a start, and sat up. The door of the robing-room was half-open, and Dea appeared at the entrance. In her eyes and upon her lips was her ineffable smile. She stood up there, charming in the unconscious serenity of her radiance. There was a moment of something like sanctity. Gwynplaine looked at her, trembling, dazzled, awakened. Awakened from what? From sleep? No; from sleeplessness. It was she, it was Dea; and forthwith he felt in the very depth of his being the indefinable vanishing away of the tempest, and the sublime descent of good upon evil. The miracle of the look from on high was effected; the blind one, soft and luminous, put to flight by her sole presence all the gloom that was on him; the curtain of cloud was lifted from his spirit, as though drawn off by an invisible hand; and Gwynplaine—celestial enchantment — found the azure reëntering his conscience. Through the virtue of this angel, he suddenly became again Gwynplaine the innocent, the great, the good. In the soul, as in creation, there are these mysterious concurrences. Both were silent, she the light, he the abyss, she divine, he pacified; and Dea shone resplendent above Gwynplaine's stormy heart, with the indescribable effect of a star upon the ocean.

II.

FROM GAY TO GRAVE.

How simple is a miracle! It was breakfast-time in the Green-Box, and Dea came, quite naturally, to know why Gwynplaine had not appeared at their little morning table.

— You! exclaimed Gwynplaine, and that was all. There was for him no longer any horizon or any vision, save the heaven in which was Dea.

He, who has not observed the immediate smile of the sea, after the hurricane, cannot comprehend these lulls. Nothing becomes calm more quickly than whirlpools. This comes from their tendency to absorb. Thus is it with the human heart. Not always, however.

Dea had but to show herself, and all the light that was in Gwynplaine passed from him to her. There remained behind the dazzled Gwynplaine only a flight of phantoms. What a pacifier is adoration!

Some moments afterward, the pair were seated one before the other,

Ursus between them, Homo at their feet. The tea-urn, under which a small lamp was burning, was on the table. Fibi and Vinos were outside, and attended to serving.

Their breakfast, like the supper, was taken in the central compartment. From the manner in which the extremely narrow table was placed, Dea turned her back to the opening in the partition, that corresponded with the entrance-door of the Green-Box.

Their knees were touching. Gwynplaine poured out Dea's tea.

Dea blew gracefully into her cup. All at once she sneezed. There was at that moment, above the flame of the lamp, a smoke that was dispersing, and something like paper that was falling into ashes. It was the smoke that had made Dea sneeze.

— What is that? asked she.

— Nothing, answered Gwynplaine.

And he smiled.

He had just burned the duchess's letter.

The conscience of the man, who loves her, is the loved woman's guardian angel.

To have the letter no longer upon him comforted him strangely; and Gwynplaine felt his rectitude as the eagle feels his wings.

It seemed to him that the temptation took its departure with the smoke, and that, at the same time with the paper, the duchess crumbled into ashes.

As they mingled their cups, drinking one after the other in the same, they talked. Lovers' prattle, twittering of sparrows. Puerilities worthy of Mother Goose, and of Homer. Go not beyond two loving hearts, in search of poetry; in search of music, go not beyond two kisses that discourse.

— Do you know one thing?

— No.

— Gwynplaine, I dreamed that we were beasts, and that we had wings.

— Wings; that means birds, murmured Gwynplaine.

— Beasts; that means angels, grumbled Ursus.

The talk went on:

— If you did not exist, Gwynplaine.

— Well?

— There would be no good God.

— The tea is too hot. You will burn yourself, Dea.

— Blow into my cup.

— How lovely you are this morning!

— Imagine; there are all sorts of things that I want to tell you.

— Say on.

— I love you.

— I adore you.

And Ursus made this remark, aside:

— By heaven! these are good people.

For lovers, how exquisite are intervals of silence! Little heaps of love are piled up; and anon they break out softly.

There was a pause, after which Dea exclaimed:

— If you only knew. In the evening, when we are playing the piece, at the moment when my hand touches your forehead. . . . . Oh! you have a noble head, Gwynplaine. . . . . At the instant when I feel your hair between my fingers, I tremble, I have within me a heavenly joy; I say to myself: In all this world of blackness that shuts me in, in this universe of solitude, in the immense and obscure desolation where I exist, in this fearful tremor of myself and of every thing, I have one support to lean upon. It is he—that is yourself!

— Oh! you love me, said Gwynplaine. I, too, have but you upon earth. You are every thing for me. Dea, what would you have me do? Do you want any thing? What is needful for you?

Dea answered:

— I do not know. I am happy.

— Oh! replied Gwynplaine, we are happy!

Ursus lifted up his voice severely:

— Ah! you are happy! That's a contravention. I have warned you of it already. Ah! you are happy! Manage, then, so that no one may see you. Occupy the least possible space. Happiness ought to thrust itself into holes. Make yourselves still smaller than you are, if you are able. God measures the greatness of happiness by the littleness of the happy. Contented folks ought to hide themselves like malefactors. Ah! you sparkle, paltry glowworms that you are; zounds! they will tread upon you, and they will do well. What are they, all these "my loveys!" I am no duenna, I, whose business it is to watch lovers billing and cooing. In short, you weary me. To the devil with you!

And conscious that his harsh accent was softening into tenderness, he drowned this emotion in a deep grunt.

— Father, said Dea, how loud you are talking!

— It is because I don't like to have people too happy, replied Ursus.

Here Homo gave forth an echo to Ursus. A growl was heard under the lovers' feet.

Ursus leaned over and put his hand upon Homo's skull.

— There it is! You, too, you are in a bad humor. You growl. You bristle up your lock of hair on your wolf's pate. You don't like little love-affairs. That's because you are steady. It's all the same; hush! You have spoken; you have given your opinion; very well; now silence!

The wolf growled afresh.

Ursus looked under the table.

— Quiet, then, Homo! Come, come, don't insist upon it, philosopher!

But the wolf sat up, and showed his teeth toward the side where the door was.

— What's the matter with you, then? said Ursus.

And he clutched Homo by the skin of his neck.

Dea—inattentive to the wolf's gnashings of his teeth, given up to her own thoughts, and still dwelling within herself upon the sound of Gwynplaine's voice —remained silent, in the sort of ecstasy common with the blind, which seems sometimes to supply them internally with a song to listen to, and to replace by certain strange ideal music the light that they lack. Blindness is a subterranean vault, whence the profound eternal harmony is heard.

While Ursus, apostrophizing Homo, was lowering his head, Gwynplaine had raised his eyes.

He was about to drink a cup of tea, and he did not drink it. He put it down upon the table with the slow movement of a spring that is relaxed; his fingers rested open; and he remained motionless, his eye fixed, no longer drawing his breath.

A man was standing up behind Dea, in the doorway.

This man was dressed in black, with an official lawyer's-cape. He wore a wig that came down to his eyebrows, and he held in his hand an iron staff, tipped with a crown at both ends.

The staff was short and heavy.

Fancy to yourself Medusa sticking her head, divided in two, out of Paradise.

Ursus, who had been startled by a new-comer, and who had raised his head without loosing Homo, recognized this redoubtable personage.

He trembled from head to foot.

He whispered in Gwynplaine's ear:

— It is the wapentake.

Gwynplaine remembered.

A word of surprise was about to escape him. He repressed it.

The iron staff, terminating in a crown at both ends, was the iron weapon.

It was from the iron weapon, on which the officers of urban justice took

the oath before entering upon their duties, that the ancient wapentakes of the English police drew their authority.

Beyond this man with the wig, in the shadow, one caught a glimpse of the dumfounded innkeeper.

The man, without speaking a word, and impersonating the *Muta Themis* of the old charters, lowered his right arm over the radiant Dea, and, with the iron staff, touched Gwynplaine's shoulders, while, with the thumb of his left hand, he pointed behind him to the door of the Green-Box. This double gesture, the more authoritative for having been executed silently, was as much as to say, Follow me.

Pro signo exeundi sursum trahe, says the Norman record.

The individual, on whom the iron weapon had just been laid, had no other right than the right of obedience. No reply to that mute command. The severe penalties of the English law threatened the contumacious.

Gwynplaine gave one start under this harsh touch of the law, and was then as if petrified.

If, instead of simply being touched on the shoulder with the iron weapon, he had been violently beaten over the head with it, he could not have been more stunned. He recognized the summons, to follow the officer of the police. But why? He did not comprehend.

Ursus, on his part, also thrown into poignant anxiety, saw something distinctly enough. He thought of the jugglers, and the preachers, their rivals; of the Green-Box denounced; of the wolf, that offender; of his own contest with the three inquisitors of Bishopsgate; and, who knows? perhaps—but this was terrifying—of the mischievous and seditious gabble of Gwynplaine concerning the royal authority. He trembled all over.

Dea smiled.

Neither Gwynplaine nor Ursus uttered a word. Both had the same thought, not to alarm Dea. The wolf had it also, perhaps, for he ceased to growl. It is true that Ursus did not let him loose.

Besides, Homo, upon occasion, had his own prudence. Who has not remarked certain intelligent anxieties of the brutes?

Perhaps just so far as a wolf can comprehend men, he felt himself an outlaw.

Gwynplaine stood up.

No resistance was possible. Gwynplaine knew it. He recollected the words of Ursus. And no debate was feasible.

He remained standing before the wapentake.

The wapentake withdrew the weapon from the top of the shoulder, brought it back to himself, and held the iron staff straight up in the attitude of command, an attitude of the police, understood by everybody at that time, which signified the following order:

—Let that man follow me, and no one else. Remain all of you as you are. Silence!

No spectators allowed. The police has, in every age, had a liking for these dark affairs.

That kind of seizure was called "Sequestration of the person."

The wapentake, with one motion, and like a piece of mechanism that pivots on itself, turned his back and moved with a magisterial and solemn step toward the outer door of the Green-Box.

Gwynplaine looked at Ursus.

Ursus performed a pantomimic gesture, made up of a shrug of the shoulders, his elbows on his hips, with his hands apart, and his eyebrows knit like chevrons, which signifies resignation to the unforeseen.

Gwynplaine looked at Dea. She dreamed. She continued to smile.

He placed the tips of his fingers to

his lips and waved her a kiss, unspeakably tender.

Ursus, relieved to a certain extent of his terror, by the turned back of the wapentake, seized the opportunity of slipping into Gwynplaine's ear this whisper:

— On your life, say not a word before you are examined!

Gwynplaine, with the caution one uses not to make a noise in a sick-room, took down his hat and cloak from the partition, wrapped himself up in his cloak to the eyes, and pulled his hat down over his forehead. Not having been to bed, he wore yet his working-dress and on his neck his leather collar; he looked once more at Dea; the wapentake, having gained the outer door of the Green-Box, raised his staff and began to descend the little stairway of egress; then Gwynplaine took up his march as if this man had drawn him by an invisible chain; Ursus saw Gwynplaine leave the Green-Box; the wolf, at this moment, began a plaintive growl, but Ursus held him in control, and said to him in a low tone,

— He will come back.

In the court-yard, Master Nicless, by a gesture at once servile and imperious, stopped the cries of terror in the mouths of Vinos and Fibi, who had seen with alarm Gwynplaine carried off, and the mourning garments and iron staff of the wapentake.

Two petrifactions were these two girls. They had the fixedness of stalactites.

Govicum, bewildered, stared out of a half-opened window.

The wapentake walked some steps in advance of Gwynplaine, without turning round or looking at him, with that icy composure imparted by the consciousness of being the law.

The two men, in the silence of the grave, got clear of the court, crossed the dark bar-room, and issued out upon the square. There were some passers-by gathered before the door of the inn, and the justice of the quorum at the head of a squad of police. These spectators, amazed, without breathing a word, gave way, and got in line with English discipline before the staff of the constable; the wapentake took the direction of the small streets then called the Little Strand which ran along the Thames; and Gwynplaine, having on his right and on his left the men of the justice of the quorum moving forward in double file, pale, without a gesture, without other movement than the steps he took, covered with his cloak as with a winding-sheet, slowly left the inn, marching mute behind the silent man, like a statue following a ghost.

III.

LEX, REX, FEX.

Arrest without accusation, which would very much astonish the English of to-day, was a police procedure frequently employed at that time in Great Britain. They had recourse to it especially in those delicate matters which the *lettres-de-cachet* provided for in France, and, in spite of the habeas corpus, even under George II.; and one of the charges, against which Walpole had to defend himself, was that of having ordered or permitted the arrest of Neuhoff in this way. The charge probably had little foundation, for Neuhoff, King of Corsica, was sent to jail by his creditors.

This quiet taking in custody, of which the Holy Vœhme made great use in Germany, was permitted by the German common-law, which governed one-half of the old English statutes, and recommended, in certain cases, by the Norman common-law, which governed the other half. The chief of police of Justinian's palace was called the "imperial dummy," *silentiarius imperialis*. The

English magistrates who practised this sort of arrest, fell back upon numerous Norman maxims: — *Canes latrant, sergentes silent. Sergenter agere, id est tacere.* They cited the learned Lundulphus, paragraph 16 — *Facit imperator silentium.* They cited the charter of King Philippe of 1307, *Multos tenebimus bastonerios, qui, obmutescentes sergentare valeunt.* They cited the statutes of Henry I. of England, chapter 53, *Surge signo jussus. Taciturnior esto. Hoc est esse in captione regis.* They specially relied on this prescription, regarded as constituting a part of the ancient feudal franchises of England: "Under the viscounts are the bailiffs of the sword, who ought virtuously to punish with the sword all who keep bad company, men rendered infamous by any crime, fugitives and pirates, ... and ought so vigorously and discreetly to apprehend them, that honest people who are peaceable may be peaceably guarded, and that the evil doers may be impaled." To be arrested in this manner was being taken "at the blade of the sword." (Vetus Consuetudo Normanniæ, MS., 1 part, Sect. 1. Cap. II.) The jurisconsults invoked, moreover, in *Charta Ludovici Hutini pro Normannis* the chapter *Servientes spathæ.* The *servientes spathæ*, in the gradual approach of the low Latin to our own idioms, became the *sergentes spadæ.*

These noiseless arrests were just the opposite of the Hue and Cry, and signified that it was expedient to keep quiet until certain dark matters had been cleared up.

Their meaning was, points reserved.

They indicated, in the administration of the police, a certain amount of state policy. The law term *private*, which meant to say, *with closed doors*, was applicable to this kind of arrests. It was in this way that Edward III., according to some chroniclers, had caused Mortimer to be arrested in the bed of his mother, Isabella of France. Here, again, we may doubt a little, since Mortimer sustained a siege in his own city before being captured.

Warwick, the King-maker, freely availed himself of this mode of "entrapping the people."

Cromwell employed it, particularly in Connaught; and it was with this precaution of silence that Trailie Arcklo, a relative of Count Osmond, was arrested in Kilmacaugh.

This taking in custody by the simple gesture of the officer represented more nearly an order for appearance than an order of arrest.

Sometimes it was nothing more than a process of information, and even implied, by the silence imposed on everybody, a certain regard for the person arrested.

To the people at large, little acquainted with these nice distinctions, it was particularly alarming.

England, let it not be forgotten, was not in 1705, or even much later, what she is in our day. The whole thing was exceedingly confused and exceedingly oppressive. Daniel Defoe, who had had a taste of the pillory, somewhere characterized the social order of England in these words, "the iron hands of the law." There was not only the law, there was the despotic authority. Remember Steele driven out of Parliament, Locke driven from his chair, Hobbes and Gibbon forced to fly, Charles Churchill, Hume, Priestley, persecuted, John Wilkes sent to the Tower. Run over—the list will be a long one—the victims of the statute of seditious libel. The Inquisition had been in a measure spread over all Europe; its police practices had founded a school. A monstrous outrage upon all rights was possible in England, which is often recalled by the comedy of the *Gazétier Cuirassé.* In the middle of the eighteenth century, Louis

XV. caused the writers who displeased him to be kidnapped in Piccadilly. It is true that George II. seized the Pretender in France, in the very centre of the opera-house. There were two exceedingly long arms; that of the King of France reached all the way to London, and that of the King of England all the way to Paris. Such was liberty.

Let us add that they freely executed people in the interior of the jails; jugglery mixed up with death-warrants; hideous expedient to which England is going back at this moment; thus giving to the world the singular spectacle of a great people, who, wishing to improve, choose the worst, and who, having before them on one side the past, and on the other progress, make a mistake in the countenance, and take night for day.

IV.

URSUS PLAYS THE SPY ON THE POLICE.

As we have said, according to the severe police regulations of the time, the summons to follow the wapentake, addressed to one person, carried with it to all other persons present the command that they were not to budge.

Some busybodies, however, proved obstinate, and accompanied at a distance the procession that carried off Gwynplaine.

Ursus was of the number.

Ursus had been quite as much stupefied as he could well be. But Ursus, so often assailed by the surprises of his wandering life, and by unlooked-for acts of malice, had, like a ship-of-war, his "Clear the decks for action," which summoned to the post of battle all the crew, that is to say, all his wits.

He hastened to recover from his stupefaction, and set himself to thinking. The point now was not to be excited; the point was to be ready for any thing.

To be ready for any thing is the duty of whosoever is not an idiot.

Do not seek to understand, but act immediately. Ursus asked himself:

— What's to be done?

When Gwynplaine had gone off, Ursus found himself between two apprehensions: apprehension for Gwynplaine, which told him to follow; apprehension for himself, which told him to stay where he was.

Ursus had the courage of a fly and the composure of the sensitive-plant. His quakings were indescribable. Nevertheless, he made up his mind heroically, and determined to brave the law and follow the wapentake, so great was his anxiety as to what might befall Gwynplaine.

He had needs be very much frightened, to have so much courage.

To what valorous deeds fright can push a hare!

The terrified chamois leaps over the precipice. To be scared even to heedlessness is one form of fright.

Gwynplaine had been kidnapped rather than arrested. The act of the law had been so quickly executed that the fair-ground, which, indeed, was little frequented at that hour of the morning, had not been greatly stirred up. No one suspected in the booths of Tarrinzeau-Field that the wapentake had gone to look for the Man Who Laughs. Hence there was no crowd.

Gwynplaine, thanks to his cloak and his felt hat, which came very nearly together over his face, could not be recognized by the passers-by.

Before going out to follow Gwynplaine, Ursus observed one precaution. He took aside Master Nicless, the boy Govicum, Fibi, and Vinos, and enjoined upon them the most absolute silence in the presence of Dea, who was ignorant of all; that they should take care not to breathe a word that might lead her to suspect what had happened; that they should account to her for the absence

of Gwynplaine and Ursus by the business affairs of the Green-Box; that, moreover, it would soon be the hour for her mid-day nap; and that, before Dea had waked up, he would have returned, he, Ursus, with Gwynplaine—all this matter having been nothing more than a misapprehension, a mistake, as they say in England; that it would be very easy for them to enlighten the magistrates and the police; that they could put their finger upon the blunder; and that he and Gwynplaine would come back forthwith. Above all, no one should say any thing to Dea. These instructions given, he started.

Ursus could follow Gwynplaine, without being observed. Although he kept himself at the greatest possible distance, he so ordered it as not to lose sight of him. Boldness in watching is the bravery of the timid.

After all, and solemn as had been the preparations, Gwynplaine had, perhaps, only been summoned to appear before a magistrate of lower grade, for some trifling misdemeanor.

Ursus said to himself that this question was going to be determined immediately.

The answer would be given, under his own eyes, by the direction the squad carrying off Gwynplaine would take at the moment when, having arrived at the borders of Tarrinzeau-Field, they should reach the entrance to the alleys of the Little Strand.

If it turned to the left, they were conducting Gwynplaine to the Town-hall of Southwark. Nothing to fear in that case; some pitiful municipal offence, a reprimand from the magistrate, two or three shillings' fine, then Gwynplaine would be discharged, and the representation of *Chaos Conquered* would take place that evening just as usual. Nobody would be the wiser.

If the squad turned to the right, it was serious.

On that side there were some rough places.

At the moment when the wapentake, leading the two files of policemen, between whom marched Gwynplaine, arrived at the little streets, Ursus, holding his breath, looked on. There are moments when one's whole being passes into the eyes.

To which side would they turn?

They turned to the right.

Ursus, staggering with fright, leaned against a wall to save himself from falling.

There is nothing so hypocritical as the remark men make to themselves, "I should like to know what I've got to do." Really, they would like nothing of the kind. They are in great fear. The agony is complicated by a vague effort not to make up their minds. They will not admit it, but they would willingly back out; and when they have gone forward, they reproach themselves for having done so.

This is what Ursus did. He thought, with a shiver:

—Here's a matter that brings trouble. I should always have heard of that soon enough. What am I about in following Gwynplaine?

Having made this reflection, as man is nothing but a contradiction, he redoubled his steps, and, mastering his anxiety, hurried on to get nearer the squad, so that, in the labyrinth of Southwark streets, he might not let the thread be broken between Gwynplaine and himself.

The procession of the police could not move fast, by reason of its importance.

The wapentake headed it.

The justice of the quorum brought up the rear.

This order involved a certain dilatoriness.

All the majesty possible to a bailiff's deputy shone in this justice of the

quorum. His costume was a compromise between the gorgeous attire of an Oxford Doctor of Music, and the sober black garb of a Cambridge Doctor of Divinity. He wore the dress of a gentleman under a long *godebert*, which is a cloak trimmed with the fur of the Norway hare. He was half gothic and half modern, having a wig like Lamoignon's, and soldier's gauntlets like Tristam the Hermit's. His full, round eye looked Gwynplaine through and through with the stare of an owl. He marched in step. Impossible to see a good man more savage.

Ursus, having lost his way for a moment, in the confused tangle of the alleys, came up again with the procession, near Saint Mary Overy. It had fortunately been retarded in the open space before the church, by a fight between children and curs, a common incident in the streets of London; *dogs and boys*, say the old police registers, which put the curs before the children.

A man carried before a magistrate by the agents of the police being, after all, a very commonplace incident, and each one having his own occupations, the busybodies had dispersed. There remained, on the track of Gwynplaine, only Ursus.

They passed in front of the two chapels, facing each other, of the Recreative Religionists and the Hallelujah League, two sects of that period which still exist to-day. Then the procession wound from alley to alley, choosing, by preference, the roads not yet built up, the rows where the grass was putting forth, and the solitary lanes, and made many zigzags.

At last it stopped.

It was in a very narrow lane. There were no houses. This lane was made up of two walls; the one on the left, low; the other on the right, high. The high wall was black and of Saxon masonry, with battlements, scorpions, and squares of heavy iron grating over the narrow-breathing places. No windows; only here and there slits, which were the old embrasures for the slingers and crossbowmen. At the foot of the high wall, like a hole at the bottom of a rat-trap, might be seen a little low-arched wicket-gate.

This wicket-gate, built in a massive semicircular archway of stone, had a grated judas-hole, a heavy hammer, a huge lock, knotty and powerful hinges, a complete entanglement of nails, an armor of plates and coats of paint, and was more of iron than of wood.

Nobody in the lane. No shops. No passers-by. But one heard an incessant roar near at hand, as if the lane had a torrent running parallel with it. This was a hurly-burly of voices and vehicles. It is likely that on the other side of the black building there was a great street, doubtless the principal street of Southwark, which terminated at one end in the highway to Canterbury, and at the other in London Bridge.

Throughout the whole length of this lane of the footpads, beyond the procession shutting in Gwynplaine, no other human face was to be seen but the wan profile of Ursus, risking observation, and half thrust forward in the shadow of a corner of the wall, looking and afraid to look. He had taken his stand at a turn where the street made a zigzag.

The squad was gathered before the wicket.

Gwynplaine was in the centre, but had behind him the wapentake and his iron staff.

The justice of the quorum raised the hammer and struck three blows.

The peep-hole opened.

The justice of the quorum said:

—By her Majesty's order.

The heavy door of oak and iron turned on its hinges, and a dark and

chilling opening presented itself, like the mouth of a cave. The hideous vault stretched away into the shadow.

Ursus saw Gwynplaine disappear underneath.

V.

A BAD PLACE.

The wapentake entered, after Gwynplaine.

Then the justice of the quorum.

Then the whole squad.

The wicket closed again.

The heavy gate refitted itself hermetically into its stone frame; one could not see who had opened or who had shut it. The bolts seemed to return into their sockets, of themselves. Some of these bits of mechanism, invented by the ancient spirit of intimidation, still exist in very old places of confinement. A gate, whereat the porter was not visible. That made the threshold of the prison resemble the threshold of the tomb.

This wicket was the lower gate of Southwark jail.

Nothing in this mouldy and crabbed edifice belied the discourteous appearance suitable to a prison.

A pagan temple, built by the old Catieuchlans for the Mogons—ancient English divinities—turned into a palace for Ethelwulf, into a fortress for Saint Edward, then raised to the rank of prison in 1199, by John Lackland; such was Southwark jail. This jail, at first divided by a street, as Chenonceaux is by a river, had been, for a century or two, a suburban gate; afterward, the passage had been closed. There remain in England some prisons of this kind: for instance, in London, Newgate; at Canterbury, Westgate; at Edinburgh, Canongate. In France, the Bastille was originally a gate.

Almost all the English jails presented the same aspect, a huge wall without, a perfect hive of cells within. No gloom could equal that of these gothic prisons, where the spider and the law wove their webs, and where that incarnate ray of light, John Howard, had not yet penetrated. They might all have been called, like the old gehenna of Brussels, Trauerberg, *the house of mourning.*

Before these harsh and barbarous buildings, men felt the same painful emotions as the ancient navigators before the slave-hells of which Plautus speaks, iron-sounding isles, *ferricrepiditæ insulæ*, when they passed near enough to hear the noise of the chains.

Southwark jail, an old abode of exorcisms and tortures, was at first specially devoted to sorcerers, as was shown by these two lines, engraved on a defaced stone above the wicket:

Sunt arreptitii vexati dæmone multo.
Est energumenus quem dæmon possidet unus.*

Lines which paint the delicate shades of difference between the demoniac and the energumen.

Above this inscription was fastened, flat against the wall, the sign of a high court of justice, a ladder, originally of wood, but changed into stone by burial in the petrifying soil of Apsley-Gowis near Woburn Abbey.

The prison of Southwark, now demolished, looked upon two streets between which, as *gate*, it had formerly served for passage; and it had two entrances—on the main street, the show-gate reserved for the authorities, and on the lane the gate of suffering, destined for all other living men. And for dead men, too; when a prisoner died in jail, his carcass went out that way. As good a discharge as any.

Death is the being let loose into the infinite.

It was by the suffering-entrance that

* A host of demons vex the man possessed.
One demon tears the energumen's breast.

Gwynplaine had just been brought into the prison.

The lane, as we have said, was nothing more than a little stony road, confined between two walls facing each other. Of this sort is the passage at Brussels called *Rue d' Une Personne.* The two walls were of unequal height; the high wall was of the prison, the low wall of the church-yard. This low wall, which enclosed the putrefying dregs of the jail, was scarcely higher than a man. It had a gate opposite the jail-wicket. The dead had only the trouble of crossing the street. On the high wall was fastened a sheriff's ladder; on the low wall, and just opposite, was sculptured a death's head. One side did not enliven the other.

VI.

WHAT MAGISTRACIES THERE WERE UNDER THE PERIWIGS OF OLDEN TIME.

Any one who at that moment had been looking from the other side of the prison, the front side, would have seen the main street of Southwark, and might have remarked, standing before the monumental and official gate of the jail, a travelling-carriage, distinguishable by its coach-box, with what we should call a cabriolet top nowadays. A circle of curious bystanders surrounded this carriage. It bore a coat-of-arms; and a person had been seen to get out of it and go into the prison — probably a magistrate, the crowd conjectured, since the English magistrates are often noblemen and almost always have the right to bear arms. In France, the shield and the robe were hardly compatible. The Duke of St. Simon said, speaking of magistrates, "people of that business." In England, a nobleman was not dishonored by being a judge.

The travelling magistrate is an English institution; he is called *circuit judge;* and nothing was more natural than to see in this carriage the vehicle of a magistrate on circuit. What was less easy to understand was, that the presumed magistrate had stepped, not out of the carriage itself, but down from the front box, which is not usually the master's place. Another remarkable circumstance: at that time there were two ways of travelling in England —by stage-coach, for a shilling every five miles, and by post on horseback at three pence a mile and four pence to the postilion for every posting-station. A private equipage, which treated itself to relays of horses, paid as many shillings per horse and per mile as the traveller on horseback paid pence. Now the carriage standing before Southwark jail had the princely luxury of four horses and two postilions. Finally —and this at the same time excited and disconcerted conjecture to the last point — the carriage was sedulously closed. The side panels were up; so were the blinds inside the glasses; every opening where the eye could penetrate was stopped; from without nothing could be seen within, and it was probable that, from within, nothing could be seen without. Besides, there did not seem to be any one in the carriage.

Southwark being in Surrey, the prison of Southwark was in the jurisdiction of the sheriff of the county of Surrey. These district jurisdictions were very common in England. Thus, for instance, the Tower of London was supposed not to be situated in any county, that is to say, legally. It was, in some sense, in the air. The Tower recognized no other juridical authority than its constable, entitled *custos turris.* The Tower had its own peculiar jurisdiction, its church, its court of justice, and its government. The authority of the *custos*, or constable, reached beyond London, over twenty-one hamlets. As in

Great Britain, legal singularities are grafted one upon another, the Master of the Ordnance of England was necessarily an official of the Tower of London.

Other legal customs seem still more quaint. Thus the English Admiralty-Court consults and applies the laws of Rhodes, and of the French island of Oleron, which was once English.

The sheriff of a county was a very important person. He was always an esquire, and sometimes a knight. He was styled in the old charters *spectabilis*, "a man to look at," intermediate title between *illustris* and *clarissimus*, inferior to the former, superior to the latter. The county sheriffs were originally chosen by the people; but Edward II., and after him Henry IV., having reclaimed this appointment for the crown, the sheriffs had become an emanation of royalty. All received their commission from the sovereign, save the sheriff of Westmoreland, who was hereditary, and the sheriffs of London and Middlesex, who were elected by the livery in the Common Hall. The sheriffs of Wales and Chester possessed certain fiscal prerogatives. All these offices still remain in England; but, gradually worn down by the contact of customs and ideas, they no longer wear the same face. It was the duty of the county sheriff to escort and protect the circuit judges. He had, as it were, two arms, his two officers; the under-sheriff his right arm, and the justice of the quorum his left. The justice of the quorum, together with the bailiff of the hundred, styled wapentake, interrogated, and, at the sheriff's responsibility, imprisoned, for trial by the circuit judges, all thieves, murderers, rioters, vagabonds, and felons generally. The shade of difference between the under-sheriff and the justice of the quorum, in their hierarchic service before the sheriff, was that the under-sheriff *accompanied him*, and the justice of the quorum *attended him*. The sheriff held two courts, one fixed and central, the county court, and one travelling, the sheriff's circuit. He thus represented unity and ubiquity. As judge, he could let himself be assisted and informed, on difficult points of law, by a sergeant of the coif, called *sergens coifæ*, that is, a sergeant-at-law, who wears, under his black gap, a coif of white cambric. The sheriff used to empty the places of confinement; when he arrived in a town of his county, he had the right of clearing out the prisoners, which might be done by discharging or by hanging them, and was called the jail-delivery. The sheriff presented the bill of indictment to the twenty-four grand-jurymen: if they approved it they wrote on it *billa vera;* if they disapproved, they wrote *ignoramus;* in the latter case the indictment was void, and the sheriff had the right to tear up the bill. If, during the deliberation, a juryman died, which by law acquitted the accused and rendered him innocent, the sheriff, whose right it had been to arrest the accused, had the right of setting him free. What made the sheriff especially considered and feared was, that his office authorized him to execute "all his majesty's orders," a dangerous latitude. Arbitrary power domiciles itself in such phrases. The coroners and the officers called warders swelled the sheriff's troop; the clerks of the market lent their assistance; and he had a very handsome following of horsemen and servants in livery. The sheriff, says Chamberlayne, is "the life of law, of justice, and of the county."

In England, an insensible demolition perpetually pulverizes and disunites law and custom. In our day, we may be sure, neither the sheriff nor the wapentake nor the justice of the quorum could administer their offices as they did then. In old England there was a certain confusion of powers; and badly-defined

attributes led to encroachments which would be impossible at this day. The medley of police and law has ceased to exist. The names remain; the functions are modified. We believe the word wapentake has even changed its meaning. It used to signify a magistracy, it now signifies a territorial division; it used to designate the chief of the hundred; it now designates the hundred or canton (*centum*).

Finally, at that time, the sheriff of the county combined, with something more and something less, and condensed in his authority, at once royal and municipal, that of the two magistrates formerly called in France the civil lieutenant of Paris, and the lieutenant of police. The civil lieutenant of Paris is well enough described by this old police memorandum: "The civil lieutenant does not abhor family quarrels, because the booty always comes to him" (July 22, 1704). As to the lieutenant of police, a troublesome, multiform, and uncertain personage, he may be summed up in one of his best types, Réné d'Argenson, who, according to St. Simon, bore in his face the three judges of hell mingled.

These three judges of hell were, as we have seen, at Bishopsgate in London.

VII.

SHUDDERINGS.

When Gwynplaine heard the wicket creaking with all its bolts, he trembled. It seemed to him that this gate, which had just shut, was the door of communication between light and darkness, looking from one side on the crowded earth, from the other on the world of the dead; that now all things which the sun illumines were behind him; and that he had crossed the boundary of life, and was outside. His heart sank within him. What were they going to do with him? What did all this mean?

Where was he?

He saw nothing around him; he found himself in the dark. The gate, in closing, had rendered him blind for the moment. The window was shut, as well as the gate. No air-hole, no lantern. This was a precaution of the old times. It was forbidden to light the inner entrance of a jail, lest newcomers might make observations.

Gwynplaine stretched out his hands, and touched the wall on his right and left; he was in a passage. Gradually that cellar light, which oozes one knows not whence, and floats in dark places, and to which the dilated pupils adjust themselves, allowed him to distinguish a feature here and there; and the passage was dimly sketched before him.

Gwynplaine, who had never had a glimpse of the severities of criminal law except through the exaggerations of Ursus, felt as if seized by an enormous hidden hand. It is frightful to be manipulated by the unknown power of the law. One may be brave before every thing else, and yet disconcerted before justice. Why? because human justice is only a dim twilight, in which the judge gropes his way. Gwynplaine remembered what Ursus had said to him about the necessity of silence; he wished to see Dea again; there was in his situation something which might depend on his discretion, and which he did not want to irritate. Trying to explain things sometimes makes them worse. Still, on the other hand, the pressure of this situation was so strong, that he ended by yielding to it, and could not refrain from a question.

— Sirs, he asked, whither are you taking me?

There was no answer.

This was the law of silent arrests; and the Norman text is formal: *a silentiariis ostio præpositis introducti sunt.*

This silence froze Gwynplaine. Up to that time he had believed himself strong; he was self-sufficing; to be self-sufficing is to be powerful. He had lived in isolation, imagining that to be isolated is to be impregnable. And now all at once he felt himself under the pressure of this hideous collective force. How could he contend with this nameless horror, the law? He was breaking down under the perplexity. A fear of a novel species had found the weak place in his armor. Besides, he had not slept, had not eaten, had scarcely moistened his lips with a cup of tea. He had been partially delirious all night, and was still feverish. He was thirsty, perhaps hungry. An unsatisfied stomach deranges every thing. Since the previous night, he had been the prey of adventures. The emotions which tormented him sustained him; without the hurricane, the sail would be a rag. But he recognized in himself the utter weakness of the strip of stuff which the wind ruffles till it is torn. He felt himself sinking. Was he going to fall to the ground unconscious? To faint is a woman's resource, and a man's humiliation. He straightened himself up, but he trembled.

He had the feeling of a man who is losing his foothold.

VIII.

GROANING.

They moved.

They advanced in the passage.

No preliminary record. No registrar's desk. The prisons of that day were not given to scribbling. They contented themselves with closing on you, often without knowing why. To be a prison, and to have kept prisoners, was enough for them.

The company had to spread itself out and take the form of the passage. They walked almost one by one, first the wapentake, next Gwynplaine, then the justice of the quorum, lastly the policemen, moving in a body and stopping up the passage behind Gwynplaine like a plug. The way grew narrower; Gwynplaine now touched the wall with both elbows; the vault overhead, made of pebbles embedded in cement, had, at intervals, covings of granite that projected so as nearly to block the path; it was necessary to lower one's head in order to proceed; no running possible in this corridor; a man escaping would be forced to go slowly; the gut twisted about; all entrails are winding, a prison's as well as a man's. Here and there, now to right now to left, square cuttings in the wall gave glimpses, through heavy grates, of staircases, some rising, some sinking. They came to a closed door; it opened; they went through; it closed again. Then they found a second door which gave them entrance; then a third, which similarly turned on its hinges. These doors opened and shut of themselves, as it were. No one could be seen. And, while the passage grew narrower, the vaulted roof grew lower, so that it was necessary to walk with the head bowed. The wall distilled moisture; drops of water fell from the roof; the stones which paved the passage were as slimy as intestines. The pale, scattered gleams, which did duty for light, grew more and more opaque; the air was giving out. And, saddest of all, they kept going down.

It required attention to perceive that they were going down. In the dark, a gentle slope is ominous. Nothing so terrible as obscurities, on which we come by imperceptible descents.

To descend is the entry into the fearful unknown.

How long did they walk thus? Gwynplaine could not have told.

Minutes lengthen themselves out im-

measurably, when passed through the rolling-mill of anguish.

Suddenly they stopped.

The darkness was dense.

The passage was, somehow, wider.

Gwynplaine heard close to him a noise, of which the Chinese gong alone could give an idea; something like a blow struck on the diaphragm of space.

It was the wapentake, who had just struck his staff against a sheet of iron.

This sheet was a door.

Not a door which opens on hinges, but a door that is pulled up and let down. Almost like a portcullis.

Something creaked harshly in a groove, and Gwynplaine had suddenly before his eyes a square patch of light.

The iron had been drawn up into a cleft of the vault, much as the door of a mouse-trap is lifted.

An opening presented itself.

The light was not daylight; it was a mere glimmer; but to the fully dilated eyeballs of Gwynplaine, this sudden though pale illumination was at first like the shock of a flash of lightning.

It was some time before he could see any thing. To distinguish objects, when dazzled, is as difficult as in the dark.

As by degrees his pupils adapted themselves to the light, as they had done to the darkness, he at length saw; the light, which had at first appeared to him too vivid, grew softer and pallid to his eye; he risked a look into the opening that yawned before him, and beheld a fearful sight.

At his feet, some twenty high steps, narrow, dilapidated, nearly perpendicular, without a rail on either hand, forming a sort of stone crest, like a piece of wall bevelled into a staircase, entered and sank into a very deep cellar, reaching the bottom of it.

This cellar was round, with a vaulted roof on cross-arches; and these arches were inclined—by reason of the imperfect level of the lintels—a displacement peculiar to all excavations upon which very heavy buildings have been piled.

The sort of cutting which took the place of a door, and which the sheet of iron had disclosed, was made in the vault, so that from this height the eye plunged into the cellar as into a well.

It was a huge cellar, and if it were the lower part of a well, the well must have been gigantic. The old phrase, "bottom of a den," could not have been applied to this cellar, unless you imagined a den of lions or tigers.

The cellar was neither paved nor flagged. It had for floor the moist and cold earth found at such depths.

In the middle of the cellar, four low and shapeless columns supported a canopy with heavy cross-arches, the four branches of which, joining inside the canopy, made something like the inner part of a mitre. This canopy, like the shrines under which sarcophagi were formerly kept, rose up to the vault and made in the cellar a species of central chamber, if the name of chamber can be given to a compartment open on all sides, having four pillars instead of four walls.

From the keystone of the canopy hung a round copper lantern, barred like a prison window. This lantern cast around—on the pillars, the vaulted roofs, and the circular wall seen dimly behind the pillars—a wan light, checkered with lines of shadow.

It was this illumination which had dazzled Gwynplaine at first. Now it was nothing more to him than a ruddy glow scarcely distinct.

No other light in this cellar. Neither window, door, nor air-hole.

Between the four pillars, precisely under the lantern, in the spot where there was most light, a pale and fearful outline was laid flat on the earth.

It was stretched on its back. You saw a head whose eyes were closed, a body whose trunk was hidden under an

indistinct, shapeless mass of something, four limbs united to the trunk in the form of a St. Andrew's cross, and drawn toward the four pillars by four chains fastened to the feet and hands; these chains ended in iron rings at the foot of each column. This shape, fixed in the horrid attitude of a victim about to be quartered, was icy and livid as a corpse. It was a naked man.

Gwynplaine, petrified, stood on the top of the staircase and looked.

Suddenly he heard a gurgle.

The corpse was alive.

Close to this spectre, in one of the arches of the canopy, one on each side of a large arm-chair raised upon a broad flat stone, stood upright two men dressed in long black wrappers, and in the arm-chair was seated an old man covered with a red robe, pale, motionless, ominous, a bouquet of roses in his hand.

This bouquet of roses would have given information to a person less ignorant than Gwynplaine. The right to sit in judgment, holding a nosegay, distinguished a magistrate at the same time royal and municipal. The lord-mayor of London still sits thus. It was the duty of the first roses of the season to aid the judges in their duty.

The old man seated in the arm-chair was the sheriff of the county of Surrey.

He had the rigid majesty of a Roman senator.

The arm-chair was the only seat in the cellar.

Alongside of it might be seen a table covered with books and papers, on which was placed the long white wand of the sheriff.

The men standing on the sheriff's right and left were two doctors, one of medicine, the other of laws, the latter distinguishable by the sergeant's coif on his wig. Both wore the black gown; one as judge, the other as physician. Men of these two classes wear mourning for those whom they kill.

Behind the sheriff, on the edge of the step made by the flat stone, was crouched — with a writing-desk near him on the flag, a pasteboard portfolio on his knees, and a sheet of parchment on the portfolio—a recorder's clerk in a round wig, pen in hand, like a man ready to write.

This clerk was of the class called "bag-keepers," as shown by a bag lying before him at his feet. These articles, formerly employed in lawsuits, were called "justice-bags."

A man, entirely clothed in leather, leaned his back against one of the pillars, crossing his arms. He was the executioner's servant.

These men seemed fixed by enchantment in their gloomy position around the chained prisoner. Not one of them stirred or spoke.

A monstrous tranquillity reigned over all the scene.

What Gwynplaine saw there was a torture-cellar.

These cellars abounded in England. The crypt of Beauchamp Tower was long used for this purpose; so was the vault of the Lollards' prison. Of this sort was the underground cell called "Lady Place Vaults," which may still be seen in London. There is a fireplace in it, to heat irons, if necessary.

All the prisons of King John's time—and Southwark jail was one of these—had their torture-cellar.

What follows frequently happened in England then, and might literally, in a criminal case, be done there even now, for all those laws still exist. England presents the singular spectacle of a barbarous code living on good terms with liberty. We must confess that the family arrangement works well.

Still, a little distrust might not be out of place. Let a crisis come, and vengeance may possibly awake. English

legislation is a tame tigress. She shows her velvety paws; but her claws are there still.

It is wise to cut the claws of the law.

Law almost ignores right. On one hand penal enactments, on the other humanity. Philosophers protest; but much time will yet elapse before human justice shall have become one with real justice.

Respect for the law; that is the English motto. In England the laws are so much venerated, that they are never abolished. The escape from the consequences of this veneration is the not executing them. An old law fallen into disuse is like an old woman; but it is not necessary to kill either of the venerable ladies; you merely let them alone. They have the right to think themselves perpetually young and beautiful. They are allowed to dream that they still live. This politeness is called respect.

The Norman practice is aged and wrinkled enough; that does not prevent more than one English judge from casting sheep's eyes at it. Any atrocious bit of antiquity is lovingly preserved, if it be Norman. What more barbarous than the gibbet? In 1866, a man* was condemned to be quartered, the quarters to be placed at her Majesty's disposal.

But the torture has never existed in England.

History says so. The assurance of history is charming.

Matthew, of Westminster, notes that "the Saxon law, very clement and kind," did not punish criminals with death, and he adds that it only "cut off their noses, put out their eyes, and castrated them!"

Gwynplaine, bewildered, at the top of the staircase, began to tremble in every limb. He experienced every kind of shudder. He tried to remember what crime he could have committed. To the wapentake's silence had succeeded the vision of punishment. A step forward, but a tragic one. He saw the gloomy legal puzzle, in which he felt himself trapped, growing darker and darker.

The human form on the ground uttered a second gurgle.

Gwynplaine felt his shoulder gently pushed.

This push came from the wapentake.

Gwynplaine understood that he must go down.

He obeyed.

He descended the staircase step by step. The steps were very shallow and eight or nine inches high. Moreover, there was no hand-rail. It was not possible to descend without care. Two steps behind Gwynplaine came the wapentake, holding the iron weapon erect; and behind him, at the same distance, came the justice of the quorum.

Gwynplaine, while descending these stairs, felt his hopes strangely swallowed up. It was a sort of death, step by step. Each successive stair put out a light in his soul. Growing paler and paler, he reached the bottom of the staircase.

The species of ghost chained on the ground to the four pillars continued to gurgle.

A voice in the obscurity said:

— Come forward.

It was the sheriff who addressed Gwynplaine.

Gwynplaine took a step forward.

— Nearer, said the voice.

Gwynplaine took another step.

— Quite near, repeated the sheriff.

The justice of the quorum murmured in Gwynplaine's ear, so gravely that the whisper was solemn:

— You are before the sheriff of the county of Surrey.

Gwynplaine walked up to the tortured man whom he saw stretched in the middle of the cellar. The wapen-

* The Fenian Burke, May, 1866.

take and the justice of the quorum remained where they were, and let him advance alone.

When Gwynplaine, fairly arrived under the canopy, had a near view of the wretched object which he as yet had only seen from a distance, and which was a living man, his fear became terror.

The man bound on the earth was entirely naked, except that hideously decent rag which might be called the figleaf of torture, which was the Roman *succingulum*, and the Gothic *christipannus*, and of which our old Gaulish jargon made the word *cripagne*. Christ on the cross had only this scrap of covering.

The awful sufferer, whom Gwynplaine regarded, seemed to be a man of from fifty to sixty. His chin was rough with the white stubble of a beard. His eyes were shut and his mouth was open. All his teeth could be seen. His thin, bony face was like a death's head. His arms and legs, fastened by the chains to the four stone posts, made the figure of an X. On his chest and belly was an iron plate, and on this plate were placed in a heap five or six large stones. The gurgling sound which he uttered was sometimes a respiration, sometimes a groan.

The sheriff, without letting go his bouquet of roses, took from the table, with the hand which he had free, his white wand, and raised it perpendicularly, saying:

— Obedience to her Majesty!

Then he replaced the wand on the table.

After which, slowly as a death-knell, without a gesture, motionless as the sufferer, the sheriff raised his voice.

He said:

— You, prisoner, who are here bound in chains, listen for the last time to the voice of justice. You have been taken from your cell and brought to this jail. Properly questioned in the legal forms, *formaliis verbis pressus*, without regard to the summons made to you by reading, and which will be made again, inspired by a spirit of wicked and perverse obstinacy, you have enveloped yourself in silence, and refused to answer the judge, which is a detestable license, and constitutes, among the actions punishable with seclusion, the crime and misdemeanor of overtness.

The sergeant of the coif, standing at the sheriff's right, interrupted him, saying in an indifferent tone that was inexpressibly mournful:

— *Overhernessa*, Laws of Alfred and Godrun, Chapter Sixth.

The sheriff resumed:

— The law is revered by all, save the robbers who infest the woods where the hinds bring forth.

Like one bell tolling after another, the sergeant repeated:

— *Qui faciunt vastum in foresta ubi damæ solent fouininare.*

— He who refuses to answer the magistrate, continued the sheriff, is obnoxious to every charge. He is considered capable of every vice.

The sergeant broke in again:

— *Prodigus, devorator, profusus, salax, ruffianus, ebriosus, luxuriosus, simulator, consumptor patrimonii, helluo, et gluto.*

— All vices, said the sheriff, suppose all crimes. He who admits nothing confesses all. He who preserves silence, before the judge's questions, is virtually a liar and a parricide.

— *Mendax et parricida*, said the sergeant.

Then said the sheriff:

— Prisoner, you are not allowed to exile yourself by silence. The counterfeit fugitive wounds the dignity of the law. He is like Diomed wounding a goddess. Silence before justice is one form of rebellion. Treason to justice is

treason to the sovereign. Nothing can be more detestable or more rash. He who withdraws himself from examination steals the truth. The law has provided for him. In such cases, the English have from all time enjoyed the right of fosse, fork, and chains.

— *Anglica Charta*, year 1088, said the sergeant.

And he added with the same mechanical gravity:

— *Ferrum et fossum et furcas cum aliis libertatibus.*

The sheriff continued:

— Therefore, prisoner, since you have not chosen to quit your silence, although of sound mind, and perfectly understanding what the judge asks you, since you are diabolically refractory, you have incurred an infernal punishment, and you have been, in the terms of the criminal statutes, put to the torture called *la peine forte et dure.* This is what has been done to you. The law demands that I should declare it to you officially. You have been brought into this underground dungeon, you have been stripped of your garments, you have been laid on your back upon the ground, your four limbs have been stretched and bound to four columns, as the law commands, a sheet of iron has been placed upon your belly, and as many stones laid on your body as you can bear. "And more than he can bear," says the law.

— *Plusque*, added the sergeant, in confirmation.

The sheriff continued:

— In this position and before prolonging the question, there was made to you by me, sheriff of the county of Surrey, repeated summons to speak and answer, and you satanically persevered in silence, although in hold of fetters, chains, stocks, shackles, and irons.

— *Attachiamenta legalia*, said the sergeant.

— On your hardened refusal, said the sheriff, it being proper that the obstinacy of the law should equal the obstinacy of the criminal, the question continued as the edicts and texts order.

— The first day, you had nothing either to eat or drink.

— *Hoc est superjejunare*, said the sergeant.

There was a moment's silence. The horrible hissing respiration of the man under the pile of stones was audible.

The sergeant-at-law completed his interruption.

— *Adde augmentum abstinentiæ ciborum diminutione. Consuetudo Britannica*, five hundred and fourth article.

These two men, the sheriff and the sergeant, spoke alternately; nothing could be more gloomy than their immovable monotony; the mournful voice answered the ominous voice. It was like the priest and the deacon of torture celebrating the ferocious rites of the law.

The sheriff recommenced:

— The first day, you had nothing either to eat or drink. The second day, you had food, but no drink; three morsels of barley bread were put into your mouth. The third day, you had drink, and no food. There was poured into your mouth, at three times and in three glasses, a pint of water taken from the gutter of the prison drain. The fourth day has come. It is to-day. Now if you still refuse to answer, you will be left there till you die. Such is the will of justice.

The sergeant, always ready with his refrain, expressed his approval:

— *Mors rei homagium est bonæ legi.*

— And while you feel yourself dying thus lamentably, continued the sheriff, no one will assist you, even though the blood should start from your throat, from your beard, and your armpits, and out of all the pores of your body from your mouth to your loins.

— *A throtebolla*, said the sergeant, *et pube et subhirrcis et a grugno usque ad crupponem.*

The sheriff went on:

— Attention, prisoner, for the rest concerns you. If you renounce your execrable silence, and confess, you will only be hung, and you will have a right to the *meldefeoh*, which is a sum of money.

— *Damnum confitens*, said the sergeant, *habeat meldefeoh. Leges Inæ*, chapter twenty.

— Which sum, urged the sheriff, will be paid you in doitkins, suskins, and gallihalpens, the only case in which this coinage can be used, according to the terms of the statute of abolition, in the third year of Henry V., and you will have the right and enjoyment of *scortum ante mortem*, and then you will be hanged on the gallows. Such are the advantages of confession. Will you answer the judge?

The sheriff stopped and waited. The sufferer remained motionless.

The sheriff recommenced:

— Prisoner, silence is a refuge in which there is more danger than safety. Obstinacy is a damnable wickedness. He who is silent before the judge is a felon against the crown. Do not persist in this unfilial disobedience. Think of her Majesty. Do not resist our gracious queen. When I speak to you, answer her. Be a loyal subject.

There was a rattle in the prisoner's throat.

The sheriff recommenced:

— Thus, after the first seventy-two hours of the question, we are here at the fourth day. Prisoner, this is the decisive day. It is for the fourth day that the law assigns the act of confrontation.

— *Quarta die, frontem ad frontem adduce*, murmured the sergeant.

— The wisdom of the law, continued the sheriff, has chosen this supreme hour, in order to secure what our ancestors called "judgment by mortal cold," since it is the moment when men are believed on their yea and nay.

The sergeant-at-law once more enforced and supported the statement:

— *Judicium pro frodmortell, quod homines credendi sint per suum ya et suum na.* Charter of King Athelstan, volume first, page one hundred and seventy-three.

They waited a moment; then the sheriff bent his stern face toward the sufferer:

— Prisoner on the ground there . . .

And he paused.

— Prisoner, cried he, do you hear me?

The man did not stir.

— In the name of the law, said the sheriff, open your eyes.

The man's eyelids remained shut.

The sheriff turned to the physician standing on his left.

— Doctor, make your diagnosis.

— *Probe, da diagnosticum*, said the sergeant.

The doctor descended from the flagstone with magisterial stiffness, approached the prisoner, stooped down, placed his ear close to the sufferer's mouth, felt his pulse at the wrist, the armpit, and the thigh, and stood up again.

— Well? said the sheriff.

— He still hears, said the doctor.

— Does he see? asked the sheriff.

The doctor replied:

— He can see.

At a sign of the sheriff, the justice of the quorum and the wapentake came forward. The wapentake placed himself near the prisoner's head; the justice of the quorum stopped behind Gwynplaine.

The physician retreated a step between the pillars. Then the sheriff, raising his bouquet of roses as a priest elevates his sprinkling-brush, addressed

the sufferer in a loud and terrible voice:

— Speak, wretch! The law entreats you before exterminating you. You wish to seem dumb—think on the tomb which is dumb; you wish to seem deaf —think on the judgment which is deaf. Think on death, which is worse than yourself. Consider, you will be left in this cell. Listen, O fellow-being, for I am a man! Listen, O brother, for I am a Christian! Listen, O son, for I am old! Beware of me, for I have the control of your suffering, and I shall presently be terrible. The terror of the law makes the majesty of the judge. Think that I myself tremble at myself. My own power terrifies me. Drive me not to extremes. I feel myself full of the hallowed cruelty which punishes crime. Wherefore, O unfortunate man, have a healthy and honest fear of justice, and obey me. The hour of confrontation has come, and you must answer. Be not obstinate in your resistance. Take not the irrevocable step. Hear me, incipient corpse, and think that I have the right to finish you! Unless you choose to perish here through hours and days and weeks, in a long and fearful agony of hunger and filth, under the weight of those stones, alone in this dungeon, abandoned, forgotten, blotted out, given to the rats and the weasels for food, eaten by the vermin of darkness, while men come and go, buy and sell, and carriages roll over your head; unless it suits you to gasp without respite in this deep despair, gnashing your teeth, wailing, blaspheming, without a doctor to tend your sores, without a priest to administer the balm of divine compassion to your soul; unless you wish to feel the fearful foam of death slowly gathering on your lips, I entreat and adjure you, hear me! I call you to your own help; have pity on yourself, do what you are asked, yield to justice, obey, turn your head, open your eyes, and say if you recognize this man.

The sufferer neither turned his head nor opened his eyes.

The sheriff cast a glance at the justice of the quorum and the wapentake in turn.

The justice pulled off Gwynplaine's hat and cloak, took him by the shoulders and turned him, facing the light, toward the chained man. Gwynplaine's features, fully lit up, stood out in strange relief from the abundant shade.

At the same time the wapentake stooped, took the prisoner's head by the temples between his hands, turned his motionless head toward Gwynplaine, and with his thumbs and forefingers separated the closed lids. The wild eyes of the man appeared.

The sufferer saw Gwynplaine.

Then, lifting his head himself, and opening his eyes wide, he looked at him.

He shook as much as a man can shake with a mountain on his breast, and cried out:

— It is he! yes, it is he!

And, terrible to hear, he broke out into a laugh.

— It is he! he repeated.

Then he let his head fall back on the ground, and closed his eyes again.

— Clerk, said the sheriff, write that down.

Gwynplaine, though terrified, had nearly kept his countenance up to that moment. The cry of the prisoner, *It is he!* overwhelmed him. The words, *Clerk, write that down*, froze him. He seemed to make out that a criminal was dragging him into his own fate, though he, Gwynplaine, could not guess why, and that the unintelligible confession of this man was closing on him like the clasp of a fetter. He imagined this man and himself bound on the same pillory to two similar posts. Out of his depth in this terror he struggled wildly. With

the thorough confusion of innocence, he commenced to stammer incoherent expressions; trembling, terrified, bewildered, he threw out at random the first cries which occurred to him, and all those words of anguish which are like the missiles of a madman.

— 'Tis not true. 'Tis not I. I don't know this man. He can't know me, because I don't know him. I have my representation of to-night waiting for me. What is wanted of me? I demand my liberty. That is not all. Why have I been brought into this cellar? There is no more law then! Say at once that there is no more law. Judge, I repeat that it is not I. I am innocent of all that can be said about me. I know it well, I do. I want to go. This is not right. There is nothing between that man and me. You can inquire. My life is not a hidden matter. They came to seize me like a thief. Why did they come so? That man there, do I know who he is? I am a travelling clown who makes fun at fairs and markets. I am The Man Who Laughs. Plenty of people have come to see me. We are in Tarrinzeau-Field. I have been practising my business honestly these fifteen years. I am twenty-five years old. I live at the Tadcaster Inn. My name is Gwynplaine. Judge, do me the favor to make them dismiss me. It is not right to take advantage of the weakness of poor wretches. Have pity on a man who has done nothing, and who is without protection and without defence. You have before you a poor mountebank.

— I have before me, said the sheriff, Lord Fermain Clancharlie, Baron Clancharlie and Hunkerville, Marquis of Corleone in Sicily, peer of England.

Rising, and offering his chair to Gwynplaine, the sheriff added:

— My lord, will your lordship deign to be seated?

BOOK V.

THE SEA AND FATE ARE STIRRED BY THE SAME BLAST.

I.

SOLIDITY OF FRAGILE THINGS.

Destiny sometimes holds out to us a glass of madness to drink. A hand emerges from the cloud, and offers us the sombre cup, wherein is drunkenness unknown.

Gwynplaine did not comprehend it.

He looked behind to see who was addressed.

Too sharp a sound is none the more distinguishable by the ear; emotion, too sharp, is none the more distinguishable by the intelligence. There is a limit for understanding, as for hearing.

The wapentake and the justice of the quorum approached Gwynplaine, and took each an arm. He felt that they had seated him in the arm-chair, whence the sheriff had risen.

He let them do it, without explaining to himself how this could be.

When Gwynplaine was seated, the justice of the quorum and the wapentake fell back some steps, and held themselves upright and motionless in the rear of the arm-chair.

Then the sheriff placed his nosegay of roses on the flag-stone, put on a pair of spectacles presented to him by the clerk, drew out, from under the bundles of papers heaped upon the table, a sheet of parchment, spotted, turned yellow, turned green, gnawed, and frayed in places, that seemed to have been folded up in extremely narrow folds, and one side of which was covered with writing. Then, standing up under the light of the lantern, and bringing the document up to his eyes, he read as follows:

"In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,

"This day, twenty-ninth of January, sixteen hundred and ninety of our Lord.

"Has been wickedly abandoned, on the desert coast of Portland, with the design of letting him perish, of hunger, of cold, and of solitude, a child aged ten years.

"This child was sold at the age of two years, by order of his most gracious Majesty King James the Second.

"This child is Lord Fermain Clancharlie, only legitimate son of Lord Linnæus Clancharlie, Baron Clancharlie and Hunkerville, Marquis of Corleone in Italy, peer of the kingdom of England, defunct, and of Ann Bradshaw, his wife, defunct.

"This child is heir of the possessions and titles of his father. That is why he was sold, mutilated, disfigured, and put out of the way, by the will of his most gracious Majesty.

"This child has been brought up and trained to be a mountebank at markets and fairs.

"He was sold, at the age of two years, after the death of the lord his father; and ten pounds sterling were given to the king for the purchase of this child, as well as for divers concessions, tolerances, and immunities.

"Lord Fermain Clancharlie, aged two years, was bought by me the undersigned who write these lines, and was mutilated and disfigured by a Fleming of Flanders named Hardquanonne, who alone is in possession of the secrets and processes of Doctor Conquest.

"The child was intended by us to be a laughing mask. *Masca ridens.*

"With this design, Hardquanonne practised on him the operation, *Bucca fissa usque ad aures*, which stamps an eternal laugh upon the face.

"The child, by means known to Hardquanonne only, having been put to sleep and rendered insensible during the work, does not know that he underwent this operation.

"He does not know that he is Lord Clancharlie.

"He answers to the name of Gwynplaine.

"This comes of his tender age and imperfect memory when he was sold and bought, being scarcely two years old.

"Hardquanonne is the only person who knows how to perform the operation *Bucca fissa;* and this child is the only living person on whom it has been performed.

"This operation is unique and singular in this respect, that, even after many years, the child—were he an old man in place of being a child, and had his black hair become white hair—would be immediately recognized by Hardquanonne.

"At the hour when we write this, Hardquanonne, who knows pertinently all these facts and took part in them as the principal actor, is held in the prisons of his highness the Prince of Orange, vulgarly called King William III. Hardquanonne has been apprehended and seized, as being one of the so-called Comprachicos or Cheylas. He is shut up in the strong keep at Chatham.

"It was in Switzerland, near the Lake of Geneva, between Lausanne and Vevey, in the very house where his father and mother had died, that the child, in conformity with the king's commands, was sold and delivered to us by the last servant of the deceased Lord Linnæus, which servant died soon after his masters; so that this delicate and secret affair is at these presents known to no person here below, except to Hardquanonne, who is in a dungeon at Chatham, and to us who are about to die.

"We, the undersigned, have brought up, and kept for eight years, the little lord bought by us from the king, so as to make use of him in our business.

"On this day, flying from England, to avoid the hard fate of Hardquanonne, we have, through timidity and fear, on

account of the prohibitions and penal fulminations enacted in Parliament, abandoned at nightfall, on the Portland coast, the said child Gwynplaine, who is Lord Fermain Clancharlie.

"Now, we have sworn secrecy to the king, but not to God.

"This night, at sea, assailed by a severe tempest, according to the will of Providence, in absolute despair and distress, kneeling before Him who can save our lives, and may perhaps be willing to save our souls, having nothing more to expect from men and every thing to fear from God, having, for anchor and resource, repentance of our evil deeds, resigned to die, and content if justice on high be satisfied, humble and penitent and smiting our breasts, we make this declaration and confide it and throw it into the furious sea, so that the sea may use it for advantage in obedience to God. And may the Most Holy Virgin be our help! So be it! And we have signed."

The sheriff, interrupting, said:

— Here are the signatures, all in different handwriting.

And he went on to read:

— "Doctor Gernardus Geestemunde. —Asuncion.—A cross, and by the side of it: Barbara Fermoy, of Tyrryf Island, in the Hebrides.—Gaizdorra, chief.—Giangirate.—Jacques Quatourze, called the Narbonnese.—Luc. Pierre Capgaroupe, from the galleys at Mahon."

The sheriff, pausing again, said:

— Note, written in the same hand as the text, and as the first signed name.

And he read:

— "Of the three men of the crew, the master having been washed away by a wave, only two remain. And they have signed.—Galdeazurs.—Ave-Maria, thief."

The sheriff, commingling the text and the interruptions, continued:

— At foot of the sheet is written:

— "At sea, on board the *Matutina*, Biscayan ork, of the Gulf of Pasages."

— This sheet, added the sheriff, is a chancery-office parchment, bearing the water-mark of King James the Second. On the margin of the declaration, and in the same handwriting, there is this note:

— "The present declaration is written by us on the back of the leaf of the royal order that was handed to us, as our license for buying the child. Let the leaf be turned over and the order will be seen."

The sheriff turned over the parchment, and raised it up in his right hand, exposing it to the light. A white page was visible—if the term "white page" can be applied to such a mass of mouldiness—and in the middle of the page three written words: two Latin words, *jussu regis*, and one signature: *Jeffreys*.

— *Jussu regis*. *Jeffreys*, said the sheriff, changing his voice from grave to loud.

A man on whose head a tile from the palace of dreams has fallen—such was Gwynplaine.

He began to speak as one speaks in a state of unconsciousness.

— Gernardus; yes, the doctor. An old man, and sad. I was afraid of him. Gaizdorra, *captal*, that's to say the chief. There were women, Asuncion, and another one. And then the Provençal. That was Capgaroupe. He drank from a flat bottle; and there was a name written on it in red.

— Here it is, said the sheriff.

And he placed an object upon the table, that the clerk had drawn out from an official bag.

It was a gourd, with handles, and covered with wicker. The bottle had evidently passed through adventures. It must have made a sojourn in the water. Shell-fish and sea-weed were sticking to it. It was incrusted and embossed with all the mildews of the

ocean. The neck had a circlet of pitch, indicating that it had been hermetically sealed. It was unsealed and open. At the same time, a sort of stopper, of a rope's-end pitched, which had been the cork, was replaced in the mouth.

— It was in this bottle, said the sheriff, that the declaration that has just been read was enclosed by those persons who were about to die. The message addressed to justice has been faithfully remitted to it by the sea.

The sheriff added something to the majesty of his intonation, and continued:

— Just as Harrow Hill excels in corn, and supplies the fine wheat flour from which the bread is baked for the royal table, so does the sea render to England all the services that it possibly can; and when a lord is lost, it finds him and brings him back.

Then he resumed:

— There is, in fact, a name inscribed in red upon this gourd.

And raising his voice, he turned toward the motionless sufferer:

— Your name, yours, malefactor, here present. For such are the mysterious ways by which the truth reaches the surface, after being engulfed in the whirlpool of human actions.

The sheriff took the gourd, and turned toward the light one of the sides of the waif that had been rubbed clean, probably for the ends of justice. There was seen, winding through the wicker-work interlacings, a narrow strip of red cane, become black in spots by the action of water and of time. The cane, notwithstanding some fractures, traced distinctly in the wicker-work these twelve letters: *Hardquanonne.*

— Hardquanonne! When by us, sheriff, this gourd whereon is your name, was, for the first time, shown, exhibited, and presented to you, you recognized it at once and in good grace as having belonged to you. Then, having heard read to you, in its tenor, the parchment that was folded up and enclosed therein, you were not willing to say further, and refused to reply, in the hope without doubt that the lost child would not be found, and that you yourself would escape punishment. In consequence of that refusal you were subjected to the *peine forte et dure*, and a second reading was made to you of the aforesaid parchment, whereto were consigned the declaration and confession of your accomplices. Without avail. This day, which is the fourth day, and the day legally appointed for confrontation, having been brought into the presence of him who was abandoned at Portland, on the twenty-ninth of January, sixteen hundred and ninety, the diabolical hope has faded away in you, and you have broken silence and recognized your victim.

The sufferer opened his eyes, raised up his head, and essayed to speak in a voice wherein was the strange sonorousness of agony, with an inexpressible calmness qualifying the throat-rattle, and pronouncing, tragically, under that mass of stones, the words, for each one of which he had to lift up the sort of sepulchral lid that covered him.

— I swore secrecy; and I have kept it to the utmost of my power. The men of gloom are the faithful men; and there is honor in hell. To-day, silence has become useless. So be it. That is why I speak. Yes, then; it is he. We did it jointly, we two, the king and I; the king for his good pleasure—I for my art.

And, looking at Gwynplaine, he added:

— Now, laugh forever!

And he himself broke out into a laugh.

This second laugh, more savage still than the former one, might have been taken for a sob.

The laugh ceased, and the man laid himself down again. His eyelids were reclosed.

The sheriff, who had given up the word to the tortured man, went on:

— On all which action is taken.

He gave the clerk time to write; then he said:

— Hardquanonne, by the terms of the law, after confrontation carried out, after the third reading of the declaration of your accomplices, furthermore confirmed by your own recognition and confession, after your repeated avowal, you are to be relieved from these shackles and handed over to her Majesty's good pleasure, in order that you may be hung as a plagiary.

— Plagiary, chimed in the sergeant-at-law; that is to say, buyer and seller of children. Visigoth law, book seven, chapter three, paragraph *Usurpaverit;* and Salic law, chapter forty-one, paragraph two; and Frison law, chapter twenty-one, *De Plagio.* And Alexander Nequam says:

Qui pueros vendis, plagiarius est tibi nomen. *

The sheriff put the parchment on the table, took off his spectacles, resumed his nosegay, and said:

— End of the *peine forte et dure.* Hardquanonne, thank her Majesty!

By a sign, the justice of the quorum set in movement the man clad in leather.

This fellow, who was a valet of the executioner — "groom of the gibbet," say the old titles — stepped to the sufferer, took off one by one the stones that were on his stomach, lifted off the iron plate, and thus brought to sight the ribs of the poor wretch thrown out of shape, and then unfastened from wrist and ancle the four iron shackles by which he was secured to the pillars.

The victim, relieved of the stones and released from the chains, remained flat upon the ground, his eyes closed, his arms and legs apart, like one crucified and unnailed.

— Hardquanonne, said the sheriff, stand up!

The sufferer did not budge.

The groom of the gibbet took one of his hands, and then let it go; the hand fell down again. The other hand, on being lifted up, fell down again in like manner. The executioner's valet then laid hold of one foot, then of the other; the heels flopped down upon the ground. The fingers remained inert, the toes motionless. The naked feet of a body lying thus have almost the effect of bristling up.

The doctor came up, drew from a pocket in his robe a small steel mirror, and held it before Hardquanonne's gaping mouth; then with his fingers he opened his eyelids. They did not close themselves again. The glassy eyeballs remained fixed.

The doctor resumed his standing posture, and said:

— He is dead.

And he added:

— He laughed; that killed him.

— That's of small consequence, said the sheriff. After the confession, living or dying is a mere formality.

Then, indicating Hardquanonne by a wave of his nosegay of roses, the sheriff flung this order to the wapentake:

— Carcass to be removed hence to-night.

The wapentake expressed obedience by a nodding of the head; and the sheriff added:

— The prison burial-ground is opposite.

The wapentake made a fresh sign of assent.

The clerk was writing.

The sheriff, having the nosegay in his left hand, took his white wand in the other, placed himself immediately in front of Gwynplaine still seated, made

* Thou who sellest children, thy name is plagiary.

him a low bow, and then—another solemn attitude—threw his head back, and, looking Gwynplaine in the face, said to him:

—To you who are here present, we, Philip Denzil Parsons, knight, sheriff of the county of Surrey, assisted by Aubrey Docminique, Esquire, our clerk and registrar, and by our ordinary officers, duly warranted by special and direct order of her Majesty, in virtue of our commission, and of the rights and duties of our charge, and by authority of the Lord-Chancellor of England—official report being made and action taken, in view of the documents communicated by the Admiralty, after the verification of attestations and signatures, after declarations read and heard, after confrontation had, all the legal statements and informations being completed, exhausted, and brought to good and just conclusion—do signify and declare to you, so that the right may come of it, that you are Fermain Clancharlie, Baron Clancharlie and Hunkerville, Marquis of Corleone in Sicily, and peer of England! And may God have your lordship in good keeping!

And he bowed down.

The sergeant-at-law, the doctor, the justice of the quorum, the wapentake, the clerk, all the assistants, except the executioner, repeated this salutation more profoundly still, and inclined themselves to the earth before Gwynplaine.

—Ho, some one, cried Gwynplaine, wake me!

And he stood up, deadly pale.

—I have effectually wakened you, said a voice that had not yet been heard.

A man stepped out from behind one of the pillars. As no one had penetrated into the vault, since the sheet of iron had given passage on arrival of the police procession, it was clear that this man was thus lying hid, previous to Gwynplaine's entrance; that he had a regular part to play as observer; and that it was his mission and duty to hold to it. This man was thickset and portly, in a court wig and travelling-cloak, rather old than young, and very neat.

He saluted Gwynplaine with ease and respect, with the elegance of a gentleman in service, and without any magisterial awkwardness.

—Yes, said he, I have wakened you. You have been asleep for twenty-five years. You have had a dream, and you must emerge from it. You believe yourself Gwynplaine; you are Clancharlie. You believe yourself of the people; you are of the nobility. You believe yourself of the lowest rank; you are of the uppermost. You believe yourself an actor; you are a senator. You believe yourself poor; you are rich. You think yourself small; you are great. Wake up, my lord!

Gwynplaine, in a voice very low and that bespoke a certain terror, murmured:

—What does all this mean?

—It means, my lord, replied the fat man, that I am named Barkilphedro; that I am an officer of the Admiralty; that this waif, Hardquanonne's gourd, was found on the sea-shore; that it was brought to me to be unsealed by me, as is the business and prerogative of my office; that I opened it, in presence of two sworn jurymen of the office Jetsam, both of whom are members of Parliament, William Blathwaith for the city of Bath, and Thomas Jervoise for Southampton; that the two jurymen described and certified the contents of the gourd, and signed the official report of the opening, conjointly with myself; that I laid my report before her Majesty; that by the queen's order all necessary legal formalities have been fulfilled, with the discretion that so delicate a matter requires, and that the last, the confrontation, has just taken place. This means that you have a

million for income. This means that you are a lord of the United Kingdom of Great Britain; legislator and judge, judge supreme and sovereign legislator; clothed in purple and ermine; the equal of princes and the like of emperors; that you have upon your head the peer's coronet; and that you are about to espouse a duchess, daughter of a king.

Beneath this transfiguration, coming down upon him like a thunderbolt, Gwynplaine fainted away.

II.

THE WANDERER DOES NOT ALWAYS LOSE HIS WAY.

All this came of a soldier, who had found a bottle by the sea-shore.

Every event is one of a series.

One day, one of the four gunners who composed the garrison of Calshot Castle had picked up in the sand at low water a round, wicker-covered bottle, thrown there by the flood-tide. This bottle was quite mouldy, and corked with a tarred cork. The soldier had carried this waif to the colonel in command of the castle, and the colonel had dispatched it to the Admiral of England. Now the admiral meant the Admiralty, and the Admiralty, in a case of waif, meant Barkilphedro. So Barkilphedro had opened and uncorked the bottle, and carried it to the queen. The queen had immediately taken counsel. Two important counsellors had been summoned and consulted; the lord-chancellor, who is by law "guardian of the King of England's conscience," and the lord-marshal, who is "judge of arms and of the descent of the nobility." Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, a Catholic peer, who was hereditary Grand-Marshal of England, had declared by his deputy Earl-Marshal, Henry Howard, Earl of Bindon, that he would be of the opinion of the lord-chancellor. The lord-chancellor was William Cowper. This chancellor must not be confounded with his namesake and contemporary William Cowper, the anatomist, commentator on Bidloo, who published in England his "Treatise on the Muscles," almost at the same time that Stephen Abeille was publishing in France his "History of the Bones:" a surgeon and a lord are two different things. Lord William Cowper was celebrated for having uttered this sentence, in the matter of Talbot Yelverton, Viscount Longueville: "As regards the constitution of England, the restoration of a peer is more important than the restoration of a king." The bottle found at Calshot had aroused his attention to the highest pitch. The author of a maxim loves opportunities of applying it. It was a case of restoration of a peer. Gwynplaine, having his sign hung out, was easy to find. Hardquanonne also. He was not dead. A prison rots a man, but preserves him, if keeping is preserving. People put into bastiles were seldom moved. A cell was scarcely changed oftener than a coffin is. Hardquanonne was still in the dungeon of Chatham. It was only necessary to take hold of him. He was transferred from Chatham to London. At the same time researches were made in Switzerland. The correctness of the facts was ascertained. In the local registers of Vevay and Lausanne were found recorded the marriage of Lord Linnæus in exile, the birth of his child, the deaths of the father and mother; there was sufficient material for duplicate dispatches, duly attested. All this was done with the strictest secrecy, with what was then called *royal promptitude*, and with that "silence of a mole" recommended and practised by Bacon, and afterward established by Blackstone as a law for chancery and state busi-

ness, and for affairs that are styled senatorial.

The *jussu regis* and the signature *Jeffreys* were verified. To any one who has studied pathologically the cases of caprice called "good pleasure," this *jussu regis* is quite simple. Why did James II., who apparently should have concealed such actions, leave written traces of them, even at the risk of compromising their success? Effrontery. Lofty indifference. What! you think it is only women who are shameless! A "reason of state" is shameless too. *Et se cupit ante videri.* Commit a crime and make a scutcheon of it; that is the whole story. The king tattooes himself, like the convict. It is their interest to evade the police and the historian; they would be very sorry to do so; they insist on being known and recognized. See my arm, note this device, a temple of love and a heart in flames, pierced by an arrow. I am Lacenaire. *Jussu regis.* I am James II. One does a bad deed and puts one's mark on it. To add imprudence to crime, to inform against himself, to make his misdeed permanent, is the insolent bravado of the malefactor. Christina seizes Monaldeschi, has him shrived and murdered, and says, *I am Queen of Sweden under the roof of the King of France.* There is the tyrant who hides himself like Tiberius, and the tyrant who displays himself like Philip II. One has more of the scorpion, the other more of the leopard. James II. was of the latter variety. He had, as is well known, an open and gay countenance, differing in that point from Philip II. Philip was sad, James was jovial. One may be jovial, and ferocious all the same. James II. was the silly tiger. Like Philip II., his crimes made him calm. He was monster by the grace of God. So he had nothing to dissemble or extenuate, and his murders were by right divine. He also would gladly have left behind him his archives of Simancas, with all his crimes numbered, dated, classed, ticketed, and arranged, like the poisons in a druggist's workshop.

To put a signature to one's crimes is royal.

Every deed done is a draft drawn on the great unknown capitalist; this one had just fallen due with the sinister indorsement *jussu regis.* Queen Anne, who was no woman in one respect, since she excelled in keeping a secret, had demanded from the lord-chancellor a confidential report on this grave affair, of the kind called "reports for the royal ear." Reports of this sort have always been customary in monarchies. At Vienna there was the *counsellor of the ear*, an aulic personage. It was an ancient Carlovingian, the *auricularius* of the old palatine charters. He who whispers to the emperor.

William, Baron Cowper, Chancellor of England, in whom the queen believed, because he was near-sighted like herself and more so, had drawn up a memoir, commencing thus: "Two birds were at the orders of Solomon, a hoopoo, *hudhud*, who spoke all tongues, and an eagle, *simourgouka*, who covered with the shadow of his wings a caravan of twenty thousand men. Similarly, under another form, Providence," etc., etc. The lord-chancellor established the fact of an heir to a peerage carried off and mutilated, and found afterward. He did not at all blame James II., who after all was the queen's father. He even adduced reasons on his behalf. First, there are the old monarchic maxims, *E senioratu eripimus. In roturagio cadat.* Secondly, the royal right of mutilation exists. Chamberlayne has established this.* *Corpora et bona nostrorum subjectorum nostra sunt*, said James I., of glorious and learned memory. Dukes of royal

* The life and limbs of subjects are at the king's disposal.—Chamberlayne, 2d part, chapter iv., p. 76.

blood have had their eyes put out for the good of the kingdom. Sundry princes, too near the throne, have been conveniently suffocated between two mattresses, which passed for apoplexy. Now suffocation is more than mutilation. The King of Tunis tore out the eyes of his father, Muley-Assem, and his ambassadors were no less received by the emperor. Then the king can order a limb to be lopped off, as he can a dignity, etc. This is legal, etc. But one legality does not destroy another. If the drowned man comes to the surface again and is not dead, it is God who revises the king's action. If the heir is found again, let the crown be restored to him; thus was it done for Lord Alla, King of Northumbria, who also had been a buffoon. Thus should it be done for Gwynplaine, who also is king, that is lord. The baseness of the occupation, suffered and undergone through circumstances beyond his control, does not tarnish the scutcheon; witness King Abdolonymus who was a gardener, witness Saint Joseph who was a carpenter, witness the god Apollo himself, who was a shepherd. In fine, the learned chancellor concluded that Fermain, Lord Clancharlie, wrongly called Gwynplaine, should be reinstated in all his possessions and dignities, "on the sole condition that he be confronted with the criminal Hardquanonne, and recognized by him." And on this point the chancellor, constitutional guardian of the royal conscience, guaranteed that conscience.

The lord-chancellor suggested in a postscript that, in case Hardquanonne should refuse to answer, he ought to be submitted to the *peine forte et dure*, in which case, in order to hit the moment called that of *frodmortell* and required by the charter of King Athelstan, the confrontation should take place on the fourth day, which, to be sure, involves this slight inconvenience, that, if the sufferer dies the second or third day, the confrontation becomes difficult; but the law must be executed. The inconvenience of the law makes part of the law.

Besides, the recognition of Gwynplaine by Hardquanonne was not at all doubtful in the lord-chancellor's mind.

The restoration of Lord Fermain Clancharlie was moreover a very simple case, the heir being legitimate and direct. For doubtful filiations, or peerages in abeyance, claimed by collaterals, the House of Lords must be consulted. Thus, without going farther back, it was so consulted in 1782 for the barony of Sidney, claimed by Elizabeth Perry; in 1798 for the barony of Beaumont, claimed by Thomas Stapleton; in 1803 for the barony of Chandos, claimed by the Reverend Tynewell Brydges; in 1813 for the earldom of Banbury, claimed by Lieutenant-General Knollys, etc.; but here nothing of the sort. No contestation; an evident legitimacy; a clear and certain right; there was no ground for informing the House; and the queen, assisted by the lord-chancellor, was sufficient to recognize and admit the new peer.

Barkilphedro conducted it all.

Thanks to him, the business was so well kept in the dark, the secret was so hermetically sealed up, that neither Josiane nor Lord David had a suspicion of the prodigious mine which he was digging under them. The lofty Josiane had a position which rendered her easy to shut off. She isolated herself. As to Lord David, he was sent to sea on the coast of Flanders. He was going to lose his peerage, without suspecting it. Here let us note a circumstance. It happened that at ten leagues' distance from the anchorage of the naval station commanded by Lord David, a captain named Halyburton broke through the French fleet. Earl Pembroke, president of the council, placed this Captain Halyburton's name on a promotion list

for rear-admiral. Anne erased Halyburton and put Lord David Dirry-Moir in his place, so that Lord David, when he should learn that he was no longer peer, might have at least the consolation of being rear-admiral.

Anne felt contented. A hideous husband for her sister, a handsome promotion for Lord David. Malice and bounty.

Her Majesty was going to make some sport for herself. Besides, she said to herself that she was correcting an abuse of power on the part of her august father, restoring one of its members to the peerage, acting like a great queen, protecting innocence according to the will of God, that Providence in its holy and impenetrable ways, etc. It is very pleasant to perform a just act, which is at the same time disagreeable to some one whom we do not like.

For the rest, it had sufficed for the queen to know that her sister's destined husband was deformed. In what fashion was Gwynplaine deformed? what sort of ugliness was this? Barkilphedro had not thought it necessary to inform the queen, and Anne had not condescended to make inquiry. Profound royal disdain! Besides, what did it matter? The House of Lords could not but be grateful. The lord-chancellor, the oracle, had spoken. The restoration of a peer is the restoration of the whole peerage. Royalty, on this occasion, showed itself the good and respectful guardian of the privileges of the peerage. Whatever the new lord's face might be, a face is no valid objection against a right. Anne said all this, more or less, to herself, and went tranquilly to her aim—the great aim feminine and royal—to please herself.

The queen was then at Windsor, which fact placed a certain distance between the court intrigues and the public.

Only the persons absolutely necessary were in the secret of what was to take place. As for Barkilphedro, he was joyful, which added a gloomy expression to his face. Joy can be the ugliest thing in the world.

He had the pleasure of being the first to taste Hardquanonne's bottle. He appeared not much surprised, astonishment being the mark of a small intellect. Moreover, was this not fairly the due of one who had so long been watching at the gate of chance? Since he watched, something must come.

This *nil mirari* was part of his self-control. Within himself, we may say, he was astounded. Any one who could have stripped off the mask which he wore over his conscience, even before God, would have found this. Precisely at that moment, Barkilphedro was beginning to be convinced that it would be impossible for him, intimate and base enemy as he was, to make a flaw in the lofty existence of Duchess Josiane. Hence a frenzied attack of latent animosity. He had reached that paroxysm, which is called discouragement. All the more furious, because he despaired. To gnaw our bridle, is a tragic and true expression! A miscreant gnawing at his impotence. Barkilphedro was perhaps on the point of renouncing, not his ill-will toward Josiane, but his attempts to injure her; not his anger, but his bite. And yet what a fall—to give up! to keep his hate for the future in its sheath, like a museum dagger! Terrible humiliation.

All at once, in the nick of time—the immense drama of the universe loves such coincidences — Hardquanonne's bottle comes, from wave to wave, to place itself in his hands. There is a strange docility in the unknown, which seems to be at the orders of wickedness. Barkilphedro, with any two witnesses, ordinary members of the Admiralty, un-

corks the bottle, finds the parchment, unfolds it, reads. Imagine his monstrous flush of joy.

It is strange to think that the sea, the wind, the depths, the ebb and flow of the tides, the storms, the calms, the gales, can give themselves so much trouble, to end in making a rogue happy. This conspiracy had lasted fifteen years. During those fifteen years, the ocean had been employed, every minute, on its mysterious work. The waves had passed from one to the other the bottle that floated over them, the rocks had avoided striking the glass, no crack had been made in it, no rubbing had worn out the cork, the seaweed had not rotted the wicker-work, the fish had not eaten off the word *Hardquanonne*, the water had not penetrated into the waif, the mould had not destroyed the parchment; what an amount of trouble the deep must have taken! and in this manner, what Gernardus had thrown to the shadow of death, the shadow of death had restored to Barkilphedro, and the message sent to God had reached the devil. Immensity had abused its trust; and the dark irony which pervades all objects had so contrived as to complicate this honest triumph—the lost child Gwynplaine becoming again Lord Clancharlie—with a spiteful victory, doing a good deed badly, and putting justice to the service of iniquity. To snatch his victim from James II. was to give a prey to Barkilphedro. To raise Gwynplaine was to deliver up Josiane. Barkilphedro succeeded; and it was for this that, during so many years, waves, surges, and squalls had tossed, shaken, impelled, pitched about, tormented, and respected this globe of glass, in which so many lives were bound up! It was for this that wind, tide, and storm, had formed an alliance! The vast agitation of the wonders of Nature showing kindness to a wretch, infinity working in concert with a worm of the dust—such are the dark caprices of destiny!

Barkilphedro had an inspiration of gigantic pride. He said to himself that all this had been done for him. He felt himself the centre and the object of it.

He was wrong. Let us do justice to chance. This was not the real meaning of the singular event, by which Barkilphedro's hate was profiting. The ocean making itself father and mother to an orphan, sending the snow-storm upon his assassins, crushing the bark which had rejected the child, whelming the joined hands of the shipwrecked crew, refusing all their prayers, and accepting only their repentance, the tempest receiving a deposit from the hands of death, the stout vessel which held the crime replaced by the fragile bottle which held the reparation, the sea changing character, like a panther turning nurse, and rocking the cradle, not of the child, but of his fortune, while he grew up ignorant of all that the abyss had done for him, the waves to which the bottle had been thrown watching over this past in which there was a future, the hurricane blowing kindly over it, the currents guiding the frail waif across the fathomless ways of the sea, the precautions of the weeds, the swells, the rocks, all the vast foam of the deep taking an innocent creature under its protection, the billow calm as a conscience, chaos restoring order, the shadowy world ending in light, all the darkness used to bring out the star of truth, the exile consoled in his tomb, the heir restored to his heritage, the king's crime annulled, the divine foresight obeyed, the little deserted weakling having infinity for guardian—this is what Barkilphedro might have seen in the event over which he was triumphing; this is what he did not see. He did not say to himself that it had all been done for Gwynplaine; he said to

himself that it had all been done for Barkilphedro, and that Barkilphedro was worth it. Such are demons.

Besides, one must have small knowledge of the profound clemency of ocean, to be astonished at a fragile waif being able to float fifteen years without damage. Fifteen years are nothing. October 4, 1867, in Morbihan, between the island of Croix, the point of the peninsula of Gavres, and the Wanderers' Rock, some fishermen of Port Louis found a Roman amphora of the fourth century, covered with arabesques formed by marine incrustations. This amphora had floated fifteen hundred years.

However phlegmatic a look Barkilphedro tried to put on, his stupefaction had been equal to his delight.

Every thing presented itself as if purposely arranged. The pieces of the incident which was to satisfy his hatred were strewed within his reach beforehand. He had only to put them together and fasten them. Amusing arrangement to make. Nice carving.

Gwynplaine! he knew that name. *Masca ridens.* Like all the world, he had been to see the Man Who Laughs. He had read the placard fastened up at the Tadcaster Inn, as one reads the bill of a play, which draws a crowd; he had noticed it; he remembered it at once in its smallest details, which besides he could verify afterward; this play-bill, called up within him as if by electricity, reappeared before his mind's eye and placed itself alongside the parchment of the shipwrecked sailors, as the answer alongside the question, the solution alongside the riddle; and these lines, "Here you may see Gwynplaine, abandoned when ten years old, the night of January 29, 1690, on the sea-shore at Portland," suddenly assumed under his gaze the splendor of a revelation. He had a vision of *Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*, flashing through the parade of a fair. There was an end of all the scaffolding which made up the life of Josiane. It crumbled away at once. The lost child was found. There was a Lord Clancharlie. David Dirry-Moir was cleaned out. The peerage, wealth, power, rank—all this left Lord David and entered into Gwynplaine. Every thing was Gwynplaine's, castles, hunting-grounds, forests, mansions, palaces, domains, Josiane, and all. And Josiane, what an ending for her! What had she now before her? A strolling actor for the lofty lady, a monster for the fastidious beauty. Could any one have looked for that? Barkilphedro was truly in a state of enthusiasm. All the most venomous plots may be surpassed by the infernal munificence of the unseen. When reality chooses, it accomplishes masterpieces. Barkilphedro found his dreams stupid. He had something better.

If the change about to take place by his means had been injurious to him, he would have liked it none the less. There are insects so disinterestedly ferocious that they sting you, though knowing that they will themselves die of the sting. Barkilphedro belonged to that class of vermin.

But, this time, he had not the merit of disinterestedness. Lord David Dirry-Moir owed him nothing, and Lord Fermain Clancharlie would owe him every thing. From a client, Barkilphedro would become a protector. And protector of whom? Of an English peer. He would have a lord of his own! a lord who should be his creature! for Barkilphedro was sure he could give him the first bias. And this lord would be the queen's morganatic brother-in-law. Being ugly, he would please the queen just as much as he displeased Josiane. Advanced by this patronage, and wearing a grave and modest dress, Barkilphedro might become a person-

age. He had always been destined for the church. He had a vague desire to be a bishop.

Meanwhile he was happy.

What a charming success! and how well chance had done all that work for him! His vengeance, for he called this his vengeance, had been gently wafted to him by the waves. He had not lain in ambush vainly.

He was the rock. Josiane was the waif. Josiane had grounded upon Barkilphedro! Thorough ecstasy of wickedness.

He was skilful in the art called suggestion, which consists in making a little slit in another's mind, and grafting therein your own ideas; while keeping himself aloof and not seeming to meddle in the matter, he had contrived that Josiane should go to the Green-Box booth and see Gwynplaine. The mountebank seen in his low estate was a good ingredient in the plot. Later, it would be a seasoning.

He had silently prepared every thing beforehand. What he wished was a strange surprise. The work which he had accomplished could only be properly expressed by this queer phrase, building a thunder-stroke.

The preliminaries finished, he had taken care that all the required formalities should be gone through in the legal form. The secret had lost nothing by this, for silence was part of the law.

The confrontation of Hardquanonne with Gwynplaine had taken place; Barkilphedro had been there. We have just seen the result.

The same day, one of the queen's post-coaches came suddenly, from her Majesty, to look for Lady Josiane in London, in order to take her to Windsor, where Anne was then passing the season. Josiane, on account of something which she had in her mind, would gladly have disobeyed, or at least delayed her obedience by one day, and deferred this departure till the morrow, but court life does not allow such refractoriness. She was obliged to start immediately, and quit Hunkerville House, her London residence, for Corleone Lodge, her Windsor residence.

Duchess Josiane had quitted London at the very moment when the wapentake presented himself at the Tadcaster Inn, to carry off Gwynplaine and take him to the torture-chamber of Southwark.

When she arrived at Windsor, the usher of the black rod, who guards the door of the presence-chamber, informed her that her Majesty was shut up with the lord-chancellor, and could only receive her next day; that consequently she must remain at Corleone Lodge, subject to her Majesty's orders, and that her Majesty would send her direct orders early next morning. Josiane returned home very cross, supped in a bad humor, had a headache, sent away every one except her page, then sent him away too, and went to bed while it was still daylight.

On her arrival, she had learned that Lord David Dirry-Moir, having received at sea an order to come home immediately and receive instructions from her Majesty, was expected, next day, at Windsor.

III.

NO MAN COULD PASS ABRUPTLY FROM SIBERIA TO SENEGAL, WITHOUT LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS.—*Humboldt.*

For a man to faint, even the strongest and most energetic, under a sudden blow of Fortune's mace, ought not to cause much surprise. A man is knocked down by the unexpected, as the ox by the butcher's pole-axe. Francesco d'Albescola—he who tore up the iron chains that barred Turkish ports—remained unconscious for a whole day when he was made pope. Now, from cardinal

to pope the stride is less, than from mountebank to peer of England.

Nothing so violent as destruction of equilibrium.

When Gwynplaine came to himself and opened his eyes, it was night. Gwynplaine was in an arm-chair, in the middle of a vast chamber all hung with purple velvet — walls, ceiling, floor. There was velvet to walk on. Near him was standing, bareheaded, the man, with fat paunch and travelling-cloak, who had slipped from behind a pillar in the vault at Southwark. Gwynplaine was alone with this man, in this room. From his arm-chair, by stretching his arm, he could touch two tables, each having on it a candelabrum with three wax candles lighted. On one of these tables there were papers and a casket; on the other—in case they should be needed—cold chicken, wine, brandy, set upon a silver-gilt tray.

Through the glass of a tall window, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, a clear April night rendered visible, outside, a half-circle of columns round a court-of-honor, closed by a triple entrance-way, having one high and two lower gates. A carriage-way on a large scale was in the middle; on the right the portal for horsemen, smaller; on the left the door for persons on foot, smaller still. These openings were closed with iron railings, the points of which shone bright; high up, a group in sculpture crowned the central gates. The columns were probably of white marble, as well as the pavement of the court-yard, which produced the effect of snow, and which framed in, with its flat sheet of stones, a mosaic confusedly made out in the shadow. This mosaic, without doubt, if seen by daylight with all its emeralds and all its colors, would have shone a gigantic blazon after the Florentine mode. Zigzags of balustrades mounted and descended, indicating flights of steps and terraces. An immense pile of architecture, dim and vague, inasmuch as it was night, reared itself above the court. Intervals of sky, filled with stars, defined the outline of the palace.

There might be seen a roof of immoderate height, gables with volutes, attics with openings like the visor of a helmet, chimneys like turrets, and entablatures covered with immovable gods and goddesses. Beyond the colonnade a fountain was playing in the half-shadow—one of those fairy fountains that murmur softly, pour themselves out from basin to basin, mingle spray with the cascade, resemble the breaking up of a jewel-box, and make to the breeze a mad distribution of their diamonds and their pearls, as though to divert the ennui of the statues around them. Long rows of windows were marked out distinctly, separated by panoplies in high relief, and by busts upon bracket-pedestals. Trophies and morions with plumes in stone alternated on the blocking-courses with the gods.

In the chamber wherein Gwynplaine found himself, at the end opposite the window, was seen on one side a fireplace as lofty as the wall, and on the other, under a dais, one of those vast feudal beds into which you mount by steps, and in which you can lie crosswise. The stepping-stool was beside it. A row of arm-chairs close under the walls, and a row of other chairs in front of the arm-chairs, completed the furniture. The ceiling was rounded in form. A huge fire of wood, in French fashion, was ablaze in the fireplace. A connoisseur would have declared, from a certain richness in the flames, and from their varying flickers of rose and green, that the wood was ash, an expensive luxury. The room was so large, that the two candelabra left it partially obscure. Here and there tapestry, hung low and floating, indicated communication with other rooms. The whole had

the square-set and massive aspect common in the time of James I, a mode antique and superb. Like the carpet and the hangings of the chamber, dais, canopy, bed, stepping-stool, curtains, mantel-piece, table-covers, arm-chairs, ordinary chairs—every thing, was in purple velvet. No gold, except on the ceiling. There, at equal distance from the four corners, an immense circular shield, in *repoussé* metal and laid flat, was gleaming; and on it sparkled a coat-of-arms in dazzling relief. In this coat-of-arms might be seen a baron's row of small pearls and a marquis's coronet, emblazoned side by side. Was it in copper-gilt? Was it in silver-gilt? That was not known. It seemed to be of gold. And upon this seignorial ceiling —a sky magnificent and obscure—the flaming escutcheon shone dimly as a sun in the night.

An uncivilized man, with whom is amalgamated a free man, is almost as uneasy in a palace as in a prison. This gorgeous place was perplexing. All magnificence gives room for affright. Who could be the inhabitant of this august abode? To what colossus did all this grandeur belong! Of what lion was this palace the den? Gwynplaine, hardly yet awake, felt his heart oppressed.

— Where am I? said he.

The man, who was standing up before him, answered:

— You are in your own house, my lord.

IV.

FASCINATION.

Time is requisite for coming to the surface.

Gwynplaine had been cast into the very depth of stupefaction.

You cannot establish a footing, all at once, in the unknown.

There are total routs of ideas, as there are total routs of armies; rallying is not a thing of a moment.

You may feel yourself, in some sort, scattered in pieces. You may assist at your own strange dispersion.

God is the arm; chance is the sling; man is the stone. Resist, then, if once launched!

Gwynplaine—let the expression be permitted us — ricochetted from one astonishment to another. After the duchess's love-letter, the revelation of the Southwark vault.

In destiny, when the unexpected begins, be prepared for this: blow upon blow. The fierce door once opened, surprises throw themselves in. The breach made in your wall—the pell-mell of events is engulfed there. The extraordinary comes not for a single time.

The extraordinary consists in obscurity. This obscurity was around Gwynplaine. What happened to him seemed to be unintelligible to him. He looked at every thing through the mist that a profound commotion leaves in the intelligence, as it were the dust of falling ruins. The shock had been from top to bottom. Nothing tangible offered itself to him. Nevertheless, a clearance always takes place by degrees. The dust settles down. From moment to moment, the density of astonishment diminishes—Gwynplaine was like some one who might have his eye open and fixed in a dream, and who might try to make out what there was therein. He decomposed, and then recomposed again, this cloud over him. His wanderings were intermittent. He underwent the swaying to and fro of the mind in the unforeseen, that, by turns, impels you from the side where you comprehend, and from the side where you comprehend not. To whom has it not occurred to have this pendulum in the brain?

By degrees an enlargement took place in his thought, amid the obscurity of the incident, just as the pupil of his eye

had dilated amid the subterranean obscurity of Southwark. The difficult thing was, to achieve the spacing out of a certain interval between so many accumulated sensations. There must be air between the emotions, in order that the firing-up—which we call comprehension—may be effectual. Here the air was wanting. The event, so to say, was not breathable. On entering the terrific vault of Southwark, Gwynplaine had expected the convict's shackles; they had put a peer's coronet on his head. How was this possible? There was not sufficient room, between what Gwynplaine had dreaded and what had happened to him—this latter had succeeded too abruptly—his alarm had been changed too suddenly into the reverse, for him to see it with distinctness. The two contrasts touched each other too nearly. Gwynplaine made efforts to extricate his mind from their gripe.

He remained silent. Such is the instinct of heavy stupor, which is on the defensive more than one believes. He who says nothing, is facing every thing. A word that you let fall, seized by the unknown toothing of wheels that you know not, may draw you completely under them.

To be crushed is the dread of the lowly. The crowd fears always that a foot will be put upon it. Now, Gwynplaine had been, for a very long time, of the crowd.

One singular condition of human inquietude is expressed by the word: forecast. Gwynplaine was in this condition. You do not yet feel yourself on a level with a juncture that is approaching. You are watching something that must have a sequence. You are vaguely attentive. You see the coming on. Of what? You know not. Of whom? You are waiting to see.

The man of the fat paunch repeated:

—You are in your own house, my lord.

Gwynplaine passed his hand over himself. When surprised suddenly, we look—to assure ourselves that such things are; then we feel ourselves—to be assured that we verily exist. It was to himself, in fact, that they had spoken; but he himself was another person. He had on no longer his hooded cloak and his leather collar. He had on a waistcoat of cloth of silver, and a satin coat, on touching which he perceived that it was embroidered. He found a large purse, well filled, in his waistcoat pocket. Wide knee-breeches of velvet covered over his tight clown's smallclothes. He was wearing shoes with high red heels. Just as they had transported him into this palace, they had changed his attire for him.

The man resumed:

—Let your lordship deign to remember this: It is I who am named Barkilphedro. I am a clerk at the Admiralty. It was I who opened Hardquanonne's gourd, and who drew forth your destiny from it. Thus, in the Arabian Nights, a fisherman makes a giant come out of a bottle.

Gwynplaine set his eyes upon the smiling countenance that addressed him.

Barkilphedro continued:

—Besides this palace, my lord, you have Hunkerville House, which is larger. You have Clancharlie Castle, whence your peerage is derived, and which is a fortress of the time of Edward the Elder. You have nineteen bailiwicks of your own, with their villages and their peasants. This puts under your banner of lord and of nobleman about eighty thousand vassals and tributaries. At Clancharlie, you are judge, judge of every thing, chattels and persons, and you hold your court as baron. The king has only the advantage over you of the right to stamp money. The king, whom the Norman law entitles chief-signor, has justice, court, and coin.

Coin means money. With that exception, you are king in your lordship, as he in his kingdom. You are entitled prince, in the old charters of Northumbria. You are allied with the Viscounts Valentia in Ireland, who are Powers, and with the Earls of Umfraville in Scotland, who are Anguses. You are a chief of clan, like Campbell, Ardmannach, and Mac-Callummore. You have eight dependencies, Reculver, Buxton, Hell-Kesters, Homble, Moricambe, Gumdraith, Trenwardraith, and others. You have tolls upon the peat-bogs of Pillimmore and the alabaster-quarries of Trent; furthermore, you have all the country of Penneth-Chase, and you have a mountain with an old town that is upon it. The town is called Vinecanton; the mountain is called Moilculli. All this brings you in a revenue of forty thousand pounds sterling, that is to say forty times the twenty-five thousand francs of income with which a Frenchman is content.

While Barkilphedro was speaking, Gwynplaine, in a *crescendo* of astonishment, recalled the past. Memory is a receptacle for things swallowed up, that a word may stir to its depths. Gwynplaine knew all the names pronounced by Barkilphedro. They were inscribed in the last lines of the two placards that adorned the hut wherein his childhood had slipped away, and he had learned them by heart, while letting his eyes wander mechanically over them. On arrival, abandoned orphan as he was, at the travelling-booth of Weymouth, he had found awaiting him there the inventory of his heritage; and in the morning, when the poor little fellow woke, the first thing spelt out by his unconscious and absent look was his lordship and his peerage. Strange specialty added to all his surprises—for fifteen years, prowling about from one public place to another, clown of the nomadic trestle-board, earning his bread from day to day, picking up farthings and living on crumbs, he had travelled always with his fortune pasted up over his misery!

Barkilphedro touched with his forefinger the casket that was on the table.

—My lord, this casket contains two thousand guineas, which her gracious Majesty the queen has sent you for your first necessities.

Gwynplaine moved on his chair.

—They shall be for my father, Ursus, said he.

—Just so, my lord, replied Barkilphedro. Ursus at the Tadcaster Inn. The sergeant-at-law, who came here with us and is going away immediately, will carry them to him. Perhaps I myself shall go to London. In that case, it will be I. I will undertake it.

—I will take them myself, observed Gwynplaine.

Barkilphedro ceased to smile, and said:

—Impossible!

There is an inflection of voice that underlines. Barkilphedro had this accent. He stopped, as though to emphasize the word that he had just uttered. Then he went on, in the respectful and peculiar tone of a valet who smacks of the master.

—My lord, you are here twenty-five miles distant from London, at Corleone Lodge, your court residence, adjoining the royal castle of Windsor. You are here without any one's knowledge. You were brought here in a close carriage that was in waiting for you at the gate of Southwark jail. The people who let you into this palace are ignorant who you are; but they know me, and that is enough. It was practicable to bring you into this very apartment, by means of a private key in my possession. The other persons in the house are asleep, and it is not the hour for the servants to wake up. We have time, therefore,

for an explanation, which will, furthermore, be short. I am about to make it to you. I am commissioned by her Majesty.

Barkilphedro, while speaking, began to ferret in a bundle of papers that was near the casket.

—Here, my lord, is your peer's patent. Here the brevet of your Sicilian marquisate. Here the parchments and diplomas of your eight baronies, with the seals of eleven kings, from Baldret, King of Kent, down to James VI. and I., King of England and Scotland. Here is your patent of precedence. Here are your leases, and the titles and descriptions of your fiefs, freeholds, tenures, lands, and domains. What you have overhead, in the blazon of the ceiling, is your two coronets, the baron's row of pearls, and the marquis's jewelled circlet. Here, at this side, in your wardrobe, is your peer's robe of red velvet bordered with ermine. This very day, some hours since, the Lord-Chancellor and the deputy Earl-Marshal of England—having been informed of the result of your confrontation with the comprachicos, Hardquanonne—took her Majesty's orders. Her Majesty signed according to her good pleasure, which is the same thing as law. All formalities are fulfilled. To-morrow, no later than to-morrow, you will be admitted to the House of Lords, wherein, for several days past, there has been under discussion a bill presented by the crown, the object of which is to increase the annual dotation of the Duke of Cumberland, the queen's husband, by one hundred thousand pounds sterling, equivalent to two millions, five hundred thousand French livres. You will be enabled to take part in the discussion.

Barkilphedro stopped for a moment, drew a long breath, and went on:

— Nothing, however, is done yet. One does not become an English peer in spite of one's self. All may be annulled and disappear, if you do not enter into it. In political life, it sometimes occurs that an event falls to pieces before being disclosed. My lord, at this hour, silence concerning you still prevails. The House of Lords will only be advised of the facts, to-morrow. The secret of all your affair has been kept for state reasons, which are in themselves of so much importance that grave personages, only informed at present of your existence and of your rights, will forget them immediately, if called upon by state reasons to forget them. What lies in the dark may remain in the dark. It is easy to efface you. This is so much the easier, because you have a brother, the natural son of your father, and of a woman who subsequently, during the exile of your father, was a mistress of King Charles II., so that your brother stands well at court. Now, it is to this brother, bastard though he is, that your peerage would revert. Would you desire that? I do not suppose it. Well, then; every thing depends on yourself. The queen must be obeyed. You will only leave this residence to-morrow, in one of the queen's carriages, and to go to the House of Lords. My lord, will you be a peer of England—yes, or no? The queen has intentions regarding you. She designs for you an alliance quasi-royal. Lord Fermain Clancharlie, this is the decisive moment. Destiny does not open one door, without closing another. After certain steps forward, a step backward is no longer possible. Whoever enters into transfiguration has a swooning-away behind him. My lord, Gwynplaine is dead. Do you comprehend it?

Gwynplaine trembled from head to foot; then he rallied himself.

— Yes, said he.

Barkilphedro smiled, bowed, took the casket under his cloak, and left the room.

V.

FORGETFULNESS BELIEVING THAT IT REMEMBERS.

What are these strange changes at sight, that take place in the human soul?

Gwynplaine had been, at the same time, raised up to an eminence, and precipitated into an abyss.

He had a vertigo.

A double vertigo.

The vertigo of an ascent, and the vertigo of a fall.

Fatal compound.

He had felt himself to be mounting up, and had not felt himself to be falling down.

There is something formidable in the aspect of a new horizon.

A vista suggests counsel. Not always good.

He had had before him the fairy opening—snare, perhaps—of a cloud that breaks away, and that shows the deep azure.

So deep, that it is dark.

He was on the mountain, whence are visible the kingdoms of the earth.

Mountain all the more terrible, that it has no existence. They are in a dream, who are on this summit.

So devouring and so potent is temptation there, that hell on that eminence hopes to corrupt paradise, and thus the devil brings God thither.

To fascinate eternity—how strange a hope!

There, where Satan tempted Jesus, how should a man be able to struggle?

Palaces, country-seats, power, opulence, all human felicity, as far as the eye can reach around you—a map of the world of enjoyment spread out to the horizon—a sort of geographical radiance, whereof you are the centre; perilous mirage!

Figure to yourself the troublous effect of such a vision—not brought on by degrees, without preliminary steps to be passed over, without preparation, without transition!

A man going to sleep in a mole's hole, and awaking on the highest point of Strasburg Cathedral spire—such was Gwynplaine.

Vertigo is a kind of fearful lucidity. That vertigo especially, which, carrying you at once toward day and toward night, is made up of two wheelings in contrary directions.

You see too much—and not enough.

You see all—and nothing.

You are what the author of this book has called elsewhere, "the blind man dazzled."

Gwynplaine, left alone, began walking up and down with hurried steps. A boiling-over precedes an explosion.

Amid this turmoil, in this impossibility of remaining still, he reflected. The boiling-over was a solution. He mustered up his recollections. How surprising is it, that we should have listened so well to what we believed we scarcely heard! The declaration of the lost mariners, read by the sheriff in the vault of Southwark, came back to him clear and intelligible. He recalled its every word. Underneath it, he saw again all his childhood.

Suddenly he stopped, his hands behind his back, looking up at the ceiling—or heaven, it matters not which—at what was up above.

—Vengeance! said he.

He was like a man raising his head out of the water. It seemed to him that he saw every thing—the past, the future, the present, in the glare of a sudden brightness.

—Ah! cried he—for there are cries from the depths of thought—ah! it was thus, then. I was a lord. All is revealed. Ah! they have robbed, betrayed, ruined, disinherited, abandoned,

assassinated me! The corpse of my destiny has floated for fifteen years upon the sea, and all at once it has touched ground, and has upreared itself standing and living! I come to life again! I am born! Well might I feel something else than a miserable wretch palpitating underneath my rags; and when I turned to the side of men, well might I feel that they were the flock, and that I was—not the dog, but—the shepherd. Pastors of peoples, leaders of men, guides and masters—that is what my forefathers were; and what they were, I am! I am gentleman, and I have a sword; I am baron, and I have a casque; I am marquis, and I have a plume; I am peer, and I have a coronet. Ah! they had taken all this from me! I was an inhabitant of light, and they made me an inhabitant of darkness. They, who had proscribed the father, sold the child. When my father was dead, they drew from under his head the stone of exile that he had for pillow, and they put it about my neck and cast me into the common sewer. Oh! those vagrants who tortured my childhood! Yes, they are stirring, and raising themselves up in the very depth of my memory! Yes, I see them once more! I have been the morsel of flesh pecked at, upon a tomb, by a flight of ravens. I have bled and I have cried, under all these horrible creatures outlined before me. Ah! then, there it was that they precipitated me, subject to be crushed by those who come and go, to be stamped upon by everybody, below the lowest level of the human race, lower than the serf, lower than the valet, lower than the black guard, lower than the slave, at the spot where chaos becomes the cloaca, at the very point of disappearance. And it is thence, that I emerge! It is thence, that I reascend! It is thence, that I come again into life! And here I am! Vengeance!

He sat down, got up, took his head in his hands, renewed his walk. Then this monologue of the tempest was continued within him:

—Where am I? On the summit! Where is it that I have just alighted? On the pinnacle! This peak—greatness, that cupola of the world—omnipotence, is my abode. I am one of the gods of this temple in the air. I am lodged in the inaccessible. This height that I looked at from below, and whence there fell so many rays that they caused me to close my eyes, this unassailable lordship, this impregnable fortress of the happy—I enter it. I am in it. I am of it. Ah! definitive turn of the wheel! I was low down; I am high up! High up, forever! A lord am I! I shall have a mantle of scarlet; I shall have gems upon my head; I shall assist at the coronation of kings, who will take oath of office before me; I shall sit in judgment on ministers and princes; I shall have an existence. From the depths into which they had plunged me, I spring upward even to the zenith. I have town and country palaces, gardens, hunting-grounds, forests, carriages, millions. I shall give fêtes, I shall make laws, I shall have the choice of happiness and delights; and the vagabond Gwynplaine, who did not have the right to pick a flower from the grass, will be able to cull stars from heaven.

Funereal reëntry of shadow into the soul! Thus in this Gwynplaine, who had been a hero—and who, let it be said, had not perhaps ceased to be one—the substitution of material for moral greatness was at work. Doleful transition! The breaking in upon a virtue, by a troop of demons passing by. A surprise made good upon man's weak side. All the inferior things—called superior—ambition, the equivocal will of instinct, the passions, the lusts, held aloof from Gwynplaine by the salutary

effect of misfortune—were taking tumultuous repossession of that generous heart. And whence had this arisen? From the godsend of a parchment, in a waif drifted about by the sea. This might be called the rape of conscience by chance.

Gwynplaine was drinking deep draughts of pride, which tended to obscure his soul. Such is this tragic wine.

This giddiness had invaded him; he did more than consent to it—he relished it. Effect of long thirst; we become accomplices of the cup, wherein we lose our reason. He had always had a vague hankering after this. He looked unceasingly toward the side of the great; to look is to wish for. Not with impunity is the eaglet born in the air.

To be a lord! Now! At certain moments he found this quite easy.

But few hours had slipped away; how far off already was the past of yesterday!

Gwynplaine had encountered the ambush of "the better"—enemy of "the good."

Ill luck for him of whom it is said: "How happy he is!"

Adversity is better resisted than prosperity. We draw ourselves out of evil fortune, less injured than out of good fortune. Wretchedness is Charybdis; but Scylla is wealth. They, who stood upright against the thunderbolt, are thrown down by being dazzled. O thou, who wert not astounded at the precipice, have a fear of being carried away by the wings, in legion, of cloud and dream! The ascension will at once elevate thee and lessen; the apotheosis has a sinister power in pulling down.

To know one's self, in happiness, is by no means easy. Luck is nothing else than a disguise. Nothing is so deceitful as its countenance. Is it Providence? Is it Fatality?

A brightness may be not a brightness. For light is truth, and a gleam may be a trick. You fancy that it enlightens; no, it burns.

It is night; a hand places a candle—vile tallow become a star—at the edge of an opening in the darkness. The moth goes to it.

In what degree is he responsible?

The look of the fire fascinates the moth, just as the look of the snake fascinates the bird.

Is it possible that the moth and the bird should not go thither? Is it possible for the leaf to refuse obedience to the wind? Is it possible for the stone to refuse obedience to gravitation?

Material questions these, which are also moral questions.

After the duchess's letter, Gwynplaine had recovered himself. There were within him certain deep-rooted fastenings, that had resisted. But hurricanes, after having exhausted the wind on one side of the horizon, recommence from the other; and Destiny, like Nature, has its blind fury. The first blast shakes; the second uproots.

Alas! How is it that oaks fall?

Thus, he, who a child ten years old, alone on the cliffs of Portland, ready to give battle, looked firmly at the combatants whom he was about to engage—the sudden squall that bore away the vessel whereon he thought he was to embark, the depths that robbed him of that plank of safety, the yawning void that threatened to fall back, the earth that refused him a shelter, the zenith that refused him a star, the solitude unpitying, the obscurity impenetrable, the ocean, the heavens, all the violences in one infinite and all the enigmas in the other; he, who had not trembled, nor given way, before the hostile enormity of the unknown; he, who, being little, had held his own against night, as the ancient Hercules had held his own against death; he, who, in this

immeasurable conflict, had openly defied all the chances against himself, by adopting a child, he himself being a child, and by embarrassing himself with a burden, he himself being fragile and weary, thus rendering easier the attacks upon his weakness, and taking off himself the muzzles from the shadowy monsters in ambush around him; he, who, an under-aged tamer of beasts, had all at once, from his first steps outside his cradle, faced his destiny hand to hand; he, whose disproportion with the struggle had not hindered him from struggling; he, who, seeing suddenly a fearful occultation of the human race made around him, had accepted this eclipse, and proudly continued his course; he, who must have endured cold and thirst and hunger, valiantly; he, who a pigmy in stature, had been a colossus in soul; this Gwynplaine, who had overcome the immense wind of the abyss—under its double form, tempest and wretchedness—staggered under this light breeze, vanity!

Thus—when she has exhausted distresses, bereavements, storms, bellowings, catastrophes, agonies, upon a man who stands up against them—Fatality begins to smile; and man, suddenly become intoxicated, reels.

The smile of Fatality! Can one imagine any thing more terrible? It is the last resort of the unpitying assayer of souls, who proves men. The tiger, that is in destiny, puts out sometimes a velvet paw. Redoubtable preparation! Hideous sweetness of a monster!

Every man may have observed within himself the coincidence of weakening, with increase of size. A sudden growth dislocates, and causes fever.

Gwynplaine had in his brain the giddy turmoil of a crowd of novelties, all the *chiaro-scuro* of metamorphosis, one knows not what of strange confrontings, the shock of the past against the future, two Gwynplaines, himself doubled—in the background, a child in rags, emerging from darkness, prowling round, shivering, hungered, causing laughter—in the foreground, a brilliant nobleman, ostentatious, superb, dazzling London. He shook himself clear of the one, and amalgamated himself with the other. He came forth from the mountebank, and entered into the lord. Changes of skin these, which are sometimes changes of soul. At moments it was too much like a dream. It was complex, bad and good. He thought of his father. Anguish—a father who is an unknown one! He tried to picture him. He thought of the brother, whom he had just heard mentioned. Thus there was a family. What! a family for him, Gwynplaine! He lost himself amid these fantastic scaffoldings. He had apparitions of magnificences; wild solemnities passed in clouds before him; he heard flourishes of trumpets.

— And then, said he to himself, I shall be eloquent.

And he figured to himself a splendid entry into the House of Lords. He arrived, puffed up with new ideas. What would he not have to say! What provision had he not laid in! What advantage to be, in the midst of them, the one man who has seen, touched, undergone, suffered; and to be able to exclaim to them:—"I have been close to that wherefrom you are far off"—to those aristocrats yet full of illusions. He will throw the reality into their faces; and they will tremble, for it will be true; and they will applaud, for it will be grand. He will rise up among these all-potent ones, more potent than they. He will appear to them as a torch-bearer, for he will show them the truth; as a sword-bearer, for he will show them justice. What a triumph!

And all the while that he was thus building up fancies in his mind—at once lucid and confused—he experienced sen-

sations of delirium, sank down into the first chair at hand, had a sense of drowsiness, and then sudden starts. He walked to and fro, looked at the ceiling, examined the coronets, studied vaguely the hieroglyphics of the blazon, felt with his fingers the velvet of the walls, moved the chairs about, turned over the parchments, read the names, spelt the titles, Buxton, Homble, Gumdraith, Hunkerville, Clancharlie, compared the wax and the seals, stroked the silken tresses of the royal signet, drew near the window, listened to the jet of the fountain, made out the statues, counted the marble columns with the patience of a somnambulist—and said: "All this is real."

And he touched his satin coat, and asked himself:

— Is this myself? Yes.—The inner tempest was at its height.

In this great storm, did he feel any weakness, any sense of fatigue? Did he drink? Did he eat? Did he sleep? If he did, it was without his own knowledge. In certain critical situations, the instincts satisfy themselves at their goodwill, without the thought taking any part in the matter. Besides, his thought was less a thought than a mist. Has the crater any consciousness of the flocks that crop the grass at the foot of its mountain, at the moment when the dark flaming of the eruption vomits itself forth in whirlwinds from its pit?

The hours passed.

The dawn appeared, and made light. A white ray penetrated into the chamber, and at the same time entered into Gwynplaine's spirit.

— And Dea? said the bright gleam.

BOOK VI.

URSUS FROM VARIOUS POINTS OF VIEW.

I.

WHAT THE MISANTHROPIST SAYS.

After Ursus had seen Gwynplaine bury himself under the doorway of Southwark jail, he remained, haggard, in the nook which he had made his point of observation. For a long time, he had in his ear that grinding noise of locks and bolts, which seems to be the prison's howl of joy in devouring a victim. He awaited. What? He watched. What? Those inexorable doors, once shut, open not again in a hurry. They are stiffened in the joints by their stagnation in darkness; and their movements become difficult, especially in the matter of deliverance. Going in — that's all right; going out — that's different. Ursus knew this. But we cannot give up waiting just according to our own good pleasure. We wait on, in spite of ourselves. That which we are doing brings into operation an acquired force, which persists even when there is no longer an object, which possesses and holds us fast, and which compels us to continue for a certain period what is henceforward without aim. Useless gazing; silly attitude, that we have all assumed upon occasion; loss of time, that mechanically makes every man attentive to something passed away! There is no escape from this fixity. You insist with a sort of heedless obstinacy. You know not why you remain in the place where you are; but you do remain there. What is actively begun is continued passively. Exhausting tenacity, whence you issue overwhelmed! Ursus, different as he was from other men, was nevertheless, like any one else, nailed to his spot by

that compound of reverie and watchfulness, into which we are plunged by an event, that may to us be every thing, while we can effect nothing in regard to it. He looked by turns at the two blackened walls, sometimes at the lower, sometimes at the higher one, sometimes at the door whereat was the sheriff's ladder, sometimes at the door whereon was the death's-head. He was, as it were, nipped in this vice, compounded of prison and burial-ground. The street, shunned and unpopular, had so few passers-by, that Ursus was not noticed.

At last he emerged from the sheltering corner, such as it was—a sort of chance sentry-box where he had been on the look-out—and walked slowly away. The day was declining, so long had he been upon guard. From time to time he turned his head, and scrutinized the fearful low wicket-gate by which Gwynplaine had gone in. His eye was glassy and inexpressive. He reached the end of the lane, took one street, and then another, vaguely retracing the itinerary which he had followed, some hours earlier. At intervals he turned round, as though he could still see the prison-door, albeit no longer in the street wherein was the jail. By degrees he drew near the Tarrinzeau-Field. The lanes, that bordered the fair-ground, were deserted pathways between garden enclosures. He walked alongside the hedges and ditches, oppressed and bent down. All at once, he stopped, drew himself up, and exclaimed:— So much the better!

At the same time he struck himself two blows with his fists upon the head, then two upon the thighs, which is the action of a man who has come to a just conclusion.

And he began to mutter in his sleeve, by fits and starts, and loudly:

—It's all right! Ah! the beggar! the brigand! the vagabond! the seditious scamp! It was his comments on the government that brought him there! He was a rebel. I had a rebel in my household. I am relieved of him. I am lucky. He was compromising us. Stuck into prison! Ah! so much the better! Excellence of the laws. . . . Ah! the ungrateful fellow! I, who had brought him up! Yes: take pains! What need had he to be speaking and arguing? He mixed himself up with state questions! I just ask you! In handling small coin, he has railed against taxation, against the poor, against the people, against that which did not concern him! He allowed himself to make reflections upon the pence. He passed remarks, wickedly and maliciously, on the copper coinage of the realm! He insulted her Majesty's half-pennies! A farthing—why it is the same as the queen herself, a sacred effigy; zounds, a sacred effigy! Have we a queen, yes or no? Respect, then, her verdigris! All sticks well together in the government. One ought to be aware of that. I have lived, I have; I know things. I shall be told: "But you give up politics, then?" Politics, my friends? I care as much for them as for the shaggy coat of a jackass. One day, I received a caning from a baronet. I said to myself: "That's enough!" I understand politics. The people have but one farthing; they give it; the queen takes it; the people thank her. Nothing more simple. The rest regards the lords; their lordships, the lords spiritual and temporal. Ah! Gwynplaine is under lock and key! Ah! he is bound for the hulks! That's just! That's equitable, excellent, deserved, legitimate! It's his own fault. Babbling is forbidden. Art thou a lord, goose-cap? The wapentake arrested him; the justice of the quorum carried him off; the sheriff

holds him fast. By this time he must be picked clean by some sergeant-at-law. Ah, how they pluck you a transgressor, those fellows! Clapped into jail, my saucy varlet! So much the worse for him, so much the better for me! In faith, I am thoroughly content. I confess candidly that I'm in luck. What an extravagance I had committed, in picking up that little boy and girl! We were so tranquil, previously, Homo and I! What business had they in my booth, the tatterdemalions? Didn't I fondle them enough when they were brats? Didn't I drag them about enough with my breast-collar? A pretty salvage that — he atrociously ugly, she blind of both eyes! Did I drain sufficiently, on their behalf, the breast of famine? And they grow up, they make love! Flirtations between cripples—that's where we left them! The toad and the mole—an idyl! And I had this in intimate proximity. It ought all to finish by the hand of justice. The toad has talked politics; good. I'm free of him. When the wapentake came, I was a fool at first; one can't believe in good fortune; I thought that I didn't see what I saw, that it was impossible, that it was a nightmare, that I was dreaming a farce. But no; nothing can be more real. You can turn it as you please. Gwynplaine is fair and softly in prison. It's a touch of providence. Thank you, fair lady! He was the monster, that, with the row he made, drew attention to my establishment and denounced my poor wolf! Gone away, the Gwynplaine! And here I am, disembarrassed of the two. From one pebble, two bumps. For Dea will die of it. When she sees Gwynplaine no more — she sees him, the idiot!—she will have no more reason for existing, and she will say: "What am I doing in this world?" And she will go off, she too; a pleasant journey to her! The devil take them both! I've always hated them, those beings. Die, Dea! Ah, how glad I am!

II.

WHAT HE DOES.

He reached the Tadcaster Inn again.

Six hours and a half sounded—half-past six, as the English say. Twilight had not quite begun.

Master Nicless was on his door-step. His affrighted face had not succeeded, since the morning, in recomposing itself. Alarm was still stamped upon it.

So soon as ever he saw Ursus at a distance:

— Well? cried he.

— Well; what?

— Is Gwynplaine coming back? It is high time. The public will soon arrive. Shall we have, this evening, the representation of "The Man Who Laughs?"

— The man who laughs, said Ursus, that's myself.

And he looked at the innkeeper as he chuckled loudly.

Then he mounted straight up to the first floor, opened the window close by the sign-board of the inn, stooped forward, stretched out his arm, balanced himself toward Gwynplaine's handbill, "The Man Who Laughs," and toward the panel whereon *Chaos Conquered* was displayed, unnailed the one, tore down the other, put the two boards under his arm, and came down the stairs again.

Master Nicless followed him with his eyes.

— Why do you take them down?

Ursus broke out into a second hearty laugh.

— Why do you laugh? the innkeeper went on.

Ursus answered!

—I am returning into private life.

Master Nicless understood, and gave directions to his lieutenant, the boy Govicum, to tell any one who might present himself, that there would be no performance, that evening. He removed from the door the cask-contrivance for the money-taker, and put it into a corner of the drinking-room.

A moment afterward, Ursus mounted into the Green-Box.

He placed the two boards in a corner, and entered into what he termed the women's pavilion.

Dea was sleeping.

She was on her bed, fully dressed, with her bodice loosened, as in her siestas.

Near her, Vinos and Fibi—seated, one on a stool, and the other on the floor—were ruminating.

Notwithstanding the advanced hour, they had not put on their goddesses' stocking-net — a sign of profound discouragement. They were still wrapped up in their waists of drugget and their skirts of coarse stuff.

Ursus looked steadily at Dea.

— She is rehearsing for a longer sleep, murmured he.

He apostrophized Fibi and Vinos.

— You understand, you two. There's an end of the music. You may put your trumpets away in your drawer. You are right, not to have harnessed yourselves as deities. You are very ugly thus; but you have done right. Keep on your duster petticoats. No performance to-night. Nor to-morrow, nor the day after to-morrow, nor the day after that. No more Gwynplaine. No more Gwynplaine than there is on the palm of my hand.

And again he looked earnestly at Dea.

— What a blow this will be for her! It will be like blowing out a candle.

He puffed out his cheeks.

— Pough!—nothing more.

He laughed a little dry laugh.

— Gwynplaine out of the way is every thing out of the way. It will be as though I lost Homo. It will be worse. She will be more alone than any other. This sort of thing splashes more sadness over the blind, than over us.

He went to the small window at the end.

— How the days are lengthening! We see yet, at seven o'clock. However, let's light up the tallow.

By aid of the tinder-box, he lighted the ceiling lantern of the Green-Box.

He leaned over Dea.

— She will take cold. You women, you have unlaced her too much. There is the French proverb:

On est en avril,
N'ôte pas un fil! *

He saw a pin shining on the floor, picked it up, and stuck it into his sleeve. Then he walked up and down the Green-Box, gesticulating:

— I am in full possession of my faculties. I am lucid, arch-lucid. I pronounce this occurrence quite correct, and I approve of what is taking place. When she wakes up, I'll tell her of the incident just as it happened. There'll be no long waiting for the catastrophe. No more Gwynplaine — good-night, Dea! How well arranged it all is. Gwynplaine in the prison; Dea in the burial-ground! They're going to be each other's vis-à-vis! Death's dance! Two destinies that reënter behind the scenes. Let's pack up the costumes. Let's buckle the cloak-bag. For cloak-bag, read winding-sheet. These two creatures were wanted: Dea without eyes, Gwynplaine without face. Up yonder, the good God will restore light to Dea and beauty to Gwynplaine. Death is putting in order. All is well. Fibi, Vinos, hook up your tambourines on the nails. Your talents for a row-de-dow are about to grow rusty, my

* Till April be dead,
Leave off no thread!

beauties. There'll be no more performing, no more trumpeting. *Chaos Conquered* is conquered. The Man Who Laughs is done for. Tarantara is dead. This Dea sleeps all the time. She does well, too. In her place, I wouldn't wake up. Bah! she'll soon be asleep again. Such a skylark as this soon dies. That's what it is, to take up with politics. What a lesson! and how governments are in the right of it! Gwynplaine to the sheriff; Dea to the gravedigger! That's parallel. Instructive symmetry! I hope the innkeeper has barricaded the door. We are going to die, this evening, among ourselves, all in the family. Not I, nor Homo; but Dea. For myself, I shall continue to have the caravan rolled along. I am identified with the meanderings of a vagabond life. I shall dismiss the two girls. I will not even retain one of them. I have a tendency to foolishness in old age. A female servant in the household of an old man is like bread on the table. I don't wish for any temptation. It no longer suits my age. *Turpe senilis amor.* I will follow out my course, all alone with Homo. It is Homo who is going to be astonished. Where is Gwynplaine? Where is Dea? Old comrade, here we are together again! By the plague, I'm enchanted! Their bucolics embarrassed me. Ah, this wretch of a Gwynplaine, who doesn't even come back! He leaves us in the lurch. That's good. Now it's Dea's turn. It won't be long. I want it to be finished off. I wouldn't give a fillip on the tip of the devil's nose to prevent her from dying! Dying, do you hear? Ah, she is waking!

Dea opened her eyelids; for many blind persons shut their eyes in sleeping. Her sweet face, in its ignorance, wore all its habitual brightness.

—She smiles, murmured Ursus; and I, I am laughing. All goes well.

Dea called:

—Fibi! Vinos! it must be time for the performance. I fancy I must have slept a long time. Come and dress me!

Neither Fibi nor Vinos budged.

Meanwhile Ursus's eye encountered, in Dea's, the ineffable look of the blind. He shuddered.

The two women, stupefied, looked to Ursus.

Ursus shouted out:

—You don't see the public coming in! Fibi, dress Dea! Vinos, beat the drum!

Active obedience was Fibi. Passive was Vinos. They two, in themselves, personified submission. Their master, Ursus, had always been an enigma for them. Being never understood is a reason for being always obeyed. They thought simply that he was going out of his mind, and executed the order. Fibi took down the costume, and Vinos the drum.

Fibi began dressing Dea. Ursus lowered the curtain over the door of the women's compartment, and continued, from behind it:

—Look there, Gwynplaine! the court-yard is already more than half filled with the crowd. They are jostling each other in the entrance-ways. What a crowd! What do you say to Fibi and Vinos, who look as though they didn't perceive it? How stupid they are, these strolling-women! What dulness is there in Egypt! Don't lift up the curtain. Have some regard for decency. Dea is dressing.

He paused; then all at once, this exclamation was heard:

—How lovely Dea is!

It was the voice of Gwynplaine. Fibi and Vinos trembled and turned round. It was the voice of Gwynplaine, but in Ursus's mouth.

Ursus, by a sign through a gap in the door-curtain, forbade their being surprised.

He went on, in Gwynplaine's voice:

—Angel!

Then he replied, in Ursus's voice:

—Dea, an angel! You are mad, Gwynplaine. There is no mammiferous animal that flies, except the bat.

And he added:

—Stop, Gwynplaine; go and let Homo loose. That will be more to the point.

And he went down the back steps of the Green-Box very quickly, in Gwynplaine's nimble style. Imitative scuffle, intended for Dea's ear.

In the court-yard he came upon the boy, made idle and inquisitive by all this adventure.

—Spread out both your hands, said Ursus to him, in low tone.

And he emptied into them a handful of pence.

Govicum was deeply moved by such munificence.

Ursus whispered in his ear:

—Boy, install yourself in the court; jump, dance, beat against any thing, bawl, shout, whistle, coo, neigh, applaud, stamp with your feet, burst out into laughter, break something!

Master Nicless, humiliated and vexed at seeing the people, who had come for "The Man Who Laughs," retrace their steps and stream off to other booths in the fair-ground, had closed the door of the inn. He had even given up the serving out drinks for this evening, so as to avoid the nuisance of being asked questions; and, in lack of occupation, as there was no performance, was looking down into the court, candle in hand, from the balcony above. Ursus, taking the precaution to pitch his voice between the parentheses made by the palms of his two hands adjusted to his mouth, cried out to him:

—Master, do as your boy does; yelp, scream, howl!

He went up again into the Green-Box, and said to the wolf:

—Speak as loud as you can!

And, raising his voice:

—The crowd is too great. I believe we are going to have a disturbed representation.

Vinos, meanwhile was beating her drum.

Ursus continued:

—Dea is in costume. We shall be able to begin. I'm sorry that they have let in so many people. How thick they are! But look, Gwynplaine! What an ungovernable herd! I'll bet that this is our biggest receipt. Go on, you hussies, both of you, to your music! This way, Fibi, and take your clarion! Good, Vinos, rattle away on your drum. Hit it till you scrape the skin! Fibi, pose yourself as Fame. Young ladies, you're too much covered up. Off with those dresses. Put on your gauze in place of that stuff. The public like us daintily gotten up. Let wise men thunder—we'll have a dash of nonsense! Let's be gay. And lay about you with desperate melodies! Peal, blow, crackle, flourish, thump! What a crowd, my poor Gwynplaine!

He interrupted himself:

—Gwynplaine, help me! Let's lower the panel down.

In the mean time, he spread out his pocket-handkerchief.

—But, first, let me bellow in my rag.

And he blew his nose energetically, as a ventriloquist always ought to do.

His handkerchief replaced in his pocket, he drew back the bolts connected with the pulleys, that made the ordinary screeching. The panel lowered itself.

—Gwynplaine, it's of no use to remove the blind. Let's keep the curtain as it is, until the performance begins. We shall not be by ourselves. Here, you two, come to the front, both of you. Music, young ladies! Poum! Poum! Poum! The audience is well composed. It is of the dregs of the people. Good heavens, what a heap of populace!

The two trollops, stupefied by the act of obedience, installed themselves in their accustomed places, at the two corners of the lowered panel.

Thereupon Ursus became extraordinary. He was no longer a man; he was a crowd. Compelled to make fulness out of emptiness, he summoned his marvellous ventriloquism to his aid. All the orchestra of voices, human and animal, that he had within him, rang out at once. He made himself legion. Any one, with closed eyes, might have fancied himself in some public place, on a day of festival or of riot. The whirlwind of stammerings and of noises, that came forth from Ursus, sang, bayed, talked, coughed, spat, sneezed, took snuff, held dialogues, put questions and gave answers—and all this simultaneously. The rough-drawn syllables fitted one into another. In this court-yard where there was nothing, men, and women, and children, were heard. There was the distinct confusion of applause. And, athwart this din, strange discords went meandering as in a mist, cluckings of birds, spittings of cats, cries of infants at the breast. The hoarseness of the drunken man could be distinguished. Dogs underfoot growled out their disquiet. The voices came from far and from near, from above and from below, from the front seats and from the back. The whole together was a sound; the detail was a cry. Ursus thumped with his fist, kicked with his foot, threw his voice out to the farther end of the court, then made it come out of the ground. It was stormy and familiar. He passed from murmur to noise, from noise to tumult, from tumult to tempest. He was himself and all. Soliloquist and polyglottist. Just as there is illusion for the eye, there is illusion for the ear. What Proteus did for the look, Ursus did for the hearing. Nothing so wonderful as this fac-simile of the multitude. From time to time, he drew aside the curtain of the women's apartment, and looked at Dea. Dea was listening.

On his side in the court-yard, the boy was carrying it with high hand.

Vinos and Fibi blew conscientiously into the trumpets, and excited themselves upon the tambourines. Master Nicless, the sole spectator, like them, explained it to himself by Ursus being mad, which, besides, was but adding a sombre detail to his melancholy. The brave innkeeper muttered: "What a row!" He was as serious as a person who recalls to himself that there are laws.

Govicum, charmed to contribute toward disorder, exerted himself almost as much as Ursus. It amused him; besides, he gained his pennies.

Homo was pensive.

With his hurly-burly, Ursus mingled words:

— It is as usual, Gwynplaine, there's a cabal; our rivals are undermining our success. Hooting is what seasons triumph. And then these folks here are too numerous. They are ill at ease. A neighbor's elbow-joints do not promote good-will. It's to be hoped that they won't break the benches. We are about to become victims to a mad-brained population. Ah! if our friend Tom-Jim-Jack were there! But he does not come any more. Look at all those heads, one above the other. Those, who are standing up, do not seem to be well satisfied, although to remain standing up, according to Galien, is a movement which that great man calls "the tonic movement." We'll cut the performance short. As there is nothing but *Chaos Conquered* on the bills, we will not play *Ursus Rursus*. That's at any rate something gained. What an uproar! O blind turbulence of the masses! They will be doing us some damage! But it can't go on thus. We shouldn't be able to play. Not a word

of the piece could be heard. I'm going to harangue them. Gwynplaine, draw the blind a little aside. Citizens —

Here Ursus cried to himself, in a feverish and sharp voice:

— Down with the old fellow!

And he went on, in his own proper voice:

— I believe the people are insulting me. Cicero was right; *plebs, fex urbis.* It doesn't matter; let's admonish the mob. I shall have much trouble to make myself heard. I will speak, nevertheless. Man, do your duty! Gwynplaine, look at that hag gnashing her teeth down there!

Ursus made a pause, into which he threw a gnashing of teeth. Homo, provoked, added a second one, and Govicum a third.

Ursus went on:

— The women are worse than the men. By no means a propitious moment. It's all the same; let's try the effect of a speech. To be eloquent is always in season. Listen to this, Gwynplaine, an insinuating exordium.—Lady-citizens and gentlemen-citizens, it is I who am the bear. I take off my head to address you. I humbly ask for silence.

Ursus gave out this cry to the crowd:

— Grumphll!

And continued:

— I respect my audience. Grumphll is an exclamation, like any other. Welcome, O population alive with vermin! I have no doubt that you are of the scum, all of you. That does not diminish my esteem. Deliberate esteem. I have the most profound reverence for the worthy bullies, who honor me with their patronage. There are deformed beings among you, and I take no offence at it. Halting gentlemen and gentlemen humpbacks are to be found in nature. The camel bunches out; the bison is puffed up in the back; the badger has his left legs shorter than his right; the fact is settled by Aristotle in his treatise on the walking of animals. Those among you, who have two shirts, have one upon your back, and the other at the pawnbroker's. I know that is so. Albuquerque pledged his mustache, and St. Denis his aureole. The Jews made advances, even on the aureole. Great examples. To have debts is to have something. In you, I reverence ragamuffins.

Here, Ursus cut himself short by this interruption, in deep bass:

— Stupid donkey!

And he answered in his own most polished accent:

— Agreed. I am a learned man. I make my excuses for it as well as I can. I scorn knowledge scientifically. Ignorance is a reality, on which one is nourished; knowledge is a reality, on which one starves. For the most part, we are forced to make choice: to be learned, and grow thin; to browse, and be an ass. O citizens, browse! Knowledge isn't worth a mouthful of any thing good. I would rather eat a sirloin of beef, than know that its muscle is called *psoas.* I have but one single merit. That is a dry eye. Such as you see me, I have never wept. It must be said, though, that I have never been satisfied. Never satisfied. Not even with myself. I despise myself. But, I submit this to the members of the opposition here present—if Ursus is only a man of learning, Gwynplaine is an artist.

He sniffled afresh:

— Grumphll!

And he resumed:

— Grumphll again! That's an objection. Nevertheless, I proceed. And Gwynplaine, O gentlemen and ladies, has beside him another artist, that distinguished and hairy personage who accompanies us, the Lord Homo, formerly a wild dog, now a civilized wolf, and faithful subject of her Majesty. Ho-

mo is a mimic, of talents deep-seated and superior. Be attentive and collected. You are about to see Homo play presently, as well as Gwynplaine; and art must be honored. That befits great nations. Are you men of the woods? I assent to it. In that case, *sylvæ sint consule dignæ*. Two artists are well worth one consul. Good. Some one has thrown a cabbage-stalk at me. But it didn't hit me. It won't hinder me from speaking. On the contrary, avoided danger is loquacious. *Garrula pericula*, says Juvenal. People! there are drunken men among you; drunken women also. It's all right. The men are tainted; the women are hideous. You have all sorts of excellent reasons for cramming yourselves in here upon the drinking-room benches—want of occupation, idleness, pausing between two robberies, porter, ale, stout, malt, brandy, gin, and the attraction of one sex to the other sex. Wondrous well! A mind, with a turn for fooling, would have a fair field here. But I abstain. Boldness—so be it. Still, there must be some reticence in an orgy. You are gay, but obstreperous. You imitate notably the outcries of beasts; but what would you say if, when you were talking love with a lady in a room, I were to pass my time in barking close to you? It would annoy you. Very well, then, this annoys us. I authorize you to hold your tongues. Art is quite as respectable as debauch. I speak to you in plain terms.

He addressed himself:

— Plague strangle you, with your eyebrows like ears of rye!

And he replied:

— Honorable sirs, let us leave the ears of rye in peace. It is impious to do violence to vegetables, for the purpose of tracing in them a resemblance human or animal. Besides, the plague doesn't strangle. A false metaphor. For goodness' sake, keep silence. Permit me to tell you, that you are lacking a little in the majesty that characterizes the true English gentleman! I declare positively that those among you, who have shoes through which their toes have passed, take advantage thereof in putting their feet upon the shoulders of the spectators in front of them, which give the ladies occasion for remarking that soles don't always burst out at the point where is placed the head of the metatarsal bones. Show your feet a little less, and your hands a little more. I perceive hence certain knaves, who are plunging their ingenious claws into the fobs of their imbecile neighbors. Dear pickpockets, decency! Box your neighbor's ears, if you please; but don't rob him. You'll irritate folks much less by giving them a black eye, than by cribbing their pence. Damage noses; very well. The cit holds his money dearer than his beauty. For the rest, accept my sympathy. I have no pretention to throw blame on sharpers. Evil exists. Every one endures it; every one does it. No one is exempt from the vermin of his sins. I speak of that alone. Have we not, all, our itchings? God scratches himself on the devil's spot. I myself have committed faults. *Plaudite, cives!*

Ursus executed a long groan, which he overpowered with these final words:

— My lords and gentlemen, I see that my discourse has had the luck to dis please you. I take leave of your hootings for a moment. I am now about to put on my head again, and the performance will begin.

He abandoned the oratorical accent, for the intimate tone:

— Let us close the curtain again. Let me take breath. I have been mellifluous. I have spoken well. I have called them "my lords and gentlemen." Velvety language, but thrown away. What do you say of all this debauched people, Gwynplaine? How easy it is

to account for the ills that England has suffered, for forty years, through the passions of these bitter and malignant spirits! The English of other days were warlike; these are saddened and enlightened, and take a pride in despising the laws and refusing to recognize the royal authority. I have done all that human eloquence could do. I have lavished metonymies upon them, graceful as the flowered cheek of adolescence. Are they softened? I doubt it. What can be expected of a people that eats so extraordinarily, and that stuffs itself up with tobacco to such a degree, that in this country men of letters themselves often compose their works with a pipe in their mouths? It's all the same. Let's play the piece!

The rings of the curtain were heard sliding along the rod. The drumming of the gypsies ceased. Ursus unhooked his hurdy-gurdy, played his prelude, said in low tone, "Why, how mysterious this is, Gwynplaine!" and then tumbled upside down with the wolf.

However, at the same time with the hurdy-gurdy, he had taken down from its nail a very shaggy wig that he owned, and had thrown it upon the floor, in a corner within his reach.

The representation of *Chaos Conquered* took place almost as usual, minus the effects of blue light and magical illumination. The wolf played his part in good faith. At the proper moment, Dea made her appearance, and evoked Gwynplaine with her divine and tremulous voice. She stretched out her arm, groping for his head.

Ursus pounced upon the wig, shook it into disorder, put it on, and advanced softly, holding his breath, so that his bristling head was under Dea's hand.

Then, summoning up all his skill and imitating Gwynplaine's voice, he sang, with an ineffable expression of love, the monster's reply to the appeal of the spirit.

The imitation was so perfect that, this time again, the two assistant women looked for Gwynplaine with their eyes, frightened at hearing without seeing him.

Govicum, marvelling, stamped with his feet, applauded, clapped his hands, produced an Olympian hubbub, and laughed, by himself alone, like a troop of gods. This boy, let it be said, displayed a rare talent for playing the spectator.

Fibi and Vinos, automatons whose springs were moved by Ursus, gave out the habitual hurly-burly of instruments made up of brass and ass's skin, that marked the close of the performance, and accompanied the departure of the public.

Ursus got up, in a sweat.

He whispered to Homo:—You understand that it was a case of saving time. I believe that we have succeeded. I got out of it pretty well, I who had a right to be well-nigh overcome. Gwynplaine may still come back, between the present time and to-morrow. It was useless to kill Dea outright. I am explaining it all to *you*.

He took off his wig and wiped his brow.

—I am a ventriloquist of genius, murmured he. What talent I have! I have equalled Brabant, the ventriloquist of the King of France, Francis I. Dea is convinced that Gwynplaine is here.

—Ursus, said Dea, where is Gwynplaine?

Ursus turned round, with a start.

Dea had remained in the background of the theatre, standing up under the lantern that hung from the roof. She was pale, with a ghostly pallor.

She resumed, with an ineffable smile of despair:

—I know it. He has left us. He is gone. Well was I aware that he had wings.

And, raising her transparent eyes to the Infinite, she added:

— When will it be my turn?

III.

COMPLICATIONS.

Ursus was stupefied.

He had not brought about an illusion.

Was his ventriloquism in fault? No, assuredly. He had succeeded in deceiving Fibi and Vinos, who had eyes; and not in deceiving Dea, who was blind. It was that the eyeballs only of Fibi and Vinos were lucid, while in Dea it was the heart that saw.

He had not a word to reply. And he thought within himself: *Bos in lingua.* Man, tongue-tied, has an ox on his tongue.

In mixed emotions, humiliation is the first sentiment that crops out. Ursus dreamed.

— I have frittered away my onomatopœias.

And, like every dreamer who is driven into a corner, he abused himself:

— Complete break-down! I have exhausted imitative harmony to no purpose whatever. But what will become of us now?

He looked at Dea. She was silent; growing more and more pale, and without any movement. Her eye was fixed and lost in space.

An incident happened in the nick of time.

Ursus saw Master Nicless in the courtyard, candle in hand, making signs to him.

Master Nicless had not assisted at the close of the quasi-phantom comedy played by Ursus. That was because some one had knocked at the inn-door. Master Nicless had gone to open it. Twice there had been a knock, which made two eclipses of Master Nicless. Ursus, absorbed in his hundred-voiced monologue, had not noticed it.

Upon the mute appea. of Master Nicless, Ursus went down.

He drew near the innkeeper.

Ursus put his finger upon his lip.

Master Nicless put his finger upon his lip.

The two looked at each other, thus.

Each of them seemed to say to the other:

— Let's talk; but let's hold our tongues.

The innkeeper opened silently the door of the low-pitched room. Master Nicless entered; Ursus entered. There was no one but they two. The outlook toward the street, window and shutter, was closed.

The innkeeper pushed behind him the door that opened on the court; it was shut in the face of Govicum, inquisitive.

Master Nicless put the candle on a table.

A dialogue began; in low tone, almost a whisper.

— Master Ursus. . .

— Master Nicless?

— I have it at last.

— Bah!

— You desired to make the poor blind girl believe that all this was as usual.

— There's no law against ventriloquism.

— You are clever.

— No.

— It's astounding to what a point you do what you want to do.

— No, I tell you.

— Now, I've something to say to you.

— Is it politics?

— I don't know.

— Because I would not listen.

— Look here. While you were playing both piece and public, all by yourself, somebody was knocking at the inn-door.

— Somebody knocked at the door?

— Yes.

— I don't like that.

— Nor do I.

— And then?

— And then I opened it.

— Who was it that knocked?

— Some one, who spoke to me.

— What did he say?

— I listened to him.

— What answer did you give him?

— None at all. I came back to see you play.

— And . . . ?

— Some one knocked a second time.

— Who? The same person?

— No; another one.

— Still somebody who spoke to you?

— Somebody who said nothing to me.

— I like him better.

— I don't.

— Explain yourself, Master Nicless.

— Guess who knocked the first time.

— I haven't time to be Œdipus.

— It was the master of the circus.

— Close by?

— Close by.

— Where there is all that cracked music?

— Cracked.

— Well?

— Well, Master Ursus, he makes you an offer.

— An offer?

— An offer.

— Why?

— For reasons.

— You have an advantage over me, Master Nicless, in that you just now guessed my enigma, and that I, at this present moment, can't comprehend yours.

— The master of the circus has commissioned me to tell you that he saw the squad of police pass this morning, and that he, the master of the circus, being desirous to prove to you that he is your friend, offers to buy of you, for fifty pounds sterling money down, your caravan the Green-Box, your two horses, your trumpets with the women who blow them, your piece with the blind girl who sings in it, your wolf, and you yourself with it all.

Ursus smiled haughtily.

— Master of the Tadcaster Inn, you will tell the master of the circus that Gwynplaine is coming back.

The innkeeper took up from a chair something in the dark, and turned toward Ursus with his two arms held up, so as to let Ursus take from one of his hands a cloak, and from the other a leather collar, a felt hat, and a hooded mantle.

And Master Nicless said:

— The man who knocked the second time, and who was one of the police, and who came in and went out without speaking a word, brought this.

Ursus recognized Gwynplaine's leather collar, mantle, hat, and cloak.

IV.

MÆNIBUS SURDIS CAMPANA MUTA.

Ursus passed his fingers over the felt of the hat, the cloth of the cloak, the stuff of the mantle, the leather of the collar; couldn't entertain any doubt as to these cast-off clothes; and with a quick and imperious gesture, without saying a word, pointed Master Nicless to the inn-door.

Master Nicless opened it.

Ursus rushed out of the tavern.

Master Nicless followed him with his eyes, and saw Ursus running as fast as his old legs would let him, in the direction taken in the morning by the wapentake who carried off Gwynplaine. A quarter of an hour later, Ursus, out of breath, reached the little street in which was the wicket-gate of Southwark jail, and in which he had already passed so many hours on the lookout.

This narrow street had no need of midnight, to be deserted. But, gloomy by day, by night it was disquieting. After a certain hour, no one trusted himself there. It seemed as though there might be an apprehension of the

two walls drawing nearer together, and a fear of being crushed in the embrace, if a fancy to embrace each other should take hold of the prison and the cemetery. Nocturnal effects these. The truncated willows of the little street Vauvert, in Paris, had this same sort of evil repute. It was pretended that at night these stumps of trees changed themselves into huge hands, and seized upon the passers-by.

The people of Southwark, as we have said, avoided by instinct this street, between jail and burial-ground. Formerly, it had been barred at night by an iron chain. Altogether useless this; the best chain for closing up this street was the fear that it wrought.

Ursus entered it resolutely.

What idea had he? None.

He came into this street, as the place for inquiries. Was he going to knock at the prison-door? Certainly not. This fearful and vain expedient did not enter into his brain. Trying to get in there, to ask for information! What madness! Prisons no more open themselves to him who wants to enter, than to him who wants to go out. Their hinges do but revolve upon the law. Ursus was aware of this. What, then, was his purpose in this street? To see. See what? Nothing. He did not know what. What he could. To find himself again opposite the door, through which Gwynplaine had disappeared, was in itself something already. Sometimes, the blackest and the roughest wall can speak, and a glimmer of light may peer from between its stones. Out from a close-set and darkened mass, a vague brightness not unfrequently transudes and is detached. To examine the envelope of a fact is to be in a good place for watching. We all have an instinct within us, that prompts us to leave the least possible thickness between ourselves and the fact that interests us. That is why Ursus returned to the lane, wherein was the low-pitched entrance to the strong house.

At the moment when he entered the lane, he heard the stroke of a bell; then a second.

— What, thought he, can it be midnight already?

Mechanically, he began to count.

— Three, four, five.

He mused:

— How the strokes of this bell are spun out! How slow they are! Six, seven.

And he made this remark:

— What lamentable sounds!—Eight, nine.—Ah, the simplest thing in the world! A clock is saddened by being in a prison!—Ten.—And then the cemetery is there. This bell sounds the hour for the living, and eternity for the dead.—Eleven.—Alas! to sound an hour for him, who is not at liberty, is also to sound an eternity!—Twelve!

He stopped.

— Yes, it is midnight.

The bell sounded a thirteenth stroke.

Ursus shuddered.

— Thirteen!

There was a fourteenth stroke. Then a fifteenth.

— What can that mean?

The strokes continued at long intervals. Ursus listened.

— It is not the bell of a clock. It is the bell muta. Besides, I said: "How long midnight is sounding!" This bell does not sound at all; it tolls. What is passing here, that is sinister?

Every prison, formerly, like every monastery, had its bell, termed muta, and reserved for sad occasions. The muta—the dumb one—was a bell of very low tone, that had the air of doing all it could, so as not to be heard.

Ursus had regained the corner convenient for the lookout, whence he had been enabled to keep watch upon the prison during a great part of the day.

The tollings followed each other, at a lugubrious distance apart.

A knell notes a loathsome punctuation upon space. It marks funereal paragraphs in everybody's lucubrations. The knelling of a bell is like the throat-rattle in a man. Notification of agony. If, in houses here and there, in the neighborhood of this tolling bell, there should be reveries that fluctuate and pause, the knell cuts them into specific fragments. Floating reverie is, as it were, a refuge. A certain something of the diffuse in anguish leaves room for a ray of hope to penetrate; the knell particularizes and crushes. It puts an end to diffusion; and, in the trouble wherein inquietude would fain hover in suspense, it brings the headlong fall to a point. A knell speaks to every one in the sense of his sorrow or his alarm. A tragic bell—this is addressed to you. A warning. Nothing so sombre as a monologue, whereon this cadence falls. The evenly-measured returns indicate a purpose. What is that hammer, the bell, forging upon that anvil, the thought?

Ursus counted confusedly the tollings of the knell, although he had no object in so doing. Feeling that he was on slippery ground, he made efforts not to lose himself in conjectures. Conjectures are an inclined plane, whereon we go uselessly too far. But meantime, what did this bell mean?

He peered into the darkness, at the spot where he knew that the prison-door was situated.

All at once, at this very spot, which formed a sort of black hole, there was a redness. This redness grew larger, and became a brightness.

There was nothing vague in this redness. It suddenly assumed form and had angles. The jail-door had turned upon its hinges. The redness marked out its arch and its casings.

It was rather a yawning than an opening. A prison does not open; it yawns. With ennui, perhaps.

The wicket-gate let out a man with a torch in his hand.

The bell did not cease tolling. Ursus felt that he was doubly in abeyance. He watched intently—his ear on the knell, his eye on the torch.

Following this man, the door, which was only ajar, opened entirely, and gave issue to two other men, then to a fourth. This fourth was the wapentake, visible by the light of the torch. He had his iron staff in his hand.

Emerging from beneath the wicket, behind the wapentake, in order, two by two, with the stiffness of a series of marching posts, came forth a number of silent men.

This nocturnal retinue traversed the low doorway couple by couple, like the pairs in a procession of penitents, without break in its continuity, with lugubrious care to make no noise, gravely, almost gently. With just such precaution does a serpent issue from its hole.

The torch threw the profiles and the attitudes into relief. Fierce profiles, mournful attitudes.

Ursus recognized all the countenances of the police, who had carried off Gwynplaine in the morning.

There was no doubt. They were the same. They were reappearing; Gwynplaine also was evidently about to reappear.

They had brought him there; they would take him back again.

It was clear.

Ursus's eyeball redoubled its intensity of gaze. Would they set Gwynplaine at liberty?

The double file of the police trickled out from the low-arched way, very slowly, and as it were drop by drop. The bell, that never ceased, seemed to mark the step for them. On leaving the prison, the train, showing their backs to Ursus, turned to the right in the bend of the street opposite to that where he was posted.

A second torch shone out through the wicket-gate.

This indicated the close of the procession.

Ursus was about to see what they were bringing out. The prisoner. The man.

Ursus was about to see Gwynplaine!

What they were bringing out appeared. It was a bier.

Four men were carrying a bier, covered with a black cloth.

Behind them came a man with a shovel on his shoulder.

A third lighted torch, held by a personage reading from a book, who was of course a chaplain, closed the train!

The bier took its place in the file, behind the police who had turned to the right.

At the same moment the head of the retinue stopped. Ursus heard the grinding noise of a key.

Opposite the prison, in the low wall that bounded the other side of the street, a second opening of a door was made distinct by a torch that passed through it.

This door, on which a death's-head might be distinguished, was the door of the burial-ground.

The wapentake entered by this opening; then the men; then the second torch, after the first. The train diminished, like the reptile reëntering his hole. The entire file of the police penetrated that other gloom that was beyond that other door; then the bier; then the man of the shovel; then the chaplain with his torch and his book; and the door was closed again.

There was nothing any longer, save a gleam of light over a wall.

It was without doubt the chaplain and the grave-digger, who were casting on the coffin—the one his verses of prayer, the other his shovelfuls of earth.

The whispering ceased; the dull thuds ceased.

There was a movement. The torches shone; the wapentake repassed through the reopened door of the cemetery, holding his staff upright; the chaplain came back with his book; the grave-digger with his shovel; the procession reappeared, without the coffin; the double file of men made again the same passage between the two doors, with the same taciturnity, and in reversed order; the door of the cemetery was shut again; the door of the prison was reopened; the sepulchral arch of the wicket-gate defined itself in the glimmering light; the darkness of the corridor became dimly visible; the profound and dense obscurity of the jail offered itself again to the look; and all this vision reëntered into all this gloom.

The knell died out. Silence shut itself down close—the sinister lock of darkness!

An apparition swooned away! It was only that.

A passing-by of spectres, that vanishes!

Coincidences, that draw together logically, end in the building up of something that resembles evidence. That fatal fact—a coffin borne to earth—added itself, or let us rather say, adjusted itself, to Gwynplaine arrested, to the silent manner of his arrest, to his clothes brought back by one of the police, to the knell of the prison whither he was conducted.

— He is dead, cried Ursus.

He fell down, in sitting posture, on a mile-stone.

— Dead! They have killed him! Gwynplaine! My child! My son!

And he broke out into sobs.

V.

STATE REASONS WORK ON A SMALL, AS ON A LARGE SCALE.

Ursus—he had boasted of it, alas!—had never wept. The reservoir of tears was full. Such a plenitude—wherein,

drop by drop, sorrow by sorrow, is accumulated all a long existence—does not empty itself in a moment. Ursus sobbed a long time.

The first tear is a tapping. He wept over Gwynplaine, over Dea, over himself, Ursus, over Homo. He wept like a child. He wept like an old man. He wept over all at which he had laughed. He payed off back debts. Man's right to tears is never out of date.

For the rest, the dead body that had been committed to earth was Hardquanonne; but Ursus was not bound to know it.

Several hours slipped away.

The day began to break; the pale shimmer of morning spread itself forth, vaguely streaked with shadows, over the bowling-green. The dawn blanched the front of the Tadcaster Inn. Master Nicless had not been to bed; for the same fact often brings about sleeplessness in several quarters.

Catastrophes radiate in every direction. Throw a stone into the water, and count the splashes!

Master Nicless felt himself hit. It is very disagreeable to have things happening under your roof. Master Nicless, by no means reassured and foreseeing complications, thought it over. He regretted having taken "those people" in.—If he had but known!—They will end by getting him into some scrape.—How turn them out at once?—He had given Ursus a lease.—What good luck, if he were quit of it!—What to do, to drive them off?

Suddenly, at the inn-door, there was one of those thundering raps that, in England, announce "somebody." The gamut of door-knocks corresponds to the hierarchical scale.

It was not quite a lord's knock; but it was a magistrate's.

The innkeeper, all in a tremble, partially opened the small casement in the door.

A magistrate, in fact, it was. Master Nicless saw at his door, in the dim light, a group of the police, at whose head stood out two men, one of whom was the justice of the quorum.

Master Nicless had seen the justice of the quorum in the morning, and recognized him.

He did not recognize the other man.

He was a fat gentleman, with a wax-colored complexion, in a common wig, and a travelling-cape.

Master Nicless was greatly in awe of the former of these personages, the justice of the quorum. If Master Nicless had been of the court, he would have stood in greater fear of the latter—for he was Barkilphedro.

One of the men of the group thumped a second time on the door, violently.

The innkeeper, with the heavy sweat of anxiety on his brow, opened it.

The justice of the quorum—in the tone of a man who has the police under him, and is up to all that personally concerns vagabonds—raised his voice, and asked sharply:

—Master Ursus?

—It is here, your honor.

—I know that, said the justice.

—Without doubt, your honor.

—Let him come here.

—Your honor, he is not in.

—Where is he?

—I don't know.

—How's that?

—He has not come back.

—Did he go out so very early, then?

—No; but he went out very late.

—These vagabonds! exclaimed the justice.

—Your honor, said Master Nicless, meekly, here he is!

Ursus, in fact, had just appeared at a turn of the wall. He reached the inn. He had passed almost the whole night between the jail where at mid-day he had seen Gwynplaine go in, and the burial-ground where at midnight he had

heard the grave filled up. He was pale, with a double pallor; that of his affliction, and that of the twilight.

The dawning day, which is light in its chrysalis state, blends with forms—even those that are in movement—something of the indistinctness of night. Ursus, wan and shadowy and walking slowly, resembled a figure in a dream.

In the sullen distraction produced by acute suffering, he had gone off from the inn bareheaded. He had not even noticed that he had no hat. His few gray hairs fluttered in the wind. His opened eyes did not appear to be looking. Awake, a man is often asleep; just so it happens that, when asleep, we may be awake. Ursus had the air of a madman.

— Master Ursus, cried the innkeeper, this way! Their honors want to speak to you.

Master Nicless, solely anxious to soften down the incident, let out this plural, and at the same time would have withheld it. "Their honors" was respectful toward the group, but might jar perhaps upon the head of it, thus confounded with his subordinates.

Ursus gave such a start as a man might give, on being tumbled out of a bed whereon he was sound asleep.

— What's the matter? said he.

And he saw the police, and, at the head of the police, the magistrate.

A new and severe shock for him.

A while ago, the wapentake; now, the justice of the quorum. The one seemed to throw him over to the other. There are old legends, such as this, concerning reefs.

The justice of the quorum signed to him to enter the tavern.

Ursus obeyed.

Govicum, who was just up and was sweeping out the room, stopped short, got into a corner behind the tables, kept his broom quiet, and held his breath. He thrust a hand into his hair and scratched it at random, which indicated attention to what may happen.

The justice of the quorum seated himself on a bench, before a table; Barkilphedro took a chair. Ursus and Master Nicless remained standing. The officers of police, left outside, grouped themselves before the reclosed door.

The justice of the quorum fixed his legal eyeball upon Ursus, and said:

— You have a wolf.

Ursus answered:

— Not exactly so.

— You have a wolf, resumed the justice, emphasizing "wolf" with a decisive accent.

Ursus replied:

— That is...

And he remained silent.

— Misdemeanor, the justice went on.

Ursus hazarded this bit of pleading:

— He is my servant.

The justice placed his hand flat on the table, with his five fingers spread out—a very striking gesture of authority.

— Mountebank, to-morrow, by this hour, you and your wolf must have quitted England. Otherwise, the wolf will be seized, led to the court of records, and killed.

Ursus thought:—Continuation of assassinations.—But he didn't breathe a word, and contented himself with trembling in all his limbs.

— You hear? said the justice.

— Ursus affirmed, by bowing his head.

The justice persisted:

— Killed.

There was silence.

— Strangled, or drowned.

The justice of the quorum looked at Ursus.

— And yourself in prison.

Ursus murmured:

— Judge!...

— Be gone before to-morrow morning. If not, such is the order.

— Judge!...

— What?

— Must we leave England, he and I?

— Yes.

— To-day?

— To-day.

— How to do it?

Master Nicless was happy. This magistrate, whom he had mistrusted, had come to his aid. The police made itself the auxiliary of him, Nicless. It delivered him from "those people." It brought him the means that he was seeking. The police was chasing away this Ursus, whom he wanted to bow out. Superior authority. No objection could be made. He was enchanted. He interposed.

— Your honor, this man . . .

He indicated Ursus with his finger.

— This man asks how to set about leaving England to-day. Nothing more simple. Every day and every night there are vessels sailing for different countries, from the Thames anchoring-grounds, on this side, and on the other side of London Bridge. They go from England to Denmark, to Holland, to Spain—not to France, on account of the war, but everywhere else. To-night, several vessels will start, toward three o'clock in the morning, when the tide suits. Among others, the galliot *Vograat*, of Rotterdam.

The justice of the quorum made a movement of the shoulder on the side toward Ursus:

— So be it! Start by the first craft that falls in your way. By the *Vograat*.

— Judge! said Ursus.

— Well?

— Judge, if I had only, as formerly, my little booth upon wheels, that might be. It might be put on board a vessel. But . . .

— But what?

— But I have the Green-Box, which is a huge machine with two horses; and, however large a vessel may be, that can never be shipped.

— What's that to me? said the justice. The wolf may be killed.

Ursus, shuddering, felt himself handled as by a hand of ice.—The monsters! thought he. To kill people! That's their expedient.

The tavern-keeper smiled, and addressed himself to Ursus:

— Master Ursus, you can sell the Green-Box.

Ursus looked at Nicless.

— Master Ursus, you have had an offer.

— From whom?

— Offer for the caravan. Offer for the two horses. Offer for the two women. Offer . . .

— From whom? repeated Ursus.

— From the master of the neighboring circus.

— That's true.

Ursus remembered it.

Master Nicless turned toward the justice of the quorum.

— Your honor, the bargain can be concluded this very day. The master of the circus close by desires to purchase the big caravan and the two horses.

— This master of the circus is right, said the justice, for he is about to have need of them. A carriage and horses—that will be of use to him. He, too, will start to-day. The clergy of the parishes of Southwark have complained of the obscene hubbub of the Tarrinzeau-Field. The sheriff has taken his measures. This evening, there won't be a single mountebank's booth upon the place. An end of scandals. The honorable gentleman who deigns to be here present . . .

The justice of the quorum interrupted himself by a bow to Barkilphedro, which Barkilphedro returned to him.

— The honorable gentleman, who deigns to be here present, arrived to-night, from Windsor. He brings orders. Her Majesty has said: "This must be swept away."

Ursus, in his long reflection that lasted all night, had not failed to ask himself some questions. After all, he had only seen one bier. Was he quite certain that Gwynplaine was in it? There might be other dead men upon earth, besides Gwynplaine. A coffin passing by is not a corpse telling its name. Subsequently to Gwynplaine's arrest, there had been a burial. That proved nothing. *Post hoc, non propter hoc*, etc.— Ursus had got back to doubting. Hope burns and lightens over agony, as naphtha upon water. This buoyant flame floats eternally over human grief. Ursus had ended by saying to himself:—It was probably Gwynplaine who was buried; but it is not certain. Who knows? Gwynplaine is still living, perhaps.

Ursus bent down before the justice.

—Honorable judge, I will set out. We will set out. There shall be a general setting out. By the *Vograat*. For Rotterdam. I will obey. I will sell the Green-Box, the horses, the trumpets, the Egyptian women. But there is one person who is with me, a comrade, whom I cannot leave behind me, Gwynplaine . . .

—Gwynplaine is dead, said a voice.

Ursus felt an impression of cold, as though a reptile had crept over his skin. It was Barkilphedro who had spoken.

The last gleam of light faded away. No more doubt. Gwynplaine was dead.

This personage ought to know. He was sinister enough for that.

Ursus bowed to him.

Master Nicless, save for his cowardice, was a very good fellow. But, when frightened, he was atrocious. Fear is supreme ferocity.

He muttered:

—Simplification.

And there took place, behind Ursus, that rubbing of hands, peculiar to egotists, which signifies: "There; I'm well out of it!" and seems as though made over the hand-basin of Pontius Pilate.

Ursus, overwhelmed, bowed his head. Death, the sentence of Gwynplaine, was executed; and, as for himself, his sentence had been pronounced, exile. There was nothing left, but to obey. He mused.

He felt some one touch his elbow. It was the acolyte of the justice of the quorum. Ursus shuddered.

The voice that had said, "Gwynplaine is dead," whispered in his ear:

—Here are ten pounds sterling, sent you by a well-wisher.

And Barkilphedro laid a small purse upon a table in front of Ursus.

It may be remembered that Barkilphedro brought away a casket.

Ten guineas, out of two thousand—that was all that Barkilphedro could manage. In conscience, it was enough. If he had given more, he would have lost by it. He had taken the trouble to bring about the finding of a lord; he had begun the working it; it was fair that the first product of the mine should belong to him. They, who see meanness herein, would be in the right of it; but astonishment would be a mistake. Barkilphedro loved money—particularly when stolen. Avarice is embraced in envy. Barkilphedro was not free from defects. Committing crimes does not prevent the having vices. Tigers have lice.

Besides, that was the school of Bacon.

Barkilphedro turned toward the justice of the quorum, and said to him:

—Have the goodness, sir, to bring this matter to an end. I am in a great hurry. A chaise, with proper relays of her Majesty's horses, is waiting for me. I must set off at full gallop for Windsor, and must be there in two hours from this time. I have accounts to render, and orders to receive.

The justice of the quorum got up.

He went to the door, which was only fastened by a bolt, opened it, looked, without uttering a word, at the squad of police, and flashed upon them with his forefinger a signal of authority. The whole group entered with that silence which portends the coming of something severe.

Master Nicless — satisfied with the rapid unravelling that cut complications short, and charmed to be out of this entangled skein—feared, on seeing so many officers deploying, that Ursus would be arrested then and there. Two arrests, one close upon the other, in his house—that of Gwynplaine, then that of Ursus—might injure the tavern, drinkers not liking to be interrupted by the police. Master Nicless brought his smiling countenance, whereon confidence was tempered by respect, to bear upon the justice of the quorum:

— Your honor, I would call your honor's attention to the fact that these honorable gentlemen, the sergeants, are not indispensable, now that the culpable wolf is about to be transported out of England, and that the man Ursus makes no resistance, and that your honor's orders are punctually obeyed. Your honor will bear in mind that the respectable acts of the police, so necessary to the well-being of the kingdom, do harm to an establishment, and that my house is innocent. The mountebanks of the Green-Box being swept away, as says her Majesty the queen, I see no longer any criminal here, for I do not suppose that the blind girl and the two gipsy women are delinquents; and I would implore your honor to deign to abridge your august visit, and to dismiss these worthy gentlemen who have just entered, for they have nothing to do in my house; and, if your honor would permit me to prove the justice of my statement in the form of an humble question, I would render the uselessness of the presence of these venerable gentlemen evident, by asking of your honor:—Since the aforesaid Ursus yields and sets out, whom can they have to arrest here?

— You, said the justice.

There is no disputing with a sword-thrust, that pierces you through and through. Master Nicless sank down, overwhelmed, upon—no matter what—upon a table, upon a bench, upon what was at hand.

The justice raised his voice so much that, if there had been any one on the place outside, it might have been heard:

— Master Nicless Plumtre, keeper of this tavern, this is the last point to be set in order. This juggler and this wolf are vagabonds. They are driven away. But the most culpable one is yourself. It is in your house, and with your privity, that the law has been violated; and you, a licensed individual, invested with public responsibility, you have installed scandal under your roof! Master Nicless, your license is revoked; you will pay a fine, and to prison you will go.

The officers of police surrounded the tavern-keeper. The justice continued, indicating Govicum:

— This boy, your accomplice, is arrested.

An officer's wrist swooped upon the collar of Govicum, who regarded the officer with curiosity. The boy, not much frightened, comprehended but little, had already seen more than one strange sight, and asked himself if this was the playing out of the comedy.

The justice of the quorum pressed down his hat upon his head, crossed his two hands over his stomach, which is the *ne plus ultra* of majesty, and added:

— It is ordered, Master Nicless; you will be taken to prison and put in jail. You, and this boy. And this house, the Tadcaster Inn, will remain shut, under ban, and closed. For example's sake. Whereupon, you are to follow us.

BOOK VII.

THE SHE-TITAN.

I.

WAKING.

— And Dea!

It seemed to Gwynplaine — as he watched the day dawning at Corleone Lodge, while these adventures were occurring at the Tadcaster Inn—that this exclamation came from without; the exclamation was within himself.

Who has not heard the profound outcries of the soul?

Furthermore, the day was coming on.

The morning is a voice.

Of what use would be the sun, were it not to awaken that gloomy sleeper, the conscience?

Light and virtue are of the same race.

Whether the god be called Christ or Love, there is always an hour when he is forgotten, even by the best. We have, all of us—even the saints—need of a voice to bring back our recollections; and the day-dawn causes the sublime warner to speak within us. Conscience cries out in face of duty, as the cock crows before the morn.

That chaos, the human heart, hears the *Fiat lux!*

Gwynplaine—we continue to call him thus: Clancharlie is a lord, Gwynplaine is a man—Gwynplaine was as though raised from the dead.

It was time that the artery was tied.

There was, in him, an absconding of honor.

— And Dea! said he.

And he felt in his veins as it were a generous transfusion. Something of healthful and tumultuous coursed through him. The violent irruption of rightful thoughts, is the return home of a man, who is without his key, and who climbs honestly over his own wall. There is a scaling, but for good purpose; there is an assault, but upon evil.

— Dea! Dea! Dea! repeated he.

He assured himself of his own heart.

And he asked this question aloud:

— Where are you?

Almost astonished that there was no reply.

He resumed looking at the ceiling and the walls, and with a distraction through which reason was coming back:

— Where are you? Where am I?

And in that chamber, in that cage, he began again to pace up and down, with the tread of a wild animal shut up.

— Where am I? At Windsor. And you? At Southwark. Ah, good Heavens! now for the first time is there a distance between us. Who, then, has spaced it out? I here; you there! Oh, this is not! this shall not be! What is it that they have done to me?

He stopped.

— Who, then, has spoken to me of the queen? Do I know any thing of this? Changed? I changed? Why? Because I am a lord. Do you know what is taking place, Dea? You are a lady. They are marvellous, these things that are happening. Ah, pshaw! it is all about finding my way again. Had any one lost me? There is a fellow, who has spoken to me with a mysterious air. I remember the words that he addressed to me:—My lord, one door, as it opens, closes another door. What is behind you has no more existence.—In other words:—You are a craven!—That man, the wretch! said this to me while I was not yet awakened. He took advantage of my first moment of surprise. I was as though a prey that he grasped. Where is he, that I may abuse him? He spoke to me with the sombre smile of a dream. Ah! now I am becoming myself again! That is well. It is a mistake to suppose that any one can make what he wishes, out of Lord Clancharlie. Peer of Eng-

land? Yes, with a peeress, who is Dea. Conditions? Do I accept any? The queen? What matters the queen to me? I have never seen her. I am not lord, to be slave. I enter, free, into my prerogative. Do they believe that they have unchained me for nothing? They have taken my muzzle off; that is the whole of it. Dea! Ursus! we are linked together. What you were, I was! What I am, you are. Come! No. I will go there. At once, at once; I have waited too long already. What must they think, on not seeing me return? That money! When I think that I sent them money! It was I that was needed. That man told me, I remember, that I could not go out hence. We shall see about that. Hollo, there, a carriage! a carriage! Put the horses to! I will go and look for them. Where are the valets? There ought to be valets, since there is a lord. I am master here. It is my house; and I will twist the bolts, and force the locks, and break down the doors by kicking. If any one bars my passage, I will pass my sword through his body, for now I have a sword. I should like to see any one resist me! I have a wife, who is Dea. I have a father, who is Ursus. My house is a palace, and I give it to Ursus. My name is a coronet, and I give it to Dea. Quick! At this instant! Dea, here I am! Ah! Bah! I shall soon have got over the interval!

And, raising the first door-curtain that came to hand, he went out impetuously from the room.

He found himself in a corridor.

He held straight on.

A second corridor presented itself.

All the doors were open.

He began walking on at hazard, from room to room, from passage to passage, looking for the way out.

II.

LIKENESS OF A PALACE TO A WOOD.

Corleone Lodge being in the style of Italian palaces, there were very few doors. All was curtain, drapery over entrances, tapestry.

Never a palace at that epoch, which had not, in its interior arrangement, a medley of rooms and of corridors, wherein pomp abounded; gildings, marbles, chiselled wainscotings, Oriental silks, with nooks that told of secrecy and obscurity, while others were ablaze with light. There were garrets rich and gay; small apartments varnished and shining, covered with pantiles from Holland, or azulejos from Portugal; embrasures of lofty bay-windows that overhung cabinets all in glass, pretty lanterns for living in. The thickness of the wall, if hollowed out, would be habitable. Here and there, gems of boxes, that were wardrobes. This was called "*les petits appartements*"—the suite of rooms for ordinary use. Therein it was that crimes were annotated.

If it was necessary to kill the Duc de Guise, or to lead astray the fair president of Sylvecane, or, at a later period, to stifle the cries of the little ones whom Lebel had brought in—this was convenient. A complicated abode, not intelligible to a new-comer. Place for abductions; unknown depth, whereto disappearances tended. Princes and lords deposited their spoil in these elegant caverns. There did the Comte de Charolais hide Madame Courchamp, the wife of the Master of Requests; there did Monsieur de Monthulé hide the daughter of Haudry, the farmer of la Croix-Saint-Lenfroy; there did the Prince de Conti hide the two beautiful baker's girls of l'Ile-Adam; there did the Duke of Buckingham hide poor Pennywell, etc. The deeds that were there accomplished were of

the sort that are done, as the Roman law says, *vi, clam, et precario*, by force, in secret, and for temporary purpose. Whoever was there remained there, according to the master's good pleasure. There were secret dungeons, gilded. A compound of cloister and seraglio. Staircases turned, mounted up, descended. A spiral of rooms, dovetailed into each other, brought you back to your starting-point. A gallery ended in an oratory. A confessional was grafted on an alcove. The ramifications of coral and the piercings of sponge had probably served as models to the architects of the royal and seigniorial "petits appartements." The branchings-off were inextricable. Portraits, pivoting upon openings, offered exits and entrances. All was planned out. And requisite it was; dramas were played there. The stories of this hive extended from cellar to garret. Quaint madrepore coral encrusted in all palaces, beginning with Versailles, made as it were a habitation for pigmies in the dwelling-place of Titans. Passages, altars at stations, nests, cells in honeycombs, hiding-places. All sorts of holes, whereinto the littlenesses of the great were thrust.

These walled and winding quarters woke ideas of games, of bandaged eyes, of groping hands, of suppressed laughter, of blind-man's-buff, of hide-and-seek; and at the same time suggested dreams of the Atrides, of the Plantagenets, of the Medicis, of the wild knights of Elz, of Rizzio, of Monaldeschi, of swords pursuing a fugitive from room to room.

Antiquity also, on its part, had mysterious abodes of this sort, wherein luxury was dedicated to horrors. A specimen of them has been preserved, underground, in certain sepulchres of Egypt; for instance, in the crypt of King Psammeticus, discovered by Passalacqua. Fear of these suspected constructions is found in the old poets. *Error circumflexus. Locus implicitus gyris.*

Gwynplaine was in the "petits appartements" of Corleone Lodge.

He was in a fever to go away, to be outside, to see Dea again. This intricacy of corridors and of cells, of hidden doors, and doors unexpected, stayed him and slackened his pace. He would have wished to run; he was forced to wander. He thought that he had but a door to push open—he had a skein to unravel.

After one bedroom, another. Then a gathering of saloons.

He met nothing living. He listened. No movement.

It appeared to him sometimes that he was retracing his steps.

At intervals, he thought he saw some one coming to him. It was no one. It was himself, in a mirror, in a lord's costume.

It was his improbable self. He recognized himself; but not immediately.

He went on, taking all the passages that presented themselves.

He involved himself in the meanderings of domestic architecture; there, a cabinet coquettishly painted and carved, somewhat lascivious, and extremely discreet; there, a chapel of doubtful character, all in scales of mother-of-pearl and enamel, with ivory-work made to be looked at through a magnifying-glass, like the lids of snuff-boxes; there, one of those precious Florentine retreats set apart for feminine hypochondriacs, and which were then called *boudoirs*. Everywhere, upon the ceilings, upon the walls, even upon the floors, there were configurations in velvet or in metal, of birds and trees, of extravagant vegetation in clustered pearls, of embossments in lace, of nets of bugles, of warriors, of queens, of female Tritons. The bevellings of cut crystals added the effect of prisms to the effect of reflection.

Table glassware played off precious stones. Dark buffets in corners were seen to sparkle. It was not clear, whether all these luminous facets—wherein emerald green was merged in gold of the rising sun, and dove-colored tints went floating—were microscopic mirrors, or aqua-marina of extraordinary size. Magnificence, delicate at once and immense. It was the most coquettish of palaces, at least if it were not the most colossal of caskets. A house for Mab, or a jewel for Géo. Gwynplaine sought a way out.

He did not find it. Impossible to determine his direction. Nothing gets into the head so soon as opulence, when seen for the first time. But, beyond this, it was a labyrinth. At each step, a magnificence was an obstacle to him. This one seemed to resist his going away. That one had the air of not wishing to loose its hold on him. He was as though snared in bird-lime of marvels. He felt that he was seized and kept fast.

— What a horrible palace! thought he.

He prowled uneasily around this maze, asking himself what it meant, whether he was in prison, becoming irritated, sighing for free air. He repeated: "Dea! Dea!" as you might clutch the thread which will guide you out, and which you must not allow to be broken.

From time to time he called out:

—Ho, some one!

There was no answer.

The rooms came never to an end. All was deserted, silent, splendid, sinister.

Enchanted castles may be imagined thus.

Hidden hot-air holes kept up a summer temperature in these corridors and these cabinets. The month of June appeared to have been taken by some magician, and shut up in this labyrinth. This was agreeable sometimes to the senses. Whiffs of perfume were traversed, as if invisible flowers were there.

Gwynplaine looked out of the windows. The view was different. At one moment, he saw gardens filled with the freshness of spring and of morning; at another, new fronts of buildings with new statues; at another, small quadrangular courts, after the Spanish fashion, between important buildings, flagged, mouldy, and cold; at another, a river that was the Thames; at another, a huge tower that was Windsor.

Outside, at so early an hour, there were no passers-by.

He stopped. He listened.

— Oh! I will go away, said he. I will rejoin Dea. I shall not be kept here by force. A curse on any one who would desire to hinder me from going out! What is that vast tower there? If there is a giant, a dog from hell, a Tarascon crocodile, that bars the door of this bewitched palace, I will exterminate him. An army—I will devour it. Dea! Dea!

Suddenly he heard a slight noise, a very slight noise. It was like running water.

He was in a narrow and dark corridor, closed, at some steps before him, by a curtain divided in the middle.

He walked up to this curtain, put it aside and entered. . .

He found himself in the unexpected.

III.

EVE.

An octagonal room with flat-arched ceiling, without windows, lighted from above, lined—walls, floor, and vaulted roof—with peach-blossom-colored marble; in the middle of the room, a canopy in pall-black marble culminating

in a point, and having wreathed columns, in the massive and charming style of Elizabeth, overshadowing a bath-basin also in black marble; in the middle of the basin a delicate jet of scented and tepid water filling the basin softly and slowly—this was what he had before his eyes.

Black bath, thus constructed, in order to transform the whiteness into lustre.

It was this water that he had heard. An escape-pipe in the bath, at a certain level, prevented any overflow. The basin smoked, but in such small degree that there was scarcely a sign of vapor on the marble. The slender jet of water was like a supple rod of steel, that bends at the least breath of wind.

No furniture, except, beside the bath, one of those cushioned reclining-couches, made long enough to lie upon it with a dog at the feet.

It was a Spanish couch, seeing that the framework was in silver. The cushions and the arms were covered with white *glacée* silk.

Set against the wall, on the other side of the bath, appeared a dressing-table in solid silver, with all its appliances, and having in the middle eight small Venetian mirrors in silver sash-work, suggesting a window.

In the side of the wall nearest to the couch, there was a square recess hollowed out, that looked like a dormer-window, and that was closed by a panel made of a sheet of red-silver. The panel had hinges as a shutter has. A royal crown, inlaid and gilded, sparkled upon the red silver. Above the panel a clock-bell, silver-gilt if not in gold, was suspended and secured to the wall.

Opposite the entrance of this room, facing Gwynplaine, who had stopped short, there was a break in the marble lining. It was replaced by an opening of the same size, reaching up to the spring of the vaulted ceiling, and closed by a broad and lofty cloth of silver tissue.

This cloth, of fairy-like fineness, was transparent. It could be seen through.

In the centre of the cloth, where the spider is generally found, Gwynplaine saw something formidable—a woman sleeping.

The silver tissue, transparent as glass, was a curtain. It was only fastened from above, and might be lifted. It separated the room in marble, which was a bath-room, from a chamber, which was a bedchamber. This chamber, a very small one, might almost be called a grotto of mirrors. All round it, Venetian glasses—close together, adjusted in polyhedrons, and connected by gilded rods—reflected the bed that was in the centre. Upon the bed, in silver, like the toilet-table and the couch, the woman was lying. She was sleeping, with her head thrown back.

Her pillow of guipure had fallen to the ground, upon the carpet.

The chamber, rather an alcove than a chamber, was lighted, with something of reticence, by the reflection from the bath-room.

The bed had neither posts, nor dais, nor canopy, so that the woman, on opening her eyes, could see herself a thousand times reflected in the mirrors above her head.

The sheets were in disorder, as by a troubled sleep. Their fine quality was indicated by the beauty of the folds. This was the epoch when a queen, supposing that she would be damned, figured hell to herself in this wise: a bed, with coarse sheets.

A dressing-gown of curious silk—Chinese undoubtedly, for a large lizard in gold might be seen through its folds—was thrown over the foot of the bed.

Beyond the bed, at the end of the alcove, there was probably a door,

masked and indicated by a sufficiently large glass, upon which were painted peacocks and swans. In this chamber, disposed in shadow, every thing shone brightly. The spaces between the crystals and the gildings were glazed with that glistening composition, which is called at Venice "fiel de verre," unvitrified salt.

At the bed's head there was a desk set up, of silver, with movable ledges and fixtures for lights. On this, an open book might be seen, having on the top of its pages this title, in large red letters: *Alcoranus Mahumedis.*

Gwynplaine saw not a single one of these details. What he saw was the woman.

He was at the same time petrified and overwhelmed—a contradiction, but a fact.

He recognized the woman.

She had her eyes shut, and her face turned toward him.

It was the duchess.

She, that mysterious being in whom were mingled all the splendors of the unknown—she, who had written him so strange a letter!

He had chased away dreams; he had burned the letter. He had banished her, so far as he possibly could, from his dreams and from his memory. He thought no more of her; he had forgotten her. . .

He saw her again!

He no longer breathed. He felt himself uplifted as in a nimbus, and urged on. He looked. That woman before him! Was it possible?

At the theatre, duchess. Here, Nereid, Naiad, Fairy. In either case, an apparition.

He attempted to retreat, and found that that could not be. His looks had become two chains, and bound him to the vision.

The divinity of an august slumber spoke out, from that unconscious brow, from those golden and scattered tresses, from those drooped eyelashes, from those blue veins dimly perceptible.

Gwynplaine shuddered. He admired.

Unwholesome admiration, too profoundly interesting!

He was afraid.

Fate's surprise-box does not exhaust itself. Gwynplaine thought that he had come to the end of it. He was beginning again. What were all these flashes of lightning launched unceasingly over his head. What were these courtesies of the unknown tempter, fulfilling, one after another, his vague aspirations, his confused desires become living flesh, and overwhelming him beneath an intoxicating series of actualities drawn from the impossible? Was there a conspiracy of all the shades against him, poor wretch; and what would he become with all these smiles of sinister Fortune around him? What was this dizziness, expressly arranged? This woman there! Why? How? No explanation! Why he? Why she? Was he made peer of England purposely for this duchess? Who brought them thus one to the other? Who was dupe? Who was victim? Whose good faith was abused? He could not bring all these things to a point. He saw them athwart a flight of clouds within his brain. This magical and malevolent abode, this strange palace, tenacious as a prison—was it in the plot? Gwynplaine underwent a sort of reabsorption. Obscure forces throttled him mysteriously. A gravitation enchained him. His will, drawn off, went out of him. Whereto should he cling? He was haggard and under a spell. This time, he felt himself insane beyond remedy. The fall headlong into the depths of wonderment continued.

At intervals, the duchess softly shifted her place upon the bed, with the vague movement of a shadow in the

azure, changing her attitude as the cloud changes its form.

Gwynplaine had counted upon every thing, but this. A fierce guardian across the threshold, some furious monster to contend with—for these he had looked. He had foreseen Cerberus. He found Hebe.

He closed his eyelids. Too much of morning-light in the eyes causes pain. But, through his closed eyelids, all suddenly, he saw her again. More in shadow, none the less lovely.

Taking flight is no easy matter. He had tried, and he could not. He was rooted, as we are in dreams. He desired, but knew not how, to snatch himself from this attraction. He felt no longer any thing to cling to. Human fluctuations are infinite. A man may be disabled, as a ship is. Conscience is the anchor. Fatal fact, the anchor may break.

He had not even this resource: "I am disfigured and terrific. She will repulse me." The woman had told him, in writing, that she was in love with him.

In crises, there is an instant of losing the perpendicular. When we lap over toward evil more than we lean upon good, that portion of ourselves, which hovers over the evil, ends by gaining the ascendency, and precipitates us downward. Had this sad moment come for Gwynplaine?

How to escape?

Thus, she it was! The duchess! That woman! He had her before him, in that chamber, in a lone place, asleep.

The duchess!

You have remarked a star in the depths of space. You have admired it. It is so far away! What is there to fear in a fixed star? Some day—some night—you see it shift its place. You make out a quivering of light around it. The star, that you thought immovable, moves. It is not a star; it is a comet. It is the immense incendiary of the sky. The star moves on, enlarges itself, shakes out its purple stream of hair, becomes enormous. Its direction is to your side. Oh, terror, it is coming to you! The comet knows you, wishes for you, would have you. Terrific celestial approach! What comes upon you is too much of light, which is blindness; is the excess of life, which is death. You refuse this advance, that the zenith makes to you. You reject this offer of love from the abyss. You put your hands over your eyelids, you hide yourself, you shrink away from yourself, you think that you are saved... — You reopen your eyes. The terrible star is there. It is star no more; it is world. World unknown. World, of lava and of embers. Devouring prodigy of the depths! It fills up the sky. Nothing is there, but it alone. The carbuncle deep-seated in the infinite, a diamond in the distance, is, when near, a furnace. You are in its flame.

And you feel your burning up begin with a warmth from paradise.

IV.

SATAN.

The sleeper suddenly awoke. She raised herself and sat up, with a majestic movement, at once abrupt and harmonious. Her blond hair, like floss-silk, spread itself with tumultuous softness below her waist; she stretched herself and yawned, like a tigress at the rising of the sun.

Gwynplaine probably breathed with effort, as when the respirations are held back.

— Is there any one there? said she.

At the same time she drew to her her dressing-gown, and in the twinkling of an eye the silken robe was around her. The sleeves, being very long, hid her hands; and the

tips of her toes were only visible—white with tiny nails, like those on the foot of a child.

She brought forward from her back a flood of hair that she threw over her robe, then passed rapidly behind the bed to the further part of the alcove, and applied her ear to the painted mirror which apparently covered a door.

She knocked upon the glass with the little elbow, that is made by the forefinger bent back.

—Is there any one there? Lord David, is it you already? What o'clock is it? Is it you, Barkilphedro?

She turned round.

—But no. It is not from that side. Is there any one in the bath-room? Answer! In fact, it can't be; no one can come in that way.

She went to the silver-gauze curtain, opened it with the point of her foot, set it aside by a movement of her shoulder, and entered the marble room.

Gwynplaine felt, as it were, a chill of agony. No refuge now. It was too late to fly. Besides, he had not the strength. He might have wished the floor to split asunder, and to fall, himself, underground. No means of keeping himself unseen.

She saw him.

She looked at him, prodigiously astonished, but without a start, and with a blending of delight and contempt.

—What! said she, Gwynplaine!

Then abruptly, and with a violent bound—for this cat was a panther—she threw herself on his neck.

She pressed his head between her arms, then suddenly—pushing him back, bringing down her two little hands, like talons, upon Gwynplaine's two shoulders, she standing up before him, he standing up before her—she began to eye him strangely.

She eyed him, ominous, with her eyes of Aldebaran, a mixed visual ray, having in it a certain something of the equivocal and of the starry. Gwynplaine contemplated that blue eyeball and that black eyeball, under the double fixity of the look from heaven and the look from hell. The woman and the man interchanged a sinister dazzling. They fascinated one the other—he by deformity, she by beauty.

He was silent, as under a weight impossible to lift up. She exclaimed:

—You have intelligence; therefore you have come. You knew that I had been forced to set off from London. You have followed me. You have done well. You are wonderful, to be here.

A reciprocal taking possession has, in a certain sense, the effect of a lightning-flash. Gwynplaine recoiled, confusedly warned by a vague fear, savage and decent; but the rosy nails imprinted on his shoulder held him firm. Something of the inexorable was roughly sketching itself out. Himself a wild man, he was in the den of a wild woman.

She went on:

—Anne, that fool—you know, the queen?—made me come to Windsor without knowing why. When I arrived, she was closeted with her idiot of a chancellor. But how did you manage to reach me here? That is what I call being a man. Obstacles? There are none. He is called, and he comes quickly. Did you get information? You know my name, I think, the Duchess Josiane? Who introduced you? It was the valet-boy, without doubt. He is intelligent. I will give him a hundred guineas. How did you set about it? Tell me that. No, don't tell me. I don't want to know. Explaining belittles. I like you better to be surprising. You are monstrous enough to be marvellous. You fall down from the empyrean, look you, or you mount from the triple underground, through the trap-door of Erebus. Nothing more simple; the ceil-

ing has parted, or the floor has opened. A descent by the clouds, or an ascent in a flame of sulphur—that is how you have come. You deserve to enter like the gods. That is enough.

Gwynplaine listened with impaired mind, feeling his thoughts vibrate more and more. It was complete. And impossible to doubt. The woman confirmed the letter sent at night. He, Gwynplaine, lover of a duchess, lover beloved! Immense pride, with its thousand sombre heads, was stirring in that miserable heart.

Vanity, prodigious force within us, against us! The duchess continued:

—Since you are here, it is because it is willed. I ask no more about it. The day that I saw you, I said:—It is he. I recognize him. It is the monster of my dreams. We must aid destiny, that is why I wrote to you. One question, Gwynplaine. Do you believe in predestination? I believe in it, myself, since reading Scipio's Dream in Cicero. Stay, I had not noticed it. A gentleman's coat! You have dressed yourself like a lord. Why not? You are a mountebank. So much the more reason. A juggler is as good as a lord. Besides, what are lords? Clowns. You have a noble figure; you are extremely well made. It is unheard of, that you should be here. When did you arrive? How long have you been in this place? Oh, I love you! You read my letter? Did you read it yourself? Was it read to you? Do you know how to read? You ought to be ignorant. I ask you questions; but do not answer them. I don't like your tone of voice. It is sweet. A being, so incomparable as you are, ought not to speak; he ought to gnash his teeth. You sing, and that is harmonious. I hate it. It is the only thing in you that displeases me. All the rest is formidable; all the rest is superb. In the Indies, you would be a god. Were you born with that awful laugh upon your face? No—am I not right? It is, beyond doubt, a penal mutilation. I really trust that you have committed some crime.

—I love you, not only because you are deformed, but because you are low down. I love the monster, and I love the stage-player. There is marvellous savor in a lover humiliated, scouted, grotesque, hideous, exposed to laughter upon the pillory that is called a theatre. This is to bite at the fruit of the abyss. A lover, who is infamous, is exquisite.

—Probably, without knowing it, you are a demon. I have kept myself close under a dreamer's mask. You are a dancing puppet, of which a spectre holds the strings. You are the phantom of the great infernal laugh. You are the master, for whom I was waiting. Such a love was needed for me, as the Medeas have and the Canidias.

Her words came out pell-mell, like an eruption. A puncture in the side of Etna might give an idea of this jet of flame.

Gwynplaine stammered out:

—Madam . . .

She put her hand upon his mouth.

—Silence! I am studying you. Gwynplaine, I am immaculate. I have loved no man. I might be Pythia at Delphos, and have under my naked heel the bronze tripod, wherein the priests, leaning their elbows on the python's skin, whispered questions to the invisible god. My heart is of stone; but it resembles those mysterious pebbles that the sea rolls to the foot of the rock Huntly Nabb, at the mouth of the Tees, in which, when broken, a serpent is found. Such as this serpent, my love is. A love all-powerful, for it has drawn you hither. An impossible distance was between us. I was in Sirius, and you were in Allioth. You have made an

immeasurable transit, and you are here. That is well. Hush! Take me!

She stopped. He shivered. She began to smile again.

— Look you, Gwynplaine! To dream is to create. A wish is an appeal. To build up a chimera is to provoke reality. Omnipotent and terrible, the Shade will not be set at defiance. She satisfies us. You are here. Do you know why I idolize you?—because I disdain you. So much are you beneath me, that I raise you up upon an altar. To mingle the high and the low produces chaos, and chaos pleases me. Every thing begins and ends in chaos. What is chaos? An enormous blot. And, out of this blot, God has made light; and, with this sewer, God has made the world. You know not to what degree I am perverse. Knead a star in the mud, and it would be myself.

Thus spoke this formidable woman.

She went on:

— Gwynplaine, we are made for each other. I am, internally, the monster that you are, externally. Thence my love. Caprice, it may be. What is the hurricane? A caprice. There is a starry affinity between us; one and the other, we belong to night—you by visage, I by intelligence. You, in your turn, create me. You come, and my soul is let loose. I was unacquainted with it. It is surprising. Your approach makes the hydra come out of me, the goddess. You reveal to me my true nature. You make me make the discovery of myself. See how I resemble you. Look in me, as in a mirror. Your countenance is my soul. I did not know that I was terrible to this degree. I too, then, am a monster! O Gwynplaine, you dispel my ennui.

She laughed a strange child's laugh, and said in his ear, in lowest tone:

— Would you see a woman mad? I am one.

Her look penetrated Gwynplaine. A look is a philter.

While the woman spoke, he felt as it were bespatterings of fire. He felt the welling-out of the irreparable. He had not strength to utter a word. She checked herself, and eyed him fixedly:

— O monster! she murmured. She was savage.

Suddenly, she seized his hands.

— You are not ugly; you are deformed. Ugliness is little; deformity is great. Ugliness is the devil's grimace, behind beauty. Deformity is the reverse of sublimity. It is the wrong side. Olympus has two slopes: one, toward light, gives Apollo; the other, toward darkness, gives Polyphemus. You—you are Titan. You would be Behemoth in the forest, Leviathan in the ocean, Typhon in the cloaca. You are supreme. There is the thunder-bolt in your deformity. Your countenance was spoiled by a thunder-clap. What is on your face is the angry wrench of the huge hand of flame. It moulded you, and passed on. The vast mysterious wrath, in a fit of madness, glued in your soul beneath this fearful superhuman visage. Hell is a penal chafing-dish, wherein is heated the red-hot iron that is called Fatality; and by that iron you are stamped. To love you is to grasp what is great. This triumph is mine. It is by astonishment that glory is measured. I love you. How many nights, how many nights, how many nights, have I dreamed of you! This palace is my own. You shall see my gardens. There are water-springs beneath the foliage, and beauteous groups in marble from the hand of the Chevalier Bernini. And the flowers! They are too abundant. In the spring, it is a flush of roses. Have I told you that the queen is my sister? Are you of any religion?

For my part, I am a papist. My father, James II., died in France with a parcel of Jesuits around him. Never have I felt what I experience thus at your side. Oh! I would be with you in the evening, while music was played, both leaning against the same cushion, under the purple awning of a golden galley, in the midst of the sea's infinitude of charms. Insult me! Beat me! I adore you.

Caresses may roar. Do you doubt it? Go in among the lions. There was horror in this woman, and it was combined with grace. Nothing more tragic. The claw was felt; felt also was the velvet. It was the attack of the feline tribe, wherein is sign of receding. There was playfulness, and there was murder, in this vibration to and fro. She idolized, insolently. The result was madness communicated. Fatal language, inexpressibly violent and sweet. What insulted, did not insult. What adored, outraged, deified. An indescribable Promethean grandeur was impressed by her accent upon her furious and amorous words. The festivals of the great goddess, sung by Æschylus, invested with this sombre epic madness the women seeking satyrs beneath the stars. These paroxysms had their part in the mysterious dances under the oaks of Dodona. This woman was as though transfigured, if transfiguration be possible on the side that is the opposite of Heaven. Her hair had the crispings of a lion's mane; the beamings of her blue eye mingled with the flamings of her black eye; she was supernatural. Gwynplaine, giving way, felt himself vanquished by the deep penetrating power of such approach.

It was exquisite and like a lightning-flash for Gwynplaine, to be loved by a woman who could look and who had seen him. Before this woman charged with enigmas, he felt every thing fainting away within him. His recollection of Dea struggled, in this overshadowing, with but feeble cries. There is an antique bas-relief, that represents the Sphinx devouring a Cupid; the wings of the gentle celestial being are bleeding between her ferocious and smiling teeth.

Was it that Gwynplaine loved this woman? Is it that man, like the globe, has two poles? Are we, upon our inflexible axis, the turning sphere—star in the distance, mud in approximation—where day and night alternate? Has the heart two sides; one that loves in light, the other that loves in darkness? Here, woman a ray; there, woman a cloaca? The angel is a necessity. Can it be possible that the devil is also a need? Is there, for the soul, the wing of the bat? Does the twilight-hour ring out fatally for all of us? Is error an integral part of our destiny, not to be refused? Must the evil in our nature be taken, in the gross, with the rest? Is error a debt that must be paid? Deep cause for shuddering!

And yet a voice tells us that weakness is a crime. What Gwynplaine experienced was inexpressible—the flesh, life, affright, intoxication overburdened, and all the amount of shame that there is in pride.

She repeated:—I love you.

Suddenly, close beside them, a little ringing tinkled out, sharp and clear. It was the bell fastened against the wall, that tinkled. The duchess turned her head, and said:

—What does she want with me?

And abruptly, with the noise of a spring-trap, the silver panel, incrusted with a royal crown, slid open.

The interior of a turning-box, lined with purple velvet, appeared, with a letter upon a plate of gold.

The letter was voluminous and square, and so placed as to show the seal, which was a large impression upon ver-

milion wax. The bell continued its sound.

The duchess took the letter from the plate, and pushed back the panel. The box was reclosed, and the bell was silent.

The duchess broke the wax between her teeth, tore open the envelope, took out from it the two folded documents that it contained, and threw the envelope on the ground at Gwynplaine's feet.

The impression on the broken wax remained decipherable; and Gwynplaine could distinguish on it a royal crown, and, below that, the letter A.

Both sides of the torn envelope were exposed, so that at the same time the address might be read: *To her Grace the Duchess Josiane.*

The two folded objects, contained in the envelope, were a parchment and a sheet of vellum. The parchment was large; the vellum was small. On the parchment was impressed a large chancery seal, in the green wax called "lordship-wax." The duchess, all palpitating and her eyes bathed in ecstasy, pouted an imperceptible sign of annoyance.

— Ah! said she, what is it that she sends me here? A lot of rubbish? What a kill-joy that woman is!

And, laying aside the parchment, she opened the vellum.

— It is her writing. It is my sister's writing. It wearies me. Gwynplaine, I asked you if you knew how to read. Do you know how to read?

Gwynplaine made with his head the sign of yes, and, taking the vellum, unfolded it; then, with a voice in which there were all sorts of tremblings, he read:

"Madam,

"We send you, of our grace, a copy adjoined hereto of an official report, certified and signed by our servant William Cowper, Lord-Chancellor of our kingdom of England, and from which results the important detail that the legitimate son of Lord Linnæus Clancharlie has been identified and found again, under the name of Gwynplaine, in the debasement of a wandering and vagabond existence and among mountebanks and jugglers. This suppression of his condition goes back to his earliest age. In compliance with the laws of the realm, and in virtue of his hereditary right, Lord Fermain Clancharlie, son of Lord Linnæus, will be, this very day, admitted and reinstated in the Chamber of Peers. This is why, desirous to treat you kindly and to preserve to you the transmission of the possessions and domains of the Lords Clancharlie-Hunkerville, we substitute him in your good graces for Lord David Dirry-Moir. We have caused Lord Fermain to be brought to your residence of Corleone Lodge; we order and will, as queen and sister, that our said Lord Fermain Clancharlie, called Gwynplaine, up to this day, shall be your husband, and you will espouse him, and this is our royal pleasure."

While Gwynplaine was reading, with intonations that faltered at almost every word, the duchess listened with set look. As Gwynplaine finished it, she snatched the letter from him.

— Anne, Queen, said she, reading the signature, in dreamy tone.

Then she picked up from the ground the parchment, that she had thrown there, and ran her eye over it. It was the declaration made by the lost men on board the *Matutina*, copied upon an official report, signed by the sheriff of Southwark and by the lord-chancellor.

Having read the report, she read again the queen's communication. Then she said:

— So be it!

And, quite calmly, pointing out with her finger, to Gwynplaine, the

door-curtain of the corridor, by which he had entered:

—Go out! said she.

Gwynplaine, petrified, remained motionless.

She went on, icy:

—Since you are my husband, go out!

Gwynplaine, speechless and with eyes cast down like a criminal's, did not move.

She added:

—You have no right to be here.

Gwynplaine was as though transfixed.

—Well, then, she said; it must be I. I retire. Ah! you are my husband! Nothing better; I hate you!

And rising, and waving a lofty gesture of adieu to some one—it is hard to say whom—in empty space, she passed out.

V.

WE RECOGNIZE THOSE WHOM WE DO NOT KNOW.

GWYNPLAINE remained alone.

The crumbling of his ideas into dust was complete. What he thought had no semblance to thought. It was a diffusion, a dispersion—the agony of being in the incomprehensible. There was in him something like the effort of escaping, in a dream.

Entrance into unknown worlds is not an easy matter.

From the duchess's letter brought by the valet-boy, a series of hours full of surprises had begun for Gwynplaine, growing less and less unintelligible. Up to that moment, he had been in a dream, but he saw clearly in it. Now he was groping there in the dark.

He did not think. He did not even dream any more. He underwent.

Suddenly, amid this gloom, there was a noise of steps. It was a man's step. The step came from the side opposite the corridor, into which the duchess had passed out. It drew near, and might be heard, dull but plainly marked. Notwithstanding his absorption, Gwynplaine listened.

All at once, beyond the silver-gauze curtain that the duchess had left uplifted, behind the bed, the door which it was easy to figure under the painted glass opened wide, and a masculine and joyous voice, singing at full pitch, threw forward into the mirrored chamber this chorus of an old French song:

> Trois petits gorets sur leur fumier
> Juraient comme des porteurs de chaise.
>
> Three little pigiwigs on their dunghill
> Were swearing like sedan-chair bearers.

A man came in.

The man had a sword at his side, and in his hand a feathered hat with loop and cockade. He was dressed in a splendid naval uniform, covered with gold lace.

Gwynplaine rose to his feet, as though a spring had set him up.

He recognized the man; and the man recognized him.

From their two mouths, stupefied, came forth simultaneously the double cry:

—Gwynplaine!

—Tom-Jim-Jack!

The man with the feathered hat advanced upon Gwynplaine, who crossed his arms.

—How come you to be here, Gwynplaine?

—And you, Tom-Jim-Jack, how come you here?

—Ah! I understand. Josiane! A caprice. A mountebank, who is a monster, is too fine a thing to be resisted. You disguised yourself to come here, Gwynplaine.

—And you, too, Tom-Jim-Jack.

—Gwynplaine, what's the meaning of this lord's coat?

—Tom-Jim-Jack, what's the meaning of this officer's coat?

— Gwynplaine, I don't answer questions.

— Nor I, Tom-Jim-Jack.

— Gwynplaine, I am not named Tom-Jim-Jack.

— Tom-Jim-Jack, I am not named Gwynplaine.

—Gwynplaine, I am at home here.

— I am at home here, Tom-Jim-Jack.

— I forbid you to echo me. You have an ironical touch; but I have my walking-stick. A truce to your parodies, wretched scoundrel!

Gwynplaine turned pale.

— Scoundrel yourself! And you shall satisfy me for this insult.

— In your booth, as much as you please. With fists.

— Here, and with swords.

— Friend Gwynplaine, the sword is the affair of gentlemen. I fight only with men of my own quality. We are equal before the fist—unequal before the sword. At the Tadcaster Inn, Tom-Jim-Jack can box with Gwynplaine. At Windsor, it is different. Learn this: I am a rear-admiral.

— And I, I am a peer of England.

The man, in whom Gwynplaine saw Tom-Jim-Jack, burst out into a laugh.

— Why not king? In fact, you are right. A stage-player is every one of his parts. Tell me that you are Theseus, Duke of Athens.

— I am a peer of England, and we will fight.

— Gwynplaine, this is stretching it out. Don't trifle with a person who can have you whipped. My name is Lord David Dirry-Moir.

— And mine is Lord Clancharlie.

Lord David broke out into a second laugh.

— Well imagined. Gwynplaine is Lord Clancharlie. That is in fact the name a man must have, to get possession of Josiane. Hark. I forgive you. And do you know why? It is because we are the two lovers.

The tapestry over the corridor-door was withdrawn, and a voice said:

— You are the two husbands, my lords!

Both turned round.

— Barkilphedro! exclaimed Lord David.

It was, in truth, Barkilphedro.

He bowed low to the two lords, with a smile.

Behind him, at some paces, a gentleman with respectful and severe countenance was visible. He had a black wand in his hand.

This gentleman advanced, made three reverences to Gwynplaine, and said to him:

— My lord, I am the usher of the black rod. I came to look for your lordship, conformably to her Majesty's orders.

BOOK VIII.

THE CAPITOL AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD.

I.

DISSECTION OF THINGS MAJESTICAL.

That fearful exaltation which had, already for some hours, diversified its dazzling effects for Gwynplaine, and which had carried him to Windsor, carried him back to London.

Waking visions followed each other before him, in unbroken series.

There was no shaking them off. As one left him, another laid hold of him.

He had not time to breathe.

Whoever has seen a juggler has seen the sport of fortune. His balls in the air, falling, tossed up, and falling again, are men in the hands of destiny.

Things thrown up, and playthings.

On the evening of that same day, Gwynplaine was in a remarkable place.

He was seated on a bench ornamented

with the fleur-de-lys. He had on, over his silk clothes, a robe of scarlet velvet turned down with white taffeta, with an ermine hood, and on his shoulders two bands of ermine edged with gold.

He had around him men of all ages, young and old, seated like himself on the fleur-de-lys, and like himself dressed in ermine and purple.

Before him, he saw other men on their knees. These men wore gowns of black silk. Some of these kneeling men were writing.

Opposite him, at some distance, he saw steps, a platform, a canopy, a broad sparkling escutcheon between a lion and a unicorn, and under this canopy, on this platform, at the top of the steps, set with its back against the escutcheon, a gilt chair surmounted with a crown. This was a throne.

The throne of Great Britain.

Gwynplaine was a peer himself, in the Chamber of the Peers of England.

After what manner had this introduction of Gwynplaine into the House of Lords taken place? Let us recount.

The entire day, from morning till evening, from Windsor to London, from Corleone Lodge to Westminster Hall, had been like rising step by step on a ladder. At each step, a new surprise.

He had been conveyed from Windsor in one of the queen's carriages, with the escort due to a peer. The guard given in honor resembles very much the guard for safe-keeping.

That day, the people living on the road from Windsor to London, saw, galloping along, a cavalcade of gentlemen-pensioners of her Majesty accompanying two travelling-carriages driven at great speed with the royal post-horses. In the first was seated the usher of the black rod, his wand in his hand. In the second might be seen a large hat with white plumes, overshadowing a countenance that was not visible. Who was this that passed along? Was it a prince? Was it a prisoner?

It was Gwynplaine.

He looked like somebody they were taking to the Tower of London, unless it was somebody they were taking to the House of Lords.

The queen had managed matters in the best style. As it concerned the future husband of her sister, she had given an escort of her own household.

The deputy of the usher of the black rod was on horseback at the head of the train.

The usher of the black rod had in his carriage, on a low stool, a cushion of silver cloth. On this cushion was laid a black portfolio stamped with a royal crown.

At Brentford, the last stage before reaching London, the two travelling-carriages and their escort came to a halt.

A carriage with panels in tortoise-shell, drawn by four horses, was in waiting, with four footmen behind and two postilions in front, and a coachman in a wig. Wheels, footboard, main-braces, pole, the whole caparison of the carriage was gilt. The horses were harnessed in silver.

This gala-coach was of a stately and striking pattern, and would have cut a magnificent figure among the fifty-one celebrated carriages of which Roubo has left us pictures.

The usher of the black rod alighted; as did also his deputy.

The deputy of the usher withdrew from the low stool in the travelling-carriage the cushion of silver cloth, upon which lay the portfolio stamped with the crown, held it upon his two hands, and stood up behind the usher.

The usher of the black rod opened the door of the coach, which was empty, then the door of the travelling-carriage in which Gwynplaine was, and, casting his eyes downward, obsequiously in-

vited Gwynplaine to take his seat in the coach.

Gwynplaine descended from the travelling-carriage, and got into the state-coach.

The usher bearing the rod, and the deputy bearing the cushion, entered after him, and occupied the lower seat provided for pages in the old state-coaches.

The interior was lined with white satin trimmed with Binche muslin, with fringes and tassels of silver. The top displayed a coat-of-arms.

The postilions of the two travelling-carriages, which had just been quitted, were dressed in the royal livery. The coachman, the postilions, and the lackeys of the carriage which they entered, wore a different livery, of great splendor.

Gwynplaine, athwart the haze of sleep-walking in which he was apparently overwhelmed, observed this gorgeous train of attendants, and asked the usher of the black rod:

— What is this livery?

The usher of the black rod replied:

— Yours, my lord.

At that day, the House of Lords must needs sit in the evening. *Curia erat serena*, say the old forms. In England, parliamentary life is willingly enough made a night life. We know that it once happened to Sheridan to begin a speech at midnight, and finish it at sunrise.

The two travelling-carriages went back empty to Windsor; the coach, in which Gwynplaine was, went in the direction of London.

The tortoise-shell carriage with four horses proceeded at a walk from Brentford to London. The dignity of the coachman's wig required it.

The ceremonial made its impression on Gwynplaine, under the form of this pompous coachman.

These delays were, besides, to all appearance intentional. The probable reason for them will be seen a little further on.

It was not yet night, but it wanted little of it, when the tortoise-shell carriage stopped before the King's Gate, a heavy low-arched portal, between two turrets, which led from Whitehall to Westminster.

The cavalcade of gentlemen-pensioners grouped themselves around the carriage.

One of the footmen from behind jumped down upon the pavement, and opened the door.

The usher of the black rod, followed by his deputy bearing the cushion, got out of the carriage and said to Gwynplaine:

— My lord, be pleased to alight. Your lordship will keep your hat on your head.

Gwynplaine was dressed, under his travelling-cloak, in a suit of silk which he had not taken off since the previous evening. He did not wear a sword.

He left his cloak in the carriage.

Under the vaulted carriage-way of the King's Gate there was a small side-door, at an elevation of a few steps.

In matters of ceremony, it is a mark of respect to walk first.

The usher of the black rod, having behind him his deputy, marched in front.

Gwynplaine followed.

They mounted the stair, and entered through the side-door.

Some moments after, they were in a large round chamber, with a pillar in the centre, at the bottom of a turret, a ground-floor room, lighted by narrow ogive windows like the lancets of an apse, which must have been dark even at high-noon. Lack of light often contributes to solemnity. Gloom is majestic.

In this apartment, thirteen men were

standing. Three in front, six in the second row, and four behind.

One of the first three wore a coat of pink velvet; and the other two likewise pink coats, but of satin. All three had the arms of England embroidered on the shoulder.

The six of the second row were dressed in dalmatic vestments of black watered silk, each one with a different blazon on his breast.

The last four, all in black watered silk, were distinguished one from the other, the first by a blue cape, the second by a scarlet St. George on his breast, the third by crimson crosses on his breast and on his back, the fourth by a collar of black fur called sable's skin. All were in wigs, were bareheaded, and wore swords.

Their faces were scarcely distinguishable in the dim light. They could not see Gwynplaine's face.

The usher of the black rod raised his wand, and said:

— My Lord Fermain Clancharlie, Baron Clancharlie and Hunkerville, I, usher of the black rod, first officer of the presence-chamber, commit your lordship to Garter King-at-arms of England.

The personage in the velvet coat, leaving the others behind him, bowed down low before Gwynplaine, and said:

— My Lord Fermain Clancharlie, I am Garter, first King-at-arms of England. I am the officer appointed and crowned by his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, hereditary earl-marshal. I have sworn obedience to the king, to the peers, and to the knights of the garter. On the day of my coronation, when the Earl-Marshal of England poured a goblet of wine on my head, I solemnly promised to be serviceable to the nobility, to shun the company of people of bad repute, to excuse rather than censure people of quality, and to befriend widows and virgins. I am charged with the regulation of the ceremonies at the obsequies of peers, and I have the care and custody of their armorial bearings. I place myself at your lordship's orders.

The first of the two others in satin coats made an obeisance, and said:

— My lord, I am Clarencieux, second King-at-arms of England. I am the officer who regulates the obsequies of nobles below the rank of peers. I place myself at your lordship's orders.

The other man in the satin coat bowed, and said:

— My lord, I am Norroy, third King-at-arms of England. I place myself at your lordship's orders.

The six of the second row, statue-like, and without bowing, advanced a step.

The first, on Gwynplaine's right, said:

— My lord, we are the six Dukes-at-arms of England. I am York.

Then each one of the heralds or dukes-at-arms took the word in turn, and announced himself:

— I am Lancaster.

— I am Richmond.

— I am Chester.

— I am Somerset.

— I am Windsor.

The blazons which they had on the breast were those of the counties and towns, of which they bore the names.

The four, who were dressed in black, behind the heralds, kept silence.

Garter King-at-arms pointed them out to Gwynplaine, and said:

— My lord, these are the four pursuivants-at-arms.—Blue Mantle.

The man in the blue cape bowed his head.

— Red Dragon.

The man of the St. George bowed.

— Red Cross.

The man with the crimson crosses bowed.

— Portcullis.

The man with the sable furs bowed.

At a signal from King-at-arms, the first of the pursuivants, Blue Mantle, came forward and took, from the hands of the deputy of the usher, the cushion of silver cloth and the portfolio stamped with a crown.

And King-at-arms said to the usher of the black rod:

— So be it. I commit to your honor the reception of his lordship.

These details of etiquette, and others which followed, were the ancient ceremonial prior to Henry VIII., which Anne endeavored, for a time, to revive. Nothing of the kind is in vogue to day. For all that, the House of Lords thinks itself immutable; and, if the immemorial exists anywhere, it is there.

It changes nevertheless; *E pur si muove.*

What has become, for instance, of the May-pole, that mast of May, which the city of London set up on the passage of the peers going to Parliament? The last one that made a figure was planted in 1713. The May-pole has since disappeared. Disuse.

Appearance is immobility; reality is change. Thus, take this title, Albemarle. It seems eternal. Under this title have passed six families, Odo, Mandeville, Bethune, Plantagenet, Beauchamp, Monck. Under the title of Leicester, there have succeeded each other five different names, Beaumont, Brewose, Dudley, Sydney, Coke. Under Lincoln, six; under Pembroke, seven, etc. Families change, under titles that do not vary. The superficial historian believes in immutability; at root, nothing endures. Man can be only the wave. The billow is humanity.

That is a pride with aristocracies, which with women is a humiliation— the growing old; but women and aristocracies nourish the same delusion, that they may preserve themselves.

It is probable that the House of Lords will not recognize itself in what you have just read and in what you are going to read, any more than a pretty woman of other days, who desires not to have wrinkles. The mirror is an old offender, and has made up its mind about it.

To draw a likeness is the whole duty of the historian.

King-at-arms addressed himself to Gwynplaine.

— Will you follow me, my lord?

He added:

— They will salute you. Your lordship will only raise the brim of your hat.

And they moved in procession toward the door at the lower end of the circular apartment.

The usher of the black rod led the way.

Then Blue Mantle, bearing the cushion; then king-at-arms; behind king-at-arms was Gwynplaine, his hat on his head.

The others, kings-at-arms, heralds, pursuivants, remained in the circular apartment.

Gwynplaine, preceded by the usher of the black rod, and under conduct of king-at-arms, pursued from hall to hall an itinerary that it would be impossible to retrace to-day, the old abode of the Parliament of England having been destroyed.

Among others he crossed the Gothic state apartment, where had occurred that fatal meeting between James II. and Monmouth, and which had witnessed the unavailing prostration of the cowardly nephew before the ferocious uncle. Around the chamber were hung upon the wall in chronological order, with their names and coats-of-arms, nine full-length portraits of ancient peers: Lord Nausladron, 1305; Lord Baliol, 1306; Lord Benestede,

1314; Lord Cantilupe, 1356; Lord Montbegen, 1357; Lord Tibotot, 1372; Lord Zouch of Codner, 1615; Lord Belle-Aqua, without date; Lord Hawen and Surrey, Count of Blois, without date.

Night having come on, there were lamps at intervals in the galleries. Copper chandeliers containing wax-candles were lighted in the halls, dimly illuminated like the side aisles of a church.

None but officials were encountered there.

In a chamber, crossed by the procession, stood, with head respectfully inclined, the four clerks of the signet, and the clerk of state papers.

In another was the honorable Philip Sydenham, knight banneret, Lord of Brympton in Somerset. The knight banneret is a knight created in battle, under the royal standard displayed.

In another, was the oldest baronet of England, Sir Edmund Bacon of Suffolk, heir of Sir Nicholas, and constituted *primus baronetorum Angliæ*. Sir Edmund had behind him his armorer bearing his arquebuse, and his equerry bearing the arms of Ulster, the baronets being the born defenders of the county of Ulster in Ireland.

In another was the chancellor of the exchequer, attended by his four accountants, and two deputies of the lord-chamberlain charged with assessing the land-tax. In addition there was the master of the mint, having in his open hand a pound sterling, struck, as was the custom for the pounds, in a mill. These eight personages made obeisance to the new lord.

On entering a corridor, lined with matting, which was the means of communication from the Lower House to the Upper House, Gwynplaine was saluted by Sir Thomas Mansell de Margam, controller of the queen's household and member of Parliament for Glamorgan; and, on leaving it, by a deputation of "one out of two" of the barons of the Cinque Ports, drawn up on the right and on the left, four and four, the Cinque Ports being not five but eight. William Ashburnham saluted him for Hastings, Matthew Aylmer for Dover, Josias Burchett for Sandwich, Sir Philip Boteler for Hythe, John Brewer for New Rumney, Edward Southwell for the town of Rye, James Hayes for the town of Winchelsea, and George Nailor for the town of Seaford.

King-at-arms, when Gwynplaine came to return the salutation, reminded him of the proper ceremonial in a low tone:

— Only the brim of the hat, my lord.

Gwynplaine did as had been pointed out to him.

He arrived at the Painted Chamber where there are no paintings, except some figures of saints, among others St. Edward, under the arches of the long ogive windows, cut in two by the floor, whereof Westminster Hall had the lower portion and the Painted Chamber the upper.

On the hither side of the wooden barrier, which ran from one end to the other of the Painted Chamber, were standing the three secretaries of state, men of importance. The first of these officers had under his charge the south of England, Ireland, and the colonies, besides France, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Turkey. The second governed the north of England, with the superintendence of the Low Countries, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Poland, and Muscovy. The third, a Scotchman, had Scotland. The first two were Englishmen. One of them was the Honorable Robert Harley, member of Parliament for the town of New Radnor. A Scotch deputy, Mungo Graham, Esquire, a relative of the Duke

of Montrose, was present. All bowed to Gwynplaine in silence.

Gwynplaine touched the brim of his hat.

The custodian of the barrier raised on its hinge the wooden arm which gave admission to the lower end of the Painted Chamber, where there was the long table covered with green cloth reserved for the lords only.

There was on this table a branched candlestick lighted.

Gwynplaine, preceded by the usher of the black rod, Blue Mantle, and Garter, entered this privileged compartment.

The custodian of the barrier closed the entrance behind Gwynplaine.

King-at-arms, as soon as they had crossed the barrier, stopped.

The Painted Chamber was spacious.

At the lower end might be seen, standing beneath the royal escutcheon which was between the two windows, two old men dressed in robes of red velvet, with two bands of ermine edged with gold lace over the shoulder, and hats with white plumes upon their wigs. Through the openings in their robes, you caught sight of their silken coats and the hilts of their swords.

Behind them, there stood motionless a man dressed in black watered silk, bearing aloft a great gold mace surmounted by a crowned lion.

This was the mace-bearer of the peers of England.

The lion was their insignia. *Et les lions ce sont les Barons et li Per* says the manuscript chronicle of Bertrand Du Guesclin.

King-at-arms pointed out these two personages in velvet robes to Gwynplaine, and whispered to him:

— My lord, these are your equals. You will return their salutation exactly as it is made to you. These two lordships here present are two barons, and your sponsors designated by the lord-chancellor. They are very old and nearly blind. They are to introduce you in the Chamber of Peers. The first is Charles Mildmay, Lord Fitzwalter, sixth lord of the bench of barons; the second is Augustus Arundel, Lord Arundel of Trerice, thirty-eighth lord of the bench of barons.

King-at-arms, advancing a step toward the two old men, raised his voice:

— Fermain Clancharlie, Baron Clancharlie, Baron Hunkerville, Marquis de Corleone in Sicily, salutes your lordships.

The two lords raised their hats above their heads at arm's length, and then recovered.

Gwynplaine saluted them in the same manner.

The usher of the black rod advanced, then Blue Mantle, then Garter.

The mace-bearer placed himself in front of Gwynplaine, and the two lords on either side, Lord Fitzwalter on his right and Lord Arundel of Trerice on his left. Lord Arundel was much broken, and the more aged of the two. He died the following year, leaving to his grandson John, a minor, his title, which, it may be added, became extinct in 1768.

The procession emerged from the Painted Chamber and entered a pilastered gallery, where were stationed as sentinels, alternately from pilaster to pilaster, the English pikemen and the Scotch halberdiers.

The Scotch halberdiers were that magnificent corps, with bare legs, worthy of confronting, later, at Fontenoy, the French cavalry and the cuirassiers of the king, to whom their colonel said, "Gentlemen my masters, take care of your hats, we are about to have the honor of charging."

The captain of the pikemen and the captain of the halberdiers made a salute

to Gwynplaine, and the two lords sponsors, with the sword. The soldiers saluted—the one company with the pike and the other with the halberd.

At the foot of the gallery blazed a grand portal, so magnificent that the two folding-doors seemed plates of gold. Two men stood like statues, one on either side of the portal. They might be recognized by their livery as the door-keepers.

At a short distance before it reached this doorway, the gallery spread itself out, and there was a circular recess with glazed windows.

In this recess was seated in an arm-chair, immeasurably high-backed, a personage rendered august by the amplitude of his robe and of his wig. This was William Cowper, Lord-chancellor of England.

It is an advantage to be more infirm than the king. William Cowper was short-sighted, Anne was also; but in less degree. This purblindness of William Cowper was pleasing to the short-sightedness of her Majesty, and caused him to be chosen by the queen as chancellor and keeper of the royal conscience.

William Cowper had a thin upper-lip and a thick under-lip, a sign of quasi-amiability.

The recess was lighted by a lamp from the ceiling.

The lord-chancellor, sitting solemn in his high-backed arm-chair, had on his right a table at which was seated the clerk of the crown, and on his left a table at which was seated the clerk of Parliament.

Each of these two clerks had before him an open record and an inkstand.

Behind the arm-chair of the lord-chancellor stood the mace-bearer, holding up the crowned mace. Also the train-bearer and the purse-bearer, in big wigs. All these offices still exist.

Upon a side-table near the arm-chair there was a sword with a hilt of gold, a scabbard, and a belt of flame-colored velvet.

Behind the clerk of the crown, stood an officer holding out extended, in both hands, a robe, which was the coronation-robe.

Behind the clerk of Parliament, another officer displayed another robe, which was the state Parliament-robe.

These robes, both of crimson velvet turned down with white taffeta, with two bands of ermine braided with gold on the shoulder, were alike, except that the coronation-robe had a broader ermine hood.

A third officer, who was the librarian, carried, on a cushion of Flemish leather, the red-book, a small volume bound in red morocco, containing a list of the peers and the commons, besides some blank pages and a pencil, which it was the custom to present to each new member entering Parliament.

The march in procession, which closed with Gwynplaine between the two peers his sponsors, stopped before the arm-chair of the lord-chancellor.

The two lords sponsors took off their hats. Gwynplaine did the same.

King-at-arms received from the hands of Blue Mantle the cushion of silver cloth, fell on his knees, and presented the black portfolio on the cushion to the lord-chancellor.

The lord-chancellor took the portfolio and gave it to the clerk of Parliament. The clerk received it ceremoniously, and then sat down again.

The clerk of Parliament opened the portfolio and rose.

The portfolio contained the two customary messages; the royal patent addressed to the House of Lords, and the writ of summons addressed to the new peer.

The clerk, standing, read aloud the two messages with decorous deliberation.

The writ of summons, addressed to Lord Fermain Clancharlie, concluded with the usual formula: "We strictly enjoin you, under the faith and allegiance you owe us, to take your place in person among the prelates and peers sitting in our Parliament at Westminster, to the end that you give us your advice, in all honor and conscience, upon the affairs of the kingdom and the church."

The reading of these messages over, the lord-chancellor raised his voice:

— Act certified to the crown. Lord Fermain Clancharlie, your lordship renounces transubstantiation, the worship of saints, and the mass?

Gwynplaine bowed his head.

— Act certified, said the lord-chancellor, and the clerk of Parliament replied:

— His lordship has taken the test-oath.

The lord-chancellor added:

— My Lord Fermain Clancharlie, you can take your seat among us.

— So be it, said the two sponsors.

King-at-arms rose, took the sword from the side-table, and buckled the belt around Gwynplaine's waist.

"This done," say the old Norman charters, "the peer takes his sword, ascends the high seats, and is present at the session."

Gwynplaine heard some one behind him, who said to him:

— I invest your lordship with the Parliament-robe.

And at the same time the officer who spoke to him, and who carried this robe, put it over him, and tied around his neck the black ribbon of the ermine hood.

Gwynplaine, at this moment—the purple robe on his back and the gold-mounted sword at his side—looked just like the two lords, whom he had on his right and on his left.

The librarian presented him the red-book, and put it for him in his vest-pocket.

King-at-arms whispered to him:

— My lord, on entering, you will salute the royal chair.

The royal chair is the throne.

Meanwhile the two clerks were writing, each at his table, the one in the registry of the crown, the other in the registry of Parliament.

Both, the one after the other, the clerk of the crown first, carried their books to the lord-chancellor, who signed them.

After having signed the two registries, the lord-chancellor rose:

— Lord Fermain Clancharlie, Baron Clancharlie, Baron Hunkerville, Marquis of Corleone in Italy, welcome among your peers, the lords spiritual and temporal of Great Britain!

The two sponsors of Gwynplaine touched him on the shoulder. He turned round.

And the great gilded portal at the end of the gallery opened its folding-doors.

It was the portal of the Chamber of Peers of England.

But thirty-six hours had elapsed since Gwynplaine, surrounded by a different escort, had seen opening before him the iron gate of Southwark jail!

Terrifying rapidity of all the clouds above his head; clouds that were events, rapidity that was a carrying by storm.

II.

IMPARTIALITY.

The creation of a power equal to that of a king, and called the peerage, was a useful fiction in a barbarous age. This rudimentary political expedient produced different results in France and in England. In France, the peer was a sham king; in England, he was

a real prince. Not so grand as in France, but more substantial. It might be said: less, but worse.

The peerage originated in France. The epoch of its birth is uncertain; under Charlemagne according to legend, under Robert the Wise according to history. History is no more sure of its assertions than legend is. Favin writes: "The King of France wished to attract to him the grandees of his dominions by this magnificent title of peers, as if they were his equals."

The peerage soon branched off, and passed from France into England.

The English peerage was a great fact, almost a great thing. It had the Saxon *wittenagemot* for a precedent. The Danish *thane* and the Norman *vavasseur* united in the baron. Baron is the same word as *vir*, translated into Spanish by *varon*, and signifying pre-eminently Man. As early as 1075, the barons made the king sensible of their existence. Such a king too! It was William the Conqueror. In 1086, they laid the foundation of the feudal system; this foundation was the Doomsday Book. Under John Lackland, a conflict arose; the French nobility assumed a superiority over Great Britain, and the French peerage summoned the King of England before its bar. The English barons were indignant. At the consecration of Philip Augustus, the King of England, as Duke of Normandy, carried the first square banner, and the Duke of Guyenne the second. Against this king, vassal of the foreigner, "the lords' war" breaks out. The barons impose on poor King John the Great Charter, whence springs the House of Lords. The Pope takes the king's side, and excommunicates the lords. This is in 1215, and the Pope is Innocent III., who wrote the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, and sent to John Lackland the four cardinal virtues under the form of four golden rings. The lords hold out. The combat is long, destined to last several generations. Pembroke struggles. 1248 is the year of the "Provisions of Oxford." Twenty-four barons put limits on the king, discuss him, and call in a knight from each county to take part in the enlarged quarrel. This was the dawn of the Commons. Later, the lords joined to themselves two citizens from each town and two burgesses from each borough. This was why, till Elizabeth's time, the peers were judges of the validity of elections to the Commons. From their jurisdiction sprang the adage: "The deputies should be chosen without the three P's, *sine Prece*, *sine Pretio*, *sine Poculo*." Which did not prevent rotten boroughs. In 1293 the French court of peers still considered the English king subject to its jurisdiction; and Philip the Fair cited Edward I. to appear before him. Edward I. was the king who ordered his son to boil his body after death, and carry his bones to the war. Under the pressure of royal caprices, the lords felt the need of strengthening the Parliament; they divided it into two Chambers. The Upper and the Lower. The lords arrogantly maintained their supremacy. "Should it happen that any one of the Commons is so hardy as to speak disparagingly of the Lords, he is called to the bar to be reprimanded and sometimes he is sent to the Tower."* The same distinction in voting. In the House of Lords the vote is taken separately, commencing with the last baron, who is called *le puîné*. Each peer when called replies *content*, or *not content*. The Commons vote all together, in a mass, by yes or no. The Commons accuse; the Peers judge. The Peers, through contempt for figures, leave to the Commons (destined to make good use of it) the guardianship of the ex-

* Chamberlayne, "Present State of England," vol. ii., part ii., chap. iv., 1688.

chequer, so called, according to some, from the table-cloth which represented a checker-board, according to others from the drawers of the old cupboard in which the treasure of the kings of England was kept behind an iron grating. From the end of the thirteenth century dates the annual register, the "Year Book." In the War of the two Roses, the weight of the Lords is felt, sometimes on the side of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, sometimes on that of Edmund, Duke of York. English feudalism gave a fulcrum, openly or secretly, to Wat Tyler, the Lollards, Warwick the king-maker, all that mother-anarchy from which emancipation was to spring. The Lords are wisely jealous of the throne; to be jealous is to watch; they circumscribe the royal initiative, limit the cases of high-treason, raise up false Richards against Henry IV., make themselves umpires, determine the question of the three crowns between the Duke of York and Margaret of Anjou, raise armies at need and have their own battles, Shrewsbury, Tewkesbury, Saint Albans, now lost, now won. Already, in the thirteenth century, they had gained the victory of Lewes, and had driven out of the kingdom the king's four brothers, bastard sons of Isabella and Earl March, all four usurers who plundered Christians by means of Jews; princes on one side, swindlers on the other, a species which has since reappeared, but was in small repute at that time. Till the fifteenth century, traces of the Norman duke are visible in the King of England, and the acts of Parliament are written in French. From Henry VII.'s time they are written in English, by the will of the Lords. England—Breton under Uther Pendragon, Roman under Cæsar, Saxon under the heptarchy, Danish under Harold, Norman after William—becomes, thanks to the Lords, English. Then she becomes Anglican. It is a great source of strength to have your religion at home. A foreign pope draws out the national life. A Mecca is a gigantic sucking-fish. In 1534, London dismisses Rome; the peerage adopts the Reformation, and the Lords accept Luther. This answer to the excommunication of 1215 suited Henry VIII.; but in other respects the Lords impeded him. The House of Lords, before Henry VIII., was like a bull-dog before a bear. When Wolsey steals Whitehall from the nation, when Henry VIII. steals Whitehall from Wolsey, who growl? Four lords — Darcey of Chichester, Saint-John of Bletso, and (two Norman names) Mountjoye and Mount-eagle. The king usurps. The peerage encroaches. Hereditary power has an element of incorruptibility; hence the insubordination of the Lords. The barons make a disturbance before Elizabeth herself. The executions of Durham are the result. The gown of the tyrant is stained with blood. Elizabeth was a headsman's block under a farthingale. Elizabeth calls a Parliament as seldom as she can, and reduces the House of Lords to sixty-five members, among whom was only one marquis (Westminster), and not a single duke. Meanwhile, the Kings of France felt the same jealousy, and were effecting the same elimination. Under Henri III. there were but eight real dukedoms left, and the king was very much displeased that the Baron of Mantes, the Baron of Coucy, the Baron of Coulommiers, the Baron of Châteauneuf-en-Thimerais, the Baron of La Fère-en-Lardenois, the Baron of Mortagne, and a few more, maintained themselves barons and peers of France. In England, the crown gladly let peerages die out; in Anne's time, to take only one example, the extinctions since the twelfth century had come to make a total of five hundred and sixty-five

peerages abolished. The War of the Roses had commenced that extermination of dukes, which Mary Tudor completed with the axe. It was decapitating the nobility. Cutting off its dukes was cutting off its head. Good policy, doubtless; but bribing is better than killing. James I. understood this. He made a duke of his favorite Villiers, who had made him a pig.* Transformation of the feudal duke into the courtier duke. We shall have a swarm of the new brood. Charles II. will make duchesses of two of his mistresses, Barbara of Southampton and Louisa de Quérouel. Under Anne, twenty-five dukes, three of whom foreigners, Cumberland, Cambridge, and Schonberg. Are these courtly proceedings, invented by James I., successful? No. The House of Lords feels itself managed by intrigue, and is irritated. It is angry with James I.; it is angry with Charles I., who, let us say incidentally, may have helped to kill his father, as Mary de' Medici may have helped to kill her husband. There is a break between Charles I. and the peerage. The Lords, who, under James I., had summoned to their bar speculation in the person of Bacon, under Charles I. tried treason in the person of Strafford. They had condemned Bacon; they condemn Strafford. One had lost his honor, the other lost his life. Strafford's execution was a preliminary decapitation of Charles I. The Lords assisted the Commons. The king holds a Parliament at Oxford; the revolution holds one in London; forty-three peers go with the king, twenty-two with the republic. From this acknowledgment of the people by the lords springs the *bill of rights*, an outline of our *rights of man*, a dim shadow thrown from the depths of the future, by the French Revolution, upon the English.

* Villiers used to call James I. *your pigship.*

Such were the services of the peerage. Involuntary, it is true. And dearly paid, for this peerage is a terrible parasite. Still, considerable. The despotic work of Louis XI., Richelieu, Louis XIV., the construction of a Sultan, general abasement taken for equality, the bastinado administered by the sceptre, the masses levelled in subjugation—all this Oriental structure, raised in France, was prevented in England by the peers. They made of their aristocracy a wall, hemming in the king on one side, sheltering the people on the other. They atone for their arrogance to the people, by their insolence to the king. Simon, Earl of Leicester, said to Henry III., "King, you lie!" The peers impose servitudes on the crown; they touch the king in his sensitive point, hunting. Every nobleman who passes through a royal park has the right to kill a deer in it. The nobleman is at home in the king's palace. It is owing to the nobility, that the king was provided for in the Tower of London at the same rate as a peer, twelve pounds sterling a week. Nay, more. It is owing to the nobles, that the king could be uncrowned. The Lords turned out John Lackland, degraded Edward II., deposed Richard II., shattered Henry VI., and made Cromwell possible. What a possible Louis XIV. in Charles I.! Thanks to Cromwell, it remained latent. Besides, let us say here, Cromwell himself aspired to the peerage, a fact which no historian has noticed; this was why he married Elizabeth Bourchier, descendant and heiress of a certain Cromwell, Lord Bourchier, whose peerage had become extinct in 1471, and of a Bourchier, Lord Robesart, another peerage extinct in 1429. Growing with the formidable growth of events, he found it shorter to rule by suppressing the king, than by reclaiming the peerage. The forms of the peers, sometimes

threatening, included the king. The two sword-bearers of the Tower, standing, axe on shoulder, at the right and left of the accused peer who appeared at the bar, were as much for the king as for any other lord. During five centuries, the old House of Lords had a plan, and followed it steadily. We may note its days of negligence and weakness, as, for instance, that singular occasion when it allowed itself to be seduced by the shipload of cheeses, hams, and Greek wines, which Julius II. sent it. The English aristocracy was restless, haughty, ungovernable, always on the watch, patriotically defiant. At the end of the seventeenth century, by the tenth act of the year 1694, it took from the borough of Stockbridge, in Southampton, the right of representation, and forced the Commons to annul the election in that borough, because it was contaminated by papist fraud. It had imposed the test-oath on James, Duke of York; and, on his refusal, excluded him from the throne. Nevertheless, he reigned; but the Lords finally caught him again and drove him out. During its long existence, this aristocracy has had some instinct of progress. A certain amount of appreciable light has always emanated from it, except near its end, which is now approaching. Under James II., it maintained in the Lower House the proportion of three hundred and forty-six burgesses to ninety-two knights; the sixteen barons of courtesy of the Cinque Ports were more than counterbalanced by the fifty citizens of the twenty-five towns. Although a great source of corruption and very selfish, the aristocracy were singularly impartial in certain cases. It has been hardly judged. History has kept its best treatment for the Commons. The justice of the proceeding may be questioned. We consider that the Lords played a grand part. Oligarchy is independence in the stage of barbarism; but it is independence. Look at Poland, nominally a kingdom, really a republic. The peers of England suspected the throne, and kept it in ward. On many occasions the Lords knew how to resist, better than the Commons. They gave check to the king. Thus in the remarkable year 1694, triennial Parliaments, rejected by the Commons, because William III. did not like them, were voted by the Peers. William III., in a rage, took from the Earl of Bath the castle of Pendennis, and deprived Viscount Mordaunt of all his offices. The House of Lords was the republic of Venice, at the heart of English royalty. To reduce the king to a doge—such was its aim, and it added to the nation all that it took from the king.

The crown understood this, and hated the peerage. Both sides strove to diminish each other's power. These mutual diminutions were an increase and a benefit to the people. The two blind powers, monarchy and oligarchy, did not perceive that they were working for a third, democracy. What happiness it was for the court, in the last century, to be able to hang a peer, Lord Ferrers!

To be sure, he was hanged in a silken cord, out of deference.

A peer of France would not have been hanged. Such was the lofty remark of the Duke of Richelieu. No doubt. He would have been beheaded, which is still more deferential. Montmorency Tancarville used to sign himself *Peer of France and of England*, thus throwing back the English peerage to the second place. The peers of France were more lofty and less powerful, holding to rank more than authority, and to precedence rather than sway. Between them and the lords was the shade of difference, which there is between vanity and pride. For the French peers, to take rank of foreign princes, to have the precedence of Span-

ish grandees, to go before patricians of Venice, to make the French marshals, the Constable and the Admiral of France (were he even Count of Toulouse and son of Louis XIV.) sit on the lower benches of the Parliament, to distinguish between male and female duchies, to maintain the interval between a simple earldom like Armagnac or Albret, and a peerage-earldom like Evreux, to have the right of wearing, in certain cases, the blue ribbon or the golden fleece at the age of twenty-five, to counterbalance the Duc de la Trémoille, the oldest peer of the palace, by the Duc d'Uzès, the oldest peer in Parliament, to claim as many pages and horses for their coach as an elector, to be called *Monseigneur* by the first president, to discuss whether the Duc de Maine had peer's rank as Comte d'Eu, after 1458 to cross the great chamber diagonally or along the sides—that was their great business. The great business of the lords was the act of navigation, the test act, the dominion of the seas, the expulsion of the Stuarts, the war with France. Here, etiquette before all; there, empire before all. The peers of England had the booty, the peers of France the shadow.

In short, the English House of Lords was a starting-point. This is an immense step in civilization. It had the honor of beginning the national life. It was the first incarnation of popular unity. English resistance, that vague but omnipotent force, had its birth in the House of Lords. The barons, by a series of assaults on the prince, sketched out his final dethronement. The House of Lords nowadays is a little surprised and sad at what it has done unwillingly and unwittingly. All the more, because it is irrevocable. What are concessions? Restitutions. And the nations know it. "I grant," says the king. "I get back my own," say the people. The House of Lords thought it was creating privileges for peers; it produced rights for citizens. The vulture of aristocracy hatched the eagle's egg of liberty.

The egg is now broken; the eagle flies aloft, the vulture is expiring.

England grows in greatness, while her aristocracy is in its last agony.

But let us be just to the aristocracy. It was a balance and a barrier; a counterpoise to royalty, an obstacle to despotism.

Let us bury it with all the honors.

III.

THE OLD HALL.

Near Westminster Abbey was an old Norman palace, which had been burnt in Henry VIII.'s time. Two wings of it remained. Edward VI. placed the Chamber of Lords in one, and the Chamber of the Commons in the other.

Neither the two wings, nor the two chambers, now exist. It has all been rebuilt.

We have said it and must emphasize it, there is no resemblance between the present and the former House of Lords. In demolishing the old palace, the old usages were somewhat demolished. Every stroke of the pickaxe in a monument makes a corresponding stroke in customs and charters. An old stone cannot fall, without bringing down an old law with it. Place a square-halled senate in a round hall, it will be something different. Changing the shell changes the shape of the shell-fish.

If you want to preserve any thing old, profane or sacred, code or dogma, patriciate or priesthood, don't renew any thing, not even the outside. Patch it, at most. For instance, Jesuitism is a patch let into Catholicism. Treat buildings as you treat institutions.

Shades must dwell in ruins. Decrepit powers are uncomfortable in newly-

decorated dwellings. Ragged institutions require dilapidated palaces.

To show the interior of the House of Lords, of days gone by, is to show something unknown. History is night. There is no background to it. Every thing is consigned to insignificance and darkness, so soon as it ceases to be before the footlights. A scene, once shifted, is effaced and forgotten. The unknown is a synonyme of the past.

The peers of England used to sit, as a court of justice, in the great hall of Westminster, and, as the upper legislative chamber, in a particular hall, called *the House of the Lords.*

Besides the court of English peers which only assembles when summoned by the crown, the two great English tribunals, inferior to the court of peers, but superior to every other jurisdiction, sat in the great hall of Westminster. At the upper end of this hall, they occupied two rooms which communicated. The first tribunal was the Court of King's Bench, at which the king was supposed to preside; the second was the Court of Chancery, over which the lord-chancellor presided. One was a court of justice, the other a court of mercy. It was the chancellor who advised the king to pardon—occasionally. These two courts, which still exist, interpreted the laws, and slightly remodelled them; the judge's art consists in tinkering the code. Equity gets out of this business as it best can. The laws were made and applied in that grave place, the great hall of Westminster. This hall had a vaulted roof of chestnut, to which spiders could not attach their webs; there were enough of them in the laws.

To sit as a court, and to sit as a chamber of legislation, are two things. This duality constitutes supreme power. The Long Parliament, which began November 3, 1640, felt the radical necessity of this double sword. Therefore it declared itself a judicial and a legislative power at the same time, like a House of Peers.

This double power was immemorial in the House of Lords. We have just said that, as judges, the Lords occupied Westminster Hall; as legislators, they had another chamber.

This other chamber, properly called the Lords' Chamber, was oblong and narrow. In the day it was lighted only from above by four deep windows in the false roof, and a curtained and circular window with six panes over the royal dais; at night the only illumination consisted of two demi-candelabra, fastened to the wall. The hall of the Venetian senate was still worse lighted. A certain amount of shade is agreeable to these omnipotent owls.

Over the hall in which the lords met rose a high, swelling, vaulted roof, with gilt arches, and with its surface in different planes. The commons had only a flat ceiling; every thing has a meaning in monarchical erections. At one end of the long room was the door, at the other, opposite it, the throne. A few steps from the door, the bar established a sort of frontier, marking the spot where the people ended and the aristocracy began. On the right of the throne, a mantel-piece, with a coat-of-arms on the top, showed two marble bas-reliefs, one representing the victory of Cuthwolf over the Britons in 572, the other the geometric plan of the borough of Dunstable, which has only four streets corresponding to the four quarters of the world. The throne was raised on three steps. It was called "the royal seat." On the two opposite walls was displayed, in successive scenes, a huge tapestry which Elizabeth had given to the Lords, and which represented the whole story of the Armada, from its departure out of the Spanish waters to its shipwreck in the English. The lofty upperworks of the

ships were woven in gold and silver threads, blackened by time. With their backs to this tapestry, which the candelabrum-fastenings divided at equal distances, were three rows of benches, on the right of the throne for the bishops, three rows on the left of the throne for the dukes, earls, and marquises, all mounted on rows of steps, and separated by other steps. On the three benches of the first division sat the dukes, on the three of the second the marquises, on the three of the third the earls. The viscounts' bench was at right angles, opposite the throne; and behind it, between the viscounts and the bar, were two benches for the barons. On the highest bench, at the right of the throne, were the two Archbishops of Canterbury and of York; on the middle bench three bishops, London, Durham, and Winchester; on the lowest bench, the other bishops. There was this important difference between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the other bishops, that he, for his part, is bishop "by Divine Providence," while the others are only so "by Divine permission." On the right of the throne, was a chair for the Prince of Wales; on the left, folding-stools for the royal dukes; and behind these stools, a row of steps for the young peers who were minors, and had not yet seats in the house. Plenty of fleurs-de-lys everywhere, and the great scutcheon of England on the four walls, over the peers as well as over the king. The sons of peers, and the heirs to peerages, were present at the sessions, standing behind the throne, between the dais and the wall. The throne at the end, and the three rows of benches for the peers on the three sides of the hall, left a large square space empty. In this square, which was covered with the state carpet bearing the arms of England, there were four woolsacks, one before the throne, on which sat the chancellor, between the mace and the seal; one before the bishops, on which sat the judges, councillors of state, who had the right to sit but not to vote; one before the dukes, marquises, and earls, on which sat the secretaries of state; one before the viscounts and barons, on which the clerk of the crown and the clerk of Parliament were seated, and the two under-clerks wrote, kneeling. In the middle of the square was a large covered table, loaded with portfolios, registers, and prison records; there were high candlesticks at its four corners, and massive gilt inkstands. The peers took their seats in chronological order, each according to the date of the creation of his peerage. They took rank according to their title; in the title according to their antiquity. At the bar stood the usher of the black rod, his wand in his hand. Within the door was the usher's deputy, and without it the crier of the black rod, whose duty was to open the judicial sessions by the cry, *Oyez!* in French, uttered three times, with a solemn emphasis on the first syllable. Near the crier stood the sergeant, who was the chancellor's mace-bearer.

In royal ceremonies, the peers temporal wore their coronets on their heads, and the peers spiritual their mitres. The archbishops wore a mitre with the ducal coronet; the bishops, who rank after the viscounts, a mitre with the barons' circlet of pearls.

It is singular and instructive to remark that this square formed by the throne, the bishops, and the barons, and in which magistrates are kneeling, was the ancient Parliament of France under the first two dynasties. Authority presented the same aspect in France and in England. Hincmar, in his *De ordinatione sacri palatii*, decribes, in 853, the House of Lords in session at Westminster in the eighteenth century.

A queer sort of deposition made nine hundred years beforehand.

What is history? An echo of the past in the future. A reflection from the future on the past.

The monarch was only obliged to summon a Parliament every seven years.

The Lords deliberated in secret with closed doors. The sessions of the Commons were open to the public. Popularity seemed a diminution of dignity and power.

The number of lords was unlimited. To make peers was a menace of the crown and a mode of governing.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the House of Lords already presented a very large figure. It has grown still larger, since. To dilute the aristocracy is good policy. Elizabeth perhaps made a mistake, when she condensed the peerage into sixty-five lords. When less numerous, it is more active. In assemblies, the more members, the fewer heads. James II. felt this, when he raised the number of the Upper House to a hundred and eighty-eight; a hundred and eighty-six, if we strike off from these peerages the two duchesses of the royal couch, Portsmouth and Cleveland. Under Anne, the sum-total of the peers, including the bishops, was two hundred and seven; without counting the Duke of Cumberland, who was the queen's husband, there were twenty-five dukes, the first of whom, Norfolk, being a Catholic, did not sit; while the last, Cambridge, electoral prince of Hanover, sat, though a foreigner. Winchester, styled first and sole Marquis of England, as Astorga was styled sole Marquis of Spain, being absent by reason of his Jacobitism, there were five marquises, the first of whom was Lindsay, and the last Lothian; seventy-nine earls, the first of whom was Derby and the last Islay; nine viscounts, the first of whom was Hereford and the last Lonsdale; and sixty-two barons, the first of whom was Abergaveny and the last Hervey. Lord Hervey, being the last baron, was called "le puîné" of the House. Derby, who, being preceded by Oxford, Shrewsbury, and Kent, was only the third earl under James II., had become the first under Anne. Two names of chancellors had disappeared from the list of barons, Verulam, under whom history discovers Bacon, and Wem, under whom history discovers Jeffreys. Bacon, Jeffreys, names mournful in different ways. In 1705, the twenty-six bishops were but twenty-five, the See of Chester being vacant. Some of the bishops were very great lords, for instance, William Talbot, Bishop of Oxford, chief of the Protestant branch of his house. Others were distinguished scholars, such as John Sharp, Archbishop of York, former Dean of Norwich; the poet, Thomas Spratt, Bishop of Rochester, a good old apoplectic soul; and that Bishop of Lincoln destined to die Archbishop of Canterbury, Wake, the adversary of Bossuet. On important occasions, and when a communication from the crown to the Upper House was to be received, all this august multitude, in wigs and robes, with prelatic coifs or plumed bonnets, showed its rows of heads in lines and tiers around the hall of the peerage, along those walls on which might be dimly seen the Armada annihilated by a storm. A storm at the orders of England—such was the implied meaning of the tapestry.

IV.

THE OLD CHAMBER.

The whole ceremony of Gwynplaine's investiture, from the entry under the king's gate to taking the test-oath in

the glazed circular recess, had taken place in a sort of dimmed light.

Lord William Cowper had not allowed himself, Chancellor of England as he was, to receive too precise an account of the disfiguration of the young Lord Fermain Clancharlie in all its details; he thought it beneath his dignity to know that a peer was not handsome, and felt that he would be lowered by the boldness of an inferior giving him such information. Doubtless, a man of the people takes pleasure in saying, "This prince is a hunchback." Therefore, to be deformed is an offence to the dignity of a lord. To the few words which the queen had addressed to him on this subject, the lord-chancellor had contented himself with replying: "A lord has his lordship for face." He had understood the thing in a general way, through the depositions which it had been his duty to verify and certify. Hence some precautions.

The face of the new peer might, on his entrance into the chamber, cause a certain sensation. This possibility it was important to obviate. The lord-chancellor had taken his measures. The fixed idea and rule of conduct for serious personages is to avoid any thing like a scene. Dislike of incidents is an element of gravity. It was necessary to contrive that the admission of Gwynplaine should pass off quietly, like that of any other heir to a peerage.

For this reason, the lord-chancellor had appointed the reception of Lord Fermain Clancharlie to take place at an evening session. The chancellor being porter, *quodammodo ostiarius*, say the Norman charters, *januarum cancellorumque potestas*, says Tertullian, he can officiate outside the chamber on the threshold, and Lord William Cowper had used his right, by going through the formalities of Lord Fermain Clancharlie's investiture in the glazed circular recess. Moreover, he had arranged that the new peer should make his entry into the chamber before the session had commenced.

As to the investiture of a peer on the threshold and outside the chamber, there were precedents for this. The first hereditary baron created by patent, John de Beauchamps of Holdcastle, made Baron of Kidderminster, in 1387, by Richard II., was received in this manner.

In renewing this precedent, however, the lord-chancellor was creating for himself a difficulty, the inconvenience of which he perceived less than two years after, on the occasion of Viscount Newhaven's entry into the House of Lords.

Being, as we have said, short-sighted, Lord William Cowper scarcely noticed Gwynplaine's deformity; the two lords, his sponsors, did not notice it at all. They were two old men, nearly blind.

Better still, the lord-chancellor, having only seen Gwynplaine's height and figure, found him "very good-looking."

At the moment when the door-keepers opened before Gwynplaine the great folding-door, there were only a few lords in the chamber. These were almost all old men. Old men are the punctual ones in meetings, just as they are the attentive ones in ladies' society. On the dukes' bench there were but two dukes, one entirely white with age, the other gray-headed, Thomas Osborne, Duke of Leeds, and Schonberg, who, German by his birth, French by his marshalship, and English by his peerage, expelled by the Edict of Nantes, after having made war on England as a Frenchman, made war on France as an Englishman. On the benches of the lords spiritual, there was only the Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of England on the upper row, and on the

lower row Doctor Simon Patrick, Bishop of Ely; the doctor was conversing with Evelyn Pierrepont, Marquis of Dorchester, who explained to him the difference between a gabion and a courtine, and between palisades and "strawberries." The palisades are a range of posts before the tents to protect the encampment, and the "strawberries" a ring of sharpened stakes under the parapet of a fortress, to prevent the besiegers from scaling and the besieged from deserting; and the marquis was showing the bishop how you "strawberry" a redoubt, putting half the stake into the ground and leaving half out. Thomas Thynne, Viscount Weymouth, was near a candelabrum, examining a plan of his architect's for making in his garden at Long Leate in Wiltshire, a lawn called "checkered sward," with alternate diamonds of turf, yellow sand, red sand, sea-shells, and fine charcoal powder. On the viscounts' bench was a crowd of old peers, Essex, Ossulstone, Peregrine, Osborne, William Zalestem, Earl of Rochford, and among them some young ones of the party which did not wear wigs, surrounding Price Devereux, Viscount Hereford, and discussing the question whether an infusion of Apalachian holly was tea. "Almost," said Osborne. "Quite," said Essex. All which was attentively listened to by Pawlett Saint-John, cousin of the Bolingbroke who afterward was to some extent Voltaire's teacher, for Father Porée began Voltaire, and Bolingbroke finished him. On the marquises' bench, Thomas Grey, Marquis of Kent, lord-chamberlain of the queen, was telling Robert Bertie, Marquis of Lindsay and Lord-Chamberlain of England, that two French refugees, Monsieur Lecoq, ex-counsellor of the Parliament of Paris, and Monsieur Ravenel, a Breton nobleman, had won the great prize of the great English lottery in 1694. The Earl of Wymes was reading a book entitled "The curious Custom of the Sibylline Oracles." John Campbell, Earl of Greenwich, famous for his long chin, his gayety, and his eighty-seven years, was writing to his mistress. Lord Chandos was paring his nails.

As the session about to take place was a royal session, in which the crown would be represented by commissioners, two assistant-doorkeepers placed before the throne a bench of flame-colored velvet. On the second woolsack was seated the master of the rolls, *sacrorum criniorum magister*, who was then lodged in the old house of the converted Jews. On the fourth woolsack, the two under-clerks, on their knees, were turning over the leaves of registers.

But now the lord-chancellor took his place on the first wool-sack; the officers of the House took theirs, some sitting, some standing; the Archbishop of Canterbury rose and uttered a prayer; and the session began. Gwynplaine had already entered, some time before, without any one noticing him; the second bench of the barons, where his place was, being near the bar, he had but a few steps to take. The two sponsor lords had seated themselves on his right and left, which fact nearly concealed the presence of the newcomer. Without any warning, the Parliament clerk had read in a low voice—whispered, so to say—the various documents concerning the new peer, and the lord-chancellor had proclaimed his admission in the midst of what the reports call "general inattention." Every one was talking. There was in the House that hubbub during which assemblies do all sorts of dark things, which sometimes astonish them afterward.

Gwynplaine had seated himself in silence, bareheaded, between the two

old peers, Lord Fitzwalter and Lord Arundel.

On entering, according to the instructions which king-at-arms had given him, and the sponsor lords had renewed, he had saluted the royal seat.

So it was all over. He was a lord.

This height, under the splendor of which he had, all his life, seen his master Ursus bend in terror, this prodigious elevation, he had under his feet. He was in the place, at once the most brilliant and the darkest of England.

Ancient summit of the feudal mountain regarded by Europe and histories for six centuries. Terrible aureole of a world of shades.

His entry into this crown of light had taken place. It was irrevocable.

He was there at home.

In his own house, on his own seat, and like the king on his throne.

He was there, and henceforth nothing could prevent his being there.

That royal crown, which he saw under the dais, was the sister of his crown. He was the peer of that throne.

In the presence of majesty he was lordship. Less, but like.

Yesterday, what was he? An actor. To-day, what is he? A prince.

Yesterday, nothing. To-day, every thing.

Sudden confrontation of wretchedness and power, meeting face to face in one destiny, and forming all at once the two halves of one consciousness.

Two phantoms, adversity and prosperity, taking possession of the same soul and pulling it each a different way. Sad partition of an intelligence, a will, a brain, between these two hostile brothers, the poor spectre and the rich spectre. Abel and Cain in the same man.

V.

LOFTY PRATTLE.

By slow degrees, the benches of the Chamber were filled. The lords began to arrive. The order of the day was a vote on the bill augmenting, by a hundred thousand pounds sterling, the annual dotation of George of Denmark, Duke of Cumberland, the queen's husband. Beyond this, it was announced that divers bills, assented to by her Majesty, were to be brought into the Chamber by the crown commissioners charged and empowered to sanction them, which elevated the sitting into a royal one. All the peers wore their parliamentary robes, over their court or ordinary dress. This robe, similar to the one in which Gwynplaine was clothed, was alike for all, save that the dukes had five bands of ermine with a gold border, the marquises four, the earls and the viscounts three, and the barons two. The lords entered in groups. They had met together in the lobbies, and continued the conversations begun there. Some came singly. The costumes were solemn; the attitudes were not; nor the words. All, on coming in, bowed to the throne.

The peers were in crowds. This filing-in of majestic names took place, almost without ceremonial, the public being absent. Leicester entered and shook Lichfield's hand; then Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough and of Monmouth, the friend of Locke, upon whose initiative he had proposed a general recoinage; then Charles Campbell, Earl of Loudoun, listening to Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke; then Dorme, Earl of Carnarvon; then Robert Sutton, Baron Lexington, son of the Lexington who had counselled Charles II. to drive away Gregorio Leti, a historiographer so ill-advised as to desire to be an historian; then Thomas Bellsey, Vis-

count Falconberg, that handsome old man; and, together, the three cousins Howard—Howard, Earl of Bindon; Bower-Howard, Earl of Berkshire; and Stafford-Howard, Earl of Stafford; then John Lovelace, Baron Lovelace, which peerage being extinct in 1736 permitted Richardson to introduce Lovelace into his book, and under this name to create a type. All these personages, variously celebrated in politics or in arms, and several of whom do honor to England, were laughing and chatting. It was like seeing history in undress.

In less than half an hour the chamber was almost entirely full. This was quite natural, the sitting being a royal one. What was less natural, was the vivacity of conversation. The Chamber, so drowsy a little while previously, was now in a hubbub like a hive disturbed. It was the arrival of certain belated lords, that had aroused it. They brought the news. Strange fact—the peers who were in the Chamber at the opening of the sitting did not know what had occurred there, while those who were not there knew it.

Several lords arrived from Windsor.

For some hours past, Gwynplaine's adventure had been noised about. Secrecy is a net; if one mesh is broken, all is torn. Since the morning, as the result of incidents mentioned above, all this story of a peerage found upon trestles, and of a mountebank identified as a lord, had made a stir at Windsor in the royal purlieus. Princes had talked of it; then the lackeys. From the court, the event had gained the town. Events have their weight, and the law of momentum is applicable to them. They fall upon the public and bury themselves therein with wonderful rapidity. At seven o'clock, this story had not got wind in London. At eight o'clock, Gwynplaine was the talk of the town. Only the few lords, who had come before the opening of the sitting, were uninformed about it, not being in the town where every thing is told, and being in the Chamber where they were aware of nothing. Whereupon, tranquil on their benches, they were apostrophized by the new-comers, all in excitement.

—Well? said Francis Brown, Viscount Mountacute, to the Marquis of Dorchester.

—What?

—Is it possible?

—What?

—The Man Who Laughs!

—What is the Man Who Laughs?

—You don't know the Man Who Laughs?

—No.

—It is a clown. A youngster of the fair. An impossible face, that you go to see for a penny. A mountebank.

—What then?

—You have just received him as peer of England.

—The man who laughs is yourself, my Lord Mountacute.

—I am not laughing, my Lord Dorchester.

And Viscount Mountacute made a sign to the clerk of Parliament, who rose up from his wool-sack, and confirmed to their lordships the fact of the new peer's admission. Details were added.

—Stay, stay, stay! said Lord Dorchester. I was talking with the Bishop of Ely!

The young Earl of Annesley came up to the old Lord Eure, who had not more than two years to live, for he was to to die in 1707.

—My Lord Eure!

—My Lord Annesley?

—Were you acquainted with Lord Linnæus Clancharlie?

—A man of the olden days? Yes.

—Who died in Switzerland?

—Yes. We were related.

—Who had been republican under

Cromwell, and who remained republican under Charles II.?

— Republican? Not at all. He was sulky. It was a personal quarrel between the king and him. I hold from certain authority, that Lord Clancharlie would have come over, if the place of chancellor, that Lord Hyde had, had been given to him.

— You surprise me, my Lord Eure. I had been told that this Lord Clancharlie was an honest man.

— An honest man! Is there such a thing in existence? Young man, there is no honest man.

— But Cato?

— You believe in Cato, you?

— But Aristides?

— They did well in banishing him.

— But Thomas More?

— They did well in cutting off his head.

— And, according to your information, Lord Clancharlie...

— Was of the same sort. Besides, for a man to remain in exile is absurd.

— He died in exile.

— An ambitious man, tumbled down. Oh! If I knew him? I think I did. I was his best friend.

— Do you know, my Lord Eure, that he was married in Switzerland?

— I can almost answer for it.

— And that he had a legitimate son by this marriage?

— Yes; who is dead.

— Who is living.

— Living!

— Living.

— Impossible.

— Fact. Proved. Declared. Confirmed officially. Registered.

— But then this son will inherit the peerage of Clancharlie?

— He will not inherit it.

— Why?

— Because he has inherited it. It is done.

— Done?

— Turn your head, my Lord Eure. He is seated behind you, on the barons' bench.

Lord Eure turned round; but Gwynplaine's face was hidden under his forest of hair.

— Ha!, said the old man, seeing only his hair, he has already adopted the new fashion. He does not wear a wig.

Grantham accosted Colepepper.

— There's a fellow who is overreached.

— Who's that?

— David Dirry-Moir.

— Why so?

— He is no longer peer.

— How's that?

And Henry Auverquerque, Earl of Grantham, related to John, Baron Colepepper, the whole story—the stray bottle brought to the Admiralty, the Comprachicos' parchment, the *jussu regis*, countersigned Jeffreys, the confrontation in the penal vault of Southwark, the acceptance of all these facts by the lord-chancellor and by the queen, the taking the test-oath in the circular glazed recess, and, lastly, the admission of Lord Fermain Clancharlie at the beginning of the sitting. Then, both of them made an effort to distinguish, between Lord Fitzwalter and Lord Arundel, the face of the new lord so much talked about; but without better success than Lord Eure or Lord Annesley had had.

Gwynplaine, for the rest, whether by chance, or by arrangement of his sponsors under advice of the lord-chancellor, was placed so much in shadow as to escape curiosity.

— Well, but where is he?

This was the cry of every one on arrival; but no one obtained a good sight of him. Some few, who had seen Gwynplaine at the Green-Box were in a fever of curiosity; but they lost their pains. As it happens sometimes that a young girl is prudently closed in by a

circle of dowagers, so Gwynplaine was as it were enveloped by several thicknesses of old lords, infirm and indifferent. Worthy folks, who have the gout, have not much sympathy as to stories told of others.

Hugh Cholmley, Earl of Cholmley, well versed in law, was interrogated from the bench of bishops by Nathanael Crew, who was doubly a peer—temporal peer, being Baron Crew, spiritual peer, being Bishop of Durham.

—Is it possible? said Crew.

—Is it in due form? said Cholmley.

—The investiture of the new-comer was made outside of the Chamber, pursued the bishop; but it is stated that there are precedents.

—Yes. Lord Beauchamp, under Richard II.; Lord Chenay, under Elizabeth.

—And Lord Broghill, under Cromwell.

—Cromwell doesn't count.

—How do you regard it all?

—In various ways.

—My Lord Earl of Cholmley, what will be the rank of the young Fermain Clancharlie in the Chamber?

—My lord bishop, the republican interruption having disturbed the old order of precedence, Clancharlie to-day is placed in the peerage between Barnard and Somers, so that, in case of a call for votes, Clancharlie would be the eighth to speak.

—Truly! A mountebank from the public haunts!

—The incident in itself does not astonish me, my lord bishop. Such things do occur. Others happen, still more surprising. Was not the War of the Roses announced by the sudden drying-up of the river Ouse in Bedfordshire, on the 1st of January, 1399. Now, if a river can fall dry, a lord may fall into a servile condition. Ulysses, King of Ithaca, followed all sorts of trades. Fermain Clancharlie has remained lord, under his wrapper of stage-player. The lowliness of dress doesn't touch the nobility of blood. But the taking the test-oath, the investiture otherwise than in session, although legal in a strict point of view, may give rise to objections. I am of opinion that we ought to have an understanding, so as to know whether there will be occasion hereafter to question the lord-chancellor formally. We shall see, in a few weeks, what there is to be done.

And the bishop added:

—It's all the same. It is such an adventure as has not been seen, since that of the Count Gesbodus.

Gwynplaine, the Man Who Laughs, the Tadcaster Inn, the Green-Box, *Chaos Conquered*, Switzerland, Chillon, the comprachicos, the exile, the mutilation, the republic, Jeffreys, James II., the *jussu regis*, the bottle opened at the Admiralty, the father—Lord Linnæus, the legitimate son—Lord Fermain, the bastard son—Lord David, the probable conflicts, the Duchess Josiane, the lord-chancellor, the queen—all this flew from bench to bench. Whispering is a train of powder. The details were seized upon. The whole adventure caused an immense babble in the Chamber. Gwynplaine, in the very depths of revery where he was, heard vaguely all this buzzing noise around him, without knowing that it was on his own account.

Nevertheless, he was strangely attentive, but attentive to what profoundly underlaid all this—not to what was on the surface. An excess of attention becomes isolation.

A noise in a Chamber does not hinder the sitting from pursuance of its course, any more than the dust raised by a troop hinders its march. The judges, who in the Upper Chamber are only simple assistants—unable to speak, unless interrogated—had taken their places upon the second wool-sack, and the

three secretaries of state upon the third. The eldest sons of peers crowded their compartment behind the throne, within and without. The peers, minors, were on their special bench. In 1705, these little lords were no fewer than a dozen: Huntingdon, Lincoln, Dorset, Warwick, Bath, Burlington, Derwentwater, destined to a tragical death, Longueville, Lonsdale, Dudley and Ward, and Carteret, which made up a troop of little brats of eight earls, two viscounts, and two barons.

Within the enclosed space, upon the three rows of benches, each lord had regained his seat. Nearly all the bishops were there. The dukes were numerous, beginning with Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset, and ending with George Augustus, prince electoral of Hanover, Duke of Cambridge, the latest in date, and consequently the last in rank. All were in order, according to precedence: Cavendish, Duke of Devonshire, whose grandfather had sheltered at Hardwick the ninety-two years of Hobbes; Lennox, Duke of Richmond; the three Fitzroys, the Duke of Southampton, the Duke of Grafton, and the Duke of Northumberland; Butler, Duke of Ormond; Somerset, Duke of Beaufort; Beauclerc, Duke of Saint Albans; Pawlett, Duke of Bolton; Osborne, Duke of Leeds; Writhiosley Russell, Duke of Bedford, having for motto and device, *Che sara sara*, that is to say, the taking things as they come; Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham; Manners, Duke of Rutland; and others. Neither Howard, Duke of Norfolk, nor Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, were in session, being Catholics; nor Churchill, Duke of Marlborough —our Malbrouck—who was at the war, and was beating France at that moment. There were no Scotch dukes then, Queensbury, Montrose, and Roxburghe having only been admitted in 1707.

VI.

UPPER AND LOWER.

Suddenly, there was a vivid brilliancy in the Chamber. Four doorkeepers brought in, and placed on the two sides of the throne, four lofty candelabra, garnished with wax-lights. The throne, thus lit up, appeared to be in a sort of luminous purple. Empty, but august. The queen thereupon would not have been much of an addition.

The usher of the black rod came in, with his wand raised, and said:

— Their lordships, her majesty's commissioners.

All the hubbub was hushed.

A clerk, in wig and gown, appeared at the great door, holding a fleur-delysed cushion, on which sundry parchments were visible. These parchments were bills. To each was hanging, by a silken tress, the bill or ball—sometimes of gold—which gave rise to the appellation for the laws, of *bills* in England, and of *bulls* at Rome.

Behind the clerk came three men in peers' robes, and with plumed hats on their heads.

These men were the royal commissioners. The first was Godolphin, lord high-treasurer of England; the second was Pembroke, lord-president of the council; the third was Newcastle, keeper of the privy seal.

They walked one behind the other, according to precedence, not of their title, but of their office. Godolphin at the head, Newcastle last, though duke.

They advanced to the bench before the throne, made an obeisance to the royal chair, took off and put on again their hats, and seated themselves upon the bench.

The lord-chancellor looked at the usher of the black rod, and said:

— Summon the Commons to the bar.

The usher of the black rod went out.

The clerk, who was a clerk of the House of Lords, placed upon the table, within the enclosure made by the woolsack, the cushion whereon were the bills.

There was an interruption, that lasted several minutes. Two door-keepers placed in front of the bar a stepping-stool with three steps. This stool was in carnation-colored velvet, whereon fleurs-de-lys were designed in gilded nails.

The great door, which had been reclosed, was opened again, and a voice cried out:

—The faithful Commons of England!

It was the usher of the black rod, who announced the other half of Parliament.

The lords put on their hats.

The members of the Commons' House entered, preceded by the Speaker, all bare-headed.

They stopped at the bar. They were in ordinary dress, for the most part in black, and wearing swords.

The Speaker, the Right Honorable John Smythe, Esquire, member for the borough of Andover, mounted the stool that was against the central part of the barrier. The mouth-piece of the Commons wore a long black satin gown, with loose slashed sleeves, and trimmed with gold frogs in front and at the back. He was majestic, but inferior.

All the Commons, Speaker and members, remained in attendance standing up and bareheaded, before the peers, seated and with hats on.

Among the Commoners might be remarked, the Chief-Justice of Chester, Joseph Jekyll, also three of her Majesty's sergeants-at-law, Hooper, Powys, and Parker, James Montague, solicitor-general, and the attorney-general, Simon Harcourt. With the exception of a few baronets and knights, and nine lords by courtesy, Hartington, Windsor, Woodstock, Mordaunt, Granby, Scudamore, Fitzharding, Hyde, and Berkeley, sons of peers and heirs of peerages, all the rest were of the people. A sort of sombre and silent crowd.

When the noise caused by the steps of all these in-comers had ceased, the crier of the black rod, at the door said:

—Oyez!

The clerk of the crown stood up. He took, spread out, and read the first of the parchments laid upon the cushion. It was a message from the queen, naming, to represent her in Parliament, with power to assent to bills, three commissioners, to wit . . . . —Here the clerk raised his voice:

—Sydney, Earl of Godolphin.

The clerk bowed to Lord Godolphin. Lord Godolphin raised his hat. The clerk continued:

—Thomas Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and of Montgomery.

The clerk bowed to Lord Pembroke. Lord Pembroke touched his hat.

—John Hollis, Duke of Newcastle.

The clerk bowed to Lord Newcastle. Lord Newcastle acknowledged it by a movement of his head.

The clerk of the crown reseated himself. The clerk of Parliament got up. His under-clerk, who had been on his knees, stood up behind him. Both were facing the throne, and turning their backs to the Commons.

There were five bills upon the cushion. These five bills, voted by the Commons and approved by the Lords, were waiting the royal assent.

The clerk of Parliament read the first bill.

It was an act of the Commons, which charged upon the state the embellishments made by the queen at her palace of Hampton Court, amounting to a million sterling.

The reading concluded, the clerk

bowed low to the throne. The under-clerk repeated the salutation more profoundly still; and then, half turning his head to the Commons, said:

— The queen accepts your gifts, and wills it thus.

The clerk read the second bill.

It was a law condemning any one to prison and fine, who should evade service in the train-bands. The train-bands—troops that are trained, or drawn, wherever ordered—constitute that citizens' militia which serves gratis, and which, under Elizabeth, at the approach of the Armada, had supplied a hundred and eighty-five thousand foot-soldiers and forty thousand horsemen.

The two clerks made a new obeisance to the royal chair; after which, the sub-clerk, with his side-look, said to the House of Commons:

— *La reine le veut.* (The queen wills it.)

The third bill increased the tithes and prebendal emoluments of the bishopric of Lichfield and Coventry, which is one of the most richly endowed in England, granted an allowance for the cathedral, augmented the number of canons, and enlarged the deanery and the livings, "so as to provide," said the preamble, "for the necessities of our holy religion." The fourth bill added new imposts to the budget: one on marbled paper; one on hackney-coaches, fixed at the number of eight hundred in London, and taxed fifty-two pounds each per annum; one on advocates, attorneys, and solicitors, of forty-eight pounds, per head, per annum; one on tanned hides, "notwithstanding," said the preamble, "the complaints of the artisans in leather;" one on soap, "notwithstanding the protest of the city of Exeter and of Devonshire, where much serge and cloth is manufactured;" one on wine, of four shillings a cask; one on flour; one on barley and hops; and renewed for four years—"inasmuch as state necessities," said the preamble, "ought to supersede the remonstrances of commerce"—the duties on tonnage, varying from six pounds, Tours currency, for vessels coming from the west, to eighteen pounds for those coming from the east. Finally, the bill declaring insufficient the ordinary capitation tax, already levied for the current year, wound up with a general and additional tax of four shillings, or forty-eight pence, per head, with proviso that any persons, refusing to take the newly-ordered oaths in favor of the government, should pay double the amount above named. The fifth bill forbade the admittance of any patient into the hospital, unless he deposited a pound sterling, on entrance, to pay for his burial, in case of death. The last three bills, like the first two, were, one after the other, assented to and made law by a salutation to the throne, and by the four words of the sub-clerk, *la reine le veut*, addressed, over his shoulder, to the Commons.

Then the sub-clerk went down again on his knees before the fourth woolsack, and the lord-chancellor said:

— Let it be done, as desired.

This ended the royal sitting.

The Speaker, bent in two before the chancellor, descended backward from the stool, arranging his robe behind him. The Commoners present bowed down to the ground; and while the Upper Chamber, without paying any attention to all these reverences, resumed its interrupted order of the day, the Lower Chamber went its way.

VII.

HUMAN STORMS WORSE THAN OCEAN STORMS.

The doors were shut again; the usher of the black rod reëntered; the lords commissioners left the bench of

state, and took their seats at the head of the dukes' bench, in their official places, and the lord-chancellor spoke thus:

— My lords, the Chamber having deliberated for several days upon the bill that proposes to augment by one hundred thousand pounds sterling the annual provision of his royal highness the prince, husband of her Majesty, and the debate having been exhausted and closed, you will now proceed to vote. The vote will be taken, according to usage, beginning with the youngest of the bench of barons. Each lord, at the calling of his name, will stand up and reply *content* or *not content*, and will be at liberty to set forth the reasons of his vote, if he so thinks fit. Clerk, call the roll.

The clerk of Parliament, on his feet, opened a large folio volume, set up on a gilded desk, which was the Book of the Peerage.

The *puîné* of the Chamber at that period was Lord John Hervey, created baron and peer in 1703, from whom are descended the Marquises of Bristol.

The clerk called:

— My Lord John, Baron Hervey.

An old man, in a blond wig, rose and said:

— Content.

Then he sat down.

The sub-clerk registered the vote.

The clerk went on:

— My Lord Francis Seymour, Baron Conway of Killultagh.

— Content, murmured, as he half rose from his seat, a graceful young man with a page's figure, who had no suspicion that he was to be the grandfather of Marquises of Hertford.

— My Lord John Leveson, Baron Gower, resumed the clerk.

This baron, from whom were to spring the Dukes of Sutherland, rose up, and said, as he sat down again:

— Content.

The clerk continued:

— My Lord Heveage Finch, Baron Guernesey.

The ancestor of the Earls of Aylesford, no less young and elegant than the ancestor of the Marquises of Hertford, justified his device, *Aperto vivere voto*, by the haughtiness of his assent.

— Content! he cried.

While he was seating himself, the clerk called the fifth baron:

— My Lord John, Baron Granville.

— Content, replied, all at once up and down again, Lord Granville de Potheridge, whose futureless peerage was to be extinct in 1709.

The clerk passed on to the sixth.

— My Lord Charles Mountague, Baron Halifax.

— Content, said Lord Halifax, bearer of a title beneath which the name of Saville had become, and the name of Mountague was to become, extinct. Mountague is distinct from Montagu and from Mountacute.

And Lord Halifax added:

— The Prince George has a dotation as her Majesty's husband; he has another as prince of Denmark; another as Duke of Cumberland; and another as lord high-admiral of England and Ireland. But he has not one as generalissimo. That is an injustice. This irregularity must be brought to an end, in the interest of the English people.

Then Lord Halifax gave vent to a eulogy on the Christian religion, censured the papal, and voted the subsidy.

Lord Halifax reseated, the clerk persevered:

— My Lord Christopher, Baron Barnard.

Lord Barnard, from whom the Dukes of Cleveland were to descend, rose at the call of his name.

— Content.

And he was somewhat slow in taking his seat again, having on a lace cravat, which was worth the trouble of looking

at. For the rest, a worthy gentleman and a valiant officer was Lord Barnard.

While Lord Barnard was settling himself, the clerk, who read by routine, hesitated a little. He adjusted his spectacles, and leaned over the register with redoubled attention; then, lifting his head up, he called:

— My Lord Fermain Clancharlie, Baron Clancharlie and Hunkerville.

Gwynplaine rose.

— Not content, said he.

All the heads were turned toward him. Gwynplaine was on his feet. The flicker of the candles placed on either side of the throne vividly lighted up his face, and made it stand out, in the vast dim hall, in such relief as a mask would have on a background of smoke.

Gwynplaine had made that effort over himself, which, it may be remembered, was strictly within his power. By a concentration of will, equal to that which is requisite for taming a tiger, he had succeeded for a moment in bringing back to gravity the fatal grin upon his countenance. For the instant, he did not laugh. This could not last long; departures from that which is the law of our being, or our fatality, are brief. Sometimes the water of the sea resists the law of gravitation, puffs itself up into a water-spout, and becomes a mountain—but on condition of falling back again. Such was the struggle of Gwynplaine. For a minute, that he felt to be a solemn one, but for not much longer time than the lightning-flash endures, he had cast over his brow, by a prodigious intensity of will, the sombre veil of his soul. He held his incurable laugh in suspense; he withdrew jocularity from the face that had been sculptured for him. He was but simply hideous.

— What is that man? was the general cry.

An indescribable shudder ran along all the benches. That forest of hair, those cavernous sinkings under the eyebrows, that deep outlook from an eye that was not visible, the fierce modelling of that head—horrible mingling of light and shadow—it was wondrous. It surpassed every thing. It was vain to have talked of Gwynplaine — the seeing him was awful. They even, who looked for it, could not have looked for it. Figure to yourself, upon a mountain reserved for the gods, and, during a festival on some serene evening, the whole assemblage of the omnipotent gathered together, and the face of Prometheus, torn by the peckings of the vulture's beak, appearing all at once, like a bloody moon upon the horizon! Olympus recognizing Caucasus—what a spectacle! Young and old stared at Gwynplaine, open-mouthed.

An old man highly esteemed by all the Chamber—one who had seen many men and many things, and was marked out for a dukedom—Thomas, Earl of Wharton, rose in affright.

— What's the meaning of this? he exclaimed. Who has introduced this man into the House? Let him be put out!

And addressing himself disdainfully to Gwynplaine:

— Who are you? Whence do you come?

Gwynplaine answered:

— From the bottomless pit.

And, crossing his arms, he eyed the lords.

— Who am I? I am wretchedness. My lords, I have something to say to you.

There was a shuddering, and silence. Gwynplaine continued:

— My lords, you are placed high. It is well thus. It must be believed that God has His reasons for this. You have power, opulence, pleasure, the sun immovable at your zenith, unlimited authority, enjoyment undivided, a

total forgetfulness of others. So be it. But there is something below you. Above you, perhaps. My lords, I impart to you a novelty. The human race exists.

Assemblies resemble children; incidents are their surprise-boxes, of which they are afraid, while delighting in them. Sometimes it seems as though a spring were touched, and a devil is seen to jump out of his hole. Thus, Mirabeau in France, himself, too, deformed.

Gwynplaine, at this moment, felt within him a strange expansion. A group of men, whom you address, is a tripod. You are, so to say, standing upon a pinnacle of souls. You have, beneath your heel, a tremor of human entrails. Gwynplaine was no longer the man who, the night previous, had been for an instant almost diminutive. The fumes of his sudden elevation, that had troubled him, were lightened and had become transparent; and there, where Gwynplaine had been seduced by a feeling of vanity, he now perceived his function. That, which at first had lessened, now uplifted him. He was illumined by one of those grand lightning-flashes that are evolved from duty.

From all sides around Gwynplaine, there was a cry:

—Hear! hear!

He, meanwhile, gathered up within himself and superhuman, succeeded in maintaining on his countenance the severe and lugubrious contraction, under which the grin was prancing, like a wild horse ready to break away. He went on:

—I am he who comes from the depths. My lords, you are the great and the rich. That is perilous. You take advantage of the night. But have a care; there is a great power, the morning. The dawn cannot be vanquished. It will come. It comes. It has within it the outbreak of irresistible day. And who will hinder this sling from hurling the sun into the sky? The sun—that is right. You—you are Privilege. Be afraid. The true master of the house is about to knock at the door. What is the father of Privilege? Chance. And what is his son? Abuse. Neither Chance nor Abuse is enduring. They have, both of them, an evil to-morrow. I come to warn you. I come to denounce to you your own bliss. It is made out of the ills of others. You have every thing; and this every thing is composed from others' nothing. My lords, I am a disheartened advocate, and I plead a cause that is lost. But that cause God will regain. For myself, I am nothing, save a voice. The human race is a mouth, and I am its cry. You shall hear me. I come to open before you, peers of England, the grand assizes of the people—that sovereign who is the patient one, that convict who is the judge. I am bowed down under what I have to say. Where to begin? I know not. I have picked up, in the vast experience of suffering, my vast though straggling pleas. Now, what shall I do with them? They overwhelm me, and I throw them forth, pell-mell before me. Had I foreseen this? No. You are astonished. So am I. Yesterday, I was a mountebank; to-day, I am a lord. Deep-played game. Of whom? Of the unknown. Let us tremble, all. My lords, all the azure is on your side. You do but see the holiday side of this immense universe; learn that there is shadow to it. Among you, I am called Lord Fermain Clancharlie; but my true name is a poor man's name, Gwynplaine. I am a wretch, cut out from the stuff whereof the great are made, by a king whose good pleasure it was. This is my story. Several among you have known my father. I never knew him. It is by his feudal side that he is akin to you; while I cleave to him by his side of banishment.

What God has done is well. I was thrown into the abyss. To what end? That I might see its very depth. I am a diver, and I bring up thence the pearl, truth. I speak, because I know. You shall hear me, my lords. I have experienced. I have seen. Suffering—no, it is not a word, O masters in bliss. Poverty—I have grown up in it; winter—I have shivered in it; famine—I have tasted it; scorn—I have undergone it; the plague—I have had it; shame—I have drunk of it! And I will vomit it forth before you, and this vomit of all miseries will splash your feet, and will flame up. I hesitated, before permitting myself to be brought to this place where I am, for I have other duties elsewhere, and it is not here that my heart is. What has taken place in me is not your affair; when the man, whom you call usher of the black rod, came to look for me on the part of the woman, whom you call the queen, I thought, for a moment, of refusing. But it seemed to me that the mysterious hand of God urged me in this direction, and I obeyed. I felt it requisite that I should come among you. Why? Because of my yesterday's rags. It was in order that my voice might be raised among the satiated, that God commingled me with the hungered. Oh! have pity! Oh! you know not this fatal world, whereto you believe that you belong. So high, you are outside of it. I will tell you what it is. I have had experience. I come up from beneath pressure. I can tell you how much you weigh. O ye, who are masters, know you what you are? What you are doing—see you it? No. Ah! all is terrible. One night, a tempestuous night, very little, abandoned, an orphan, alone in boundless creation, I made my entry into this gloom that you call society. The first thing, that I saw, was law, under the form of a gibbet; the second was wealth—it is your wealth —under the form of a woman dead of cold and hunger; the third was the future, under the form of a child in agony; the fourth was the good, the true, the just, beneath the figure of a vagabond, whose only friend and companion was a wolf.

At this moment, Gwynplaine, overcome by poignant emotion, felt the rising of sobs in his throat; and from this cause came the sinister fact, that he broke out into his laugh.

The contagion was immediate. There had been a cloud over the assemblage; it might have burst out into affright; it burst out into hilarity. The laugh, that full-blown madness, seized the whole Chamber. The guest-chambers of sovereign men ask nothing better than to play the fool. It is thus that they avenge themselves for being serious.

A laugh of kings is like a laugh of the gods; it is never without its cruel point. The lords betook themselves to sport. Sneering made the laugh more pungent. They clapped their hands around him who had been speaking, and mocked him. A hurly-burly of jocose interjections assailed him—a gay and murderous hail-storm.

—Bravo, Gwynplaine!—Bravo, Man Who Laughs!—Bravo, sport of the Green-Box!—Bravo, wild-boar's head of the Tarrinzeau-Field!—You've given us a performance! Good, babbler!—Here's the chap to amuse me!—But doesn't he laugh well, the animal!—Good-day, dancing-jack!—Hurrah for Lord Clown!—Speak away; go it!—He's a peer of England; bah!—Go on!—No! no!—Yes, yes!

The lord-chancellor was ill at ease.

A deaf lord, James Butler, Duke of Ormond, making with his hand an acoustic ear-trumpet, asked Charles Beauclerc, Duke of St. Albans:

—How has he voted?

St. Albans answered:

—Not content.

— Zounds, said Ormond, I can well believe it, with such a visage as that!

A crowd broken up—and assemblages are crowds—just get hold of it again! Eloquence is a bit; if the bit breaks, the audience runs away, and kicks up its heels until it has dismounted the orator. This is not sufficiently known. To tighten the bridle-rein seems to be a resource, and is not one. But every orator tries it. That is instinct. Gwynplaine tried it.

He looked earnestly for a moment at these men who were laughing.

— Then, cried he, you insult misery! Silence, peers of England! Judges, hear the pleadings! Oh! I conjure you, have pity! Pity on whom? Pity on yourselves. Who is in danger? You are. Do you not perceive that you are in scales, and that there is in one scale your power, and in the other your responsibility? God weighs you. Oh! do not laugh! Think of it. This oscillation of God's balance is the trembling of the conscience. You are not wicked. You are men, as others are, neither better nor worse. You believe yourselves gods; be ill to-morrow, and see your divinity shaking with fever! We are all of equal value. I address myself to honest minds: there are some here. I address myself to exalted intelligences: there are some here. I address myself to generous souls: there are some here. You are fathers, sons, and brothers; therefore, you are often moved. He among you, who looked this morning at his little child, is good. Hearts are the same. Humanity is nothing else than a heart. Between those who oppress, and those who are oppressed, the only difference is in the place where they are situated. Your feet tread upon their heads; but it is not your fault. It is the fault of the social Babel. Faulty construction; every thing out of the perpendicular. One story overlaps another. Listen to me, and I will explain it. Oh! since you are powerful, be fraternal; since you are great, be gentle! If you only knew what I have seen! Alas! in the lower grades, what torments! The human race is in a dungeon! How many convicts, who are innocents! Light is wanting, air is wanting, virtue is wanting; there is no hope; and, what is terrible, there is expectation. Take note of these distresses. There are beings who live in death. There are little girls, who begin at eight by prostitution, and who end at twenty by old age. As for penal punishments, they are fearful. I speak somewhat at random, and I do not pick out. I say what comes into my mind. No later than yesterday, I, who am here, saw a man in chains and naked, with stones upon his belly, expire under torture. Do you know that? No. If you knew what is occurring, not one of you would dare to be happy. Who among you has been to Newcastle-on-Tyne? There are men in the mines, who chew coal, to fill the stomach and cheat hunger. Look you, in Lancashire. Ribblechester has sunk from town to village, by force of indigence. I do not find that Prince George of Denmark stands in need of an additional hundred thousand of guineas. I should prefer receiving the poor sick man into the hospital, without making him pay his funeral charges in advance. In Caernarvon, at Traithmaur as at Traith-bichan, the exhaustion of the poor is terrible. At Strafford, the marshes cannot be drained, for want of money. The cloth-manufactories are closed all through Lancashire. Want of work everywhere. Are you aware that the Harlech herring-fishermen eat grass, when the fishery fails? Are you aware that at Burton-Lazers there are still certain lepers driven into the woods, who are fired at if they come out of their dens? At Ailesbury, whereof one of you is lord,

dearth is the permanent order of things. At Penckridge, in Coventry, whereof you have just endowed the cathedral and enriched the bishop, there are no beds in the hovels, and holes are dug in the ground for little children to sleep in, so that, in place of beginning with the cradle, they begin with the tomb. I have seen these things myself. My lords, do you know who pays the taxes that you vote? Those who are dying. Alas! you deceive yourselves. You take a wrong road. You augment the poverty of the poor, to augment the riches of the rich. It is the reverse that must be done. What, take from the laborer, to give to the idler! take from the ragged, to give to the overfed! take from the indigent to give to a prince! Oh! yes, I have old republican blood in my veins. I hold all this in horror. I execrate these kings. And how brazen-faced are the women! I have been told a sorrowful story. Oh! how I hate Charles II.! A woman, whom my father had loved, gave herself to that monarch while my father was dying in exile; Charles II., James II.; after a good-for-nothing fellow, a villain! What is there in a king?—a man, a feeble and sorry subject of wants and infirmities. Of what use is a king? You fill to overflowing this parasite royalty. Of this earthworm, you make a boa. Of this tape-worm, you make a dragon. Mercy for the poor! You add weight to the impost, for the benefit of the throne. Beware of the laws that you decree! Beware of the painful sting of the ants whom you are crushing! Lower your eyes! Look at your feet! O great ones, there are little ones! Have pity! Yes, pity on yourselves, for the multitudes are in agony, and that which is below—in dying—brings death upon that which is above. When night comes, none can keep his own corner of daylight. Are you egotists? Save the others. The loss of the ship is not matter of indifference to any passenger. There is no shipwreck of these, without an engulfment of those. Oh! be sure of it, the abyss is for all of us.

The laugh was redoubled, irresistibly. Besides, for enlivening the assembly, what there was of extravagance in these words sufficed.

There is no anguish more humiliating, no anger more deeply stirred, than in being comic externally, and internally tragic. This was the case with Gwynplaine. His words desired to produce one effect; his face produced a different effect. Terrible position! Suddenly his voice rang out in shrill tones:

—They are merry, these men! It is well. Irony sets itself face to face with agony. The sneer does outrage on the death-rattle. They are all powerful. It is possible. Be it so. It will be seen. Ah! I am one of theirs. I am also one of yours, O you, the poor! A king sold me; a poor man picked me up. Who mutilated me? a prince. Who cured me and nourished me? a man dying of hunger. I am Lord Clancharlie, but I remain Gwynplaine. I am connected with the great, and I belong to the small. I am among those who enjoy, and of those who suffer. Ah! this society is false. One day, the true society will come. Then there will be no more lords; there will be free living men. There will be no more masters; there will be fathers. This is the future. No more prostration, no more abasement, no more ignorance, no more men beasts of burden, no more courtiers, no more valets, no more kings—light! In the mean while, here am I. I have a right, and I make use of it. Is it a right? No, if I use it for my own ends. Yes, if I use it for the benefit of all. I will speak to the lords, being one of them. O my grovelling brethren, I will tell them of your destitution. I will stand up, with a handful of the

people's rags in my hand, and I will shake over the masters the misery of the slaves; and they will be able no longer—they the favored ones and the haughty ones—to hold themselves aloof from remembrance of the unfortunate, and to deliver themselves—they the princes—from the smart of the poor; and, if the poor be vermin, so much the worse, and so much the better, if it fall upon lions!

Here Gwynplaine turned toward the under-clerks on the fourth wool-sack, who were writing as they knelt.

—What are these persons who are on their knees? What are you doing there? Rise up; you are men.

This abrupt appeal to subalterns, whom it is not becoming for a lord even to perceive, brought the general hilarity to a climax. "Bravo!" had been the cry; now it was "Hurrah!" From clapping hands, they passed on to stamping feet. It might have been thought that they were at the Green-Box. Only at the Green-Box, the laugh greeted Gwynplaine; here it overwhelmed him. The effort of ridicule is to kill. Sometimes, man's laughter does all in its power to assassinate.

The laugh had become violence. It rained jeering puns.

To be witty is the stupid aim of assemblages. Their far-fetched and foolish giggling puts aside facts, in place of studying them; and proscribes questions at issue, in place of solving them. An incident is a point of interrogation. In laughing, it is a laugh at the puzzle. The sphinx, who does not laugh, lies in wait.

Contradictory shouts were heard.

—Enough! Enough!—Encore! Encore!

William Farmer, Baron Leimpster, threw at Gwynplaine the insult of Ryc-Quincy to Shakespeare:

—*Histrio! mima!*

Lord Vaughan, a sententious individual, the twenty-ninth on the baron's bench, exclaimed:

—Here we are again at the period when the animals harangued. In the midst of human mouths, the jaw of a beast has the word.

—Let's hearken to Balaam's ass! added Lord Yarmouth. Lord Yarmouth had the sagacious air conferred by a bottle nose and a wry mouth.

—The rebel Linnæus is chastised in his tomb. The son is the father's punishment! said John Hough, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, whose prebend Gwynplaine had grazed.

—He lies, affirmed Lord Cholmley, the legislator. What he calls torture is *la peine forte et dure*, and a very good pain, too. Torture does not exist in England.

Thomas Wentworth, Baron Raby, appealed to the lord-chancellor:

—My lord chancellor, adjourn the sitting!

—No! no! no! Let it go on! He amuses us! Hip! hip! hip!

Thus shouted the young lords; their gayety came near to madness. Four especially were in the full blast of merriment and of hate. These were: Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester; Thomas Tufton, Earl of Thanet; Viscount Hatton, and the Duke of Montague.

—To your kennel, Gwynplaine! said Rochester.

—Down with him! Down with him! cried Thanet.

Viscount Hatton drew a penny from his pocket, and threw it to Gwynplaine.

And John Campbell, Earl of Greenwich, Savage, Earl Rivers, Thompson, Baron Haversham, Wallington, Escrik, Rolliston, Rockingham, Carteret, Langdale, Banester Maynard, Hunsdon, Caernarvon, Cavendish, Burlington, Robert Darcy, Earl of Holderness, and Other Windsor, Earl of Plymouth, applauded.

Tumult of pandemonium or of the

Pantheon, wherein Gwynplaine's words were swallowed up. Only the phrase could be distinguished: Take care!

Ralph, Duke of Montagu, recently from Oxford University, and still wearing his earliest mustache, came down from the ducal bench whereon he was the nineteenth sitter, and posed himself with crossed arms in front of Gwynplaine. There is in the sword-blade a spot which cuts the sharpest, and in the voice an accent which insults the most grossly. Montagu adopted that accent, and, grinning in Gwynplaine's face, cried out to him:

— What's that, that you say?

— I predict, replied Gwynplaine.

There was a fresh explosion of laughter. And, underneath this laughter, anger was muttering in sustained bass. One of the minor peers, Lionel Cransield Sackville, Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, got up standing on his bench, not laughing, but grave as becomes a future legislator, and not saying a word, looked at Gwynplaine with his own fresh countenance of twelve years, and shrugged his shoulders. This caused the Bishop of St. Asaph to lean toward the ear of the Bishop of St. David, seated beside him, and to say to him, pointing at Gwynplaine: There's the madman!—And pointing to the child: There's the sage!

A chaos of sneering laughs broke through confused exclamations:—Gorgon's face!—What's the meaning of this adventure?—Affront to the House!—What an exception is such a fellow!—Shame! shame!—Let the sitting be adjourned!—No! let it be finished!—Speak out, buffoon!

Lord Lewis de Duras, his hands on his hips, cried out:

— Ah! how good laughing is! My spleen is charmed away. I propose a vote of thanks, conceived thus: The House of Lords thanks the Green-Box.

Gwynplaine, it will be remembered, had dreamed of a different reception.

Any one who, above a dizzy depth, has clambered up a steep slope of sand entirely friable—who has felt his hold loosen and escape from under his hands, from under his nails, from under his elbows, from under his knees, from under his feet—who, sliding back in place of advancing up this refractory escarpment—a prey to the anguish of slipping—sinking-in, instead of climbing—descending instead of mounting up—increasing the certainty of being lost by efforts made in direction of the summit—and losing himself a little more surely at each movement to withdraw himself from danger—has felt the formidable approach of the abyss, and has had in his bones the chilling sensation of a fall into the gaping jaws beneath him. Such a one has experienced what Gwynplaine experienced.

He felt what he was ascending crumble away beneath him; and his audience was a precipice.

There is always some one who sums up every thing in a word.

Lord Scarsdale translated the feeling of the assemblage into an exclamation:

— What has this monster come to do here?

Gwynplaine stood up, desperate, indignant, as it were in a supreme convulsion. He eyed them all with fixed look.

— What do I come to do here? I come to be terrific. I am a monster, say you? No; I am the people. I am an exception? No; I am all the world. It is you who are the exception. You are the chimera, and I am the reality. I am man. I am the fearful Man Who Laughs. Who laughs at what? At you. At himself. At every thing. And what is his laugh? Your crime and his torment. This crime, he throws it in your face; this torment, he spits

it in your face! I laugh, that is to say, I weep.

He stopped. They were silent. The laughter continued; but it was low. He could count in some degree on having regained attention. He drew a long breath, and went on:

—This laugh that is on my face, it was a king who put it there. This laugh expresses universal desolation. This laugh means hate, contains silence, madness, despair. This laugh is the result of tortures. This laugh is a forced laugh. If Satan had this laugh, this laugh would be a reproach to God. But the Eternal is not like the perishable; being absolute, he is the just one; and God hates what kings are doing. Ah! you take me for an exception! I am a symbol. O all-powerful fools that you are, open your eyes! I incarnate every thing. I represent humanity, such as its masters have made it. Man is a mutilated being. That, which has been done to me, has been done to the human race. Deformity has been stamped upon right, justice, truth, reason, intelligence—as, in me, upon the eyes, the nostrils, and the ears. As with me, there has been put in its heart a cloaca of anger and grief, and on its face a mask of contentedness. Where the finger of God was placed, the claw of the king has leaned hard. Monstrous laying on of hands! Bishops, peers, and princes! the people is the profound sufferer, who laughs upon the surface. My lords, I tell you that I am the people. To-day you oppress them; to-day you hoot at me. But the future is the darksome thawing out. What was stone becomes wave. The appearance of solidity changes into submersion. A cracking, and all is said. An hour will come, when a convulsion will snap short your oppression, when a roaring will reply to your hootings. This hour is come already—you were of it, O my father!—this hour of God did come, and it was called Republic; it was driven away; it will return. In the mean while, bear in mind that the series of kings armed with the sword was interrupted by Cromwell armed with the axe! Tremble! The incorruptible dissolutions draw near; the clipped talons push out again; the torn-out tongues take to flight, become tongues of fire scattered to the wind of darkness, and howl in the infinite; they who are hungry show their idle teeth; paradises built over hells totter; there is suffering, there is suffering, there is suffering, and that which is above leans over, and that which is below gapes open; the shadow asks to become light; the damned discuss the elect; it is the people that are on-coming. I tell you, it is man who ascends; it is the end that is beginning; it is the red dawning of catastrophe—and this is what there is in this laugh, at which you are laughing! London is a perpetual fête. Be it so. England is, from end to end, one acclamation. Yes. But hearken: All that you see is myself. You have your festivals—they are my laugh. You have public rejoicings—they are my laugh. You have marriages, consecrations, coronations—they are my laugh. You have births of princes—they are my laugh. Above you, you have the thunder—it is my laugh!

How to hold out against such things! The laugh recommenced, and this time it was overwhelming. Of all the lava that the human mouth jets forth, the most corrosive crater is delight. No crowd resists the contagion of doing ill in high glee. It is not on the scaffold that all executions take place; and men, so soon as they are gathered together, be they multitude or assembly, have in the midst of them an executioner ever ready—who is sarcasm. No torment comparable to his, who is miserable and ridiculous. Gwynplaine underwent this torment. Hilarity, over him, was ston-

ing and grape-shot. He was coral-rattle and manikin, Turk's head and target. They bounded on their seats; they cried encore! they writhed; they stamped their feet; they clutched hold of each other's collars. The majesty of the place, the purple of the robes, the purity of the ermine, the voluminousness of the wigs, made no difference. The lords laughed, the bishops laughed, the judges laughed. The old men's bench smoothed its wrinkles, the children's bench wriggled. The Archbishop of Canterbury jogged the elbow of the Archbishop of York. Henry Compton, Bishop of London, brother of the Earl of Northampton, was holding his sides. The lord-chancellor lowered his eyes, to hide his probable laugh. And at the bar, that statue of respect, the usher of the black rod, was laughing.

Gwynplaine, very pale, had crossed his arms; and, surrounded by all these faces, young and old, whereon a grand Homeric jubilation was radiant—in this whirlwind of hands clapping, and stamping feet, and hurrahs—in this maddened buffoonery, whereof he was the centre—in this splendid outpouring of hilarity—in the midst of this prodigious gayety—he had, within him, the sepulchre. All was over. He could no longer master his face that betrayed him, nor his audience that insulted him.

Never had that eternal and fatal law—the grotesque riveted to the sublime, the laugh reverberating the roar, parody riding on the same horse behind despair, the misconstruction between what seems and what is—blazed out with more of horror. Never had a more sinister light lighted up profound human darkness.

Gwynplaine assisted at the definitive breaking down of his destiny, by an outburst of laughter. Therein was the remediless. You may get up again, when fallen; you cannot get up again, when pulverized. This mockery, absurd yet sovereign, ground him to dust. Nothing possible, henceforward. All depends on the position you are in. What was triumph at the Green-Box was fall and catastrophe in the Chamber of Peers. Applause, away yonder, was imprecation here. He was sensible of something like the reverse of his mask. On one side of this mask, there was the popular sympathy accepting Gwynplaine; on the other, the hate of the grandees rejecting Lord Fermain Clancharlie. On one side, attraction; on the other, repulsion—both drawing him toward the shade. He felt as though he were struck from behind. Fate has treacherous blows. All will be explained hereafter; but, meanwhile, destiny is a snare, and man falls into traps. He had thought to mount up; this derision was his welcome. Apotheoses have lugubrious endings. There is a sombre phrase—to be sobered by intoxication. Tragic wisdom, that is born of drunkenness. Gwynplaine, enveloped in this gay and ferocious temper, began to dream.

With the current all one way, laughter is immoderate. A jocund assembly is the compass lost. They knew no longer where they were driving, nor what they were doing. It was necessary to close the sitting.

The lord-chancellor, in view of the incident, adjourned the following up the vote until the next day. The House broke up. The lords made their bows to the royal chair, and went away. Their merriment was heard, prolonging and losing itself in the corridors. Assemblies, besides their official doors, have—in the tapestries, in the relievos, and in the mouldings—all sorts of hidden exits, by which they empty themselves, as a vase through its cracks. In brief space, the hall was deserted. This is done very quickly, and without intermediate state. These abodes of

tumult are suddenly taken possession of by silence.

Sinking into revery leads far on; and, by force of dreaming, we end by being as though in another planet. Gwynplaine all at once experienced a sort of waking. He was alone. The hall was empty. He had not even noticed that the sitting was adjourned. All the lords had disappeared, even his two sponsors. There were only, here and there, some inferior officers of the Chamber, waiting for "his lordship's" departure, to put on the covers and extinguish the lights. Mechanically, he put his hat on his head, left his bench, and directed himself to the main door opening upon the gallery. At the moment when he stepped over the separation marked by the bar, a door-keeper relieved him of his peer's robes. He was scarcely aware of it. An instant afterward, he was in the gallery.

The men on duty, who were there, remarked with surprise that this lord had gone out without saluting the throne.

VIII.

WOULD BE GOOD BROTHER IF HE WERE NOT GOOD SON.

There was no longer any one in the corridor. Gwynplaine passed across the circular recess, whence the arm-chair and the tables had been taken away, and where there remained no further trace of his investiture. Candelabra and lustres, at certain distances apart, indicated the way out. Thanks to this line of light, he was easily able to find again, amid the series of saloons and galleries, the route that he had followed, on his arrival with king-at-arms and the usher of the black rod. He fell in with no one, save here and there some old slow-paced lord, marching off heavily, with back turned to him.

Suddenly, in the silence of all these vast deserted halls, the loud outbreak of indistinctly-spoken words reached him, a nocturnal hubbub, singular in such a place. He turned his steps to the quarter where he heard it, and found himself at once in a spacious vestibule dimly lighted, which was one of the issues from the Chamber. There were seen a broad glazed door open, a flight of steps, lackeys, and torches; beyond was an open place; carriages were waiting at foot of the flight of steps.

Thence it was that the noise came, which he had heard.

Withinside the door, under the suspended lamp of the vestibule, there was a tumultuous group of persons, and a storm of gesture and voice. Gwynplaine, in the partial obscurity, drew near.

It was a quarrel. On one side there were ten or a dozen young lords wanting to go out—on the other a man, with his hat on like them, and standing stiffly with head thrown back, barring their passage.

Who was this man? Tom-Jim-Jack.

Some of these lords were still in their peer's robes; the others had laid aside the parliamentary costume, and were in every-day dress.

Tom-Jim-Jack had a plumed hat, not with white feathers like the peers', but green, and tipped with orange. He was embroidered and covered with lace from head to foot, with streamers of ribbons and lace from his sleeves and his neck; and he manipulated feverishly with his left hand the hilt of a sword, that he wore crosswise like a spritsail yard, the shoulder-belt and sheath being ornamented with an admiral's anchor.

He it was who was speaking, addressing himself to all these young lords; and Gwynplaine heard what follows:

—I said that you were cowards. You want me to retract my words. Very

well. You are not cowards. You are idiots. You have ranged yourselves, all against one. That is not cowardice. Good. Then it is silliness. You have been spoken to; you did not comprehend. Here, the old are dull of hearing, and the young of intelligence. I am sufficiently one of yourselves, to tell you truths regarding yourselves. This new-comer is strange, and he has uttered a heap of absurdities, I allow; but in these absurdities there were some things true. It was confused, ill-digested, badly said; so be it; he repeated too often, "Do you know? do you know?" But a man, who was yesterday a grimace-maker at the fair, is not obliged to speak like Aristotle and like Doctor Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Sarum. The vermin, the lions, the apostrophe to the sub-clerk—all that was in bad taste. Zounds! who says any thing to the contrary? It was a mad-brained and desultory harangue, and one that went all awry; but, here and there, there came out of it certain undeniable facts. It is much to speak thus, already when a man has not studied the trade. I should like to see you at it, you! What he said about the lepers of Burton-Lazers is incontestable. Besides, he is not the first who has said foolish things. In short, my lords, I don't approve of several persons being furious against a single one. Such is my mood, and I ask your lordships' permission to be offended. You have ruffled me; I am sorry for it. For my own part, I don't believe much in God; but that, which would make me believe in Him, is His doing a good action, which does not happen every day. Thus I take it kindly of Him—of this good God, if He exists—His having drawn out from the dregs of this low life this peer of England, and His having restored his heritage to this heir; and, without troubling myself as to whether this does or does not suit my own affairs, I find it a grand sight, this sudden change of the taper-worm into the eagle, of Gwynplaine into Clancharlie. My lords, I forbid you being of any other opinion than mine. I am sorry that Lewis de Duras is not here. I should be most happy to insult him. My lords, Fermain Clancharlie has been the lord, and you have been the mountebanks. As for his laugh, it is not his fault. You have laughed at that laugh. There is no laughing at misfortune. You are ninnies. And cruel ninnies. If you believe that there can be no laughing at you also, you are mistaken; you are ugly, and you are badly dressed. My Lord Haversham, I saw your mistress, the other day; she is hideous. Duchess, but a she-ape. Gentlemen laughers, I repeat that I should like much to see you try to say four words consecutively. Many men chatter; very few speak. You think that you know something, because you have dragged out your do-nothing terms at Oxford or at Cambridge, and because, before being Peers of England on the benches of Westminster Hall, you were asses on the college benches of Gonewill and of Caius! For myself, here I am, and I am ready to look you in the face. You have been impudent with this new lord. A monster; granted. But given up to beasts. I would rather be he, than you. I attended the sitting, in my place, as heir presumptive to a peerage, and I heard all. I had not the right to speak; but I have the right to be a gentleman. Your joyous airs annoyed me. When I am not content, I would go upon Mount Pendlehill to pluck the bramble of the clouds, the cloud-berry which brings the thunderbolt down on whoever tears it up. That is why I came to wait for you as you went out. It is useful to confer; and we have arrangements to make. Did you even take it into your heads that you were in the least necessary to me?

My lords, I have a settled intention of killing some among you. All you who are here, Thomas Tufton, Earl of Thanet—Savage, Earl Rivers—Charles Spencer, Earl of Sunderland—Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester—you, barons, Gray of Robleston, Cary Hunsdon, Escrick, Rockingham—you, little Carteret—you Robert Darcy, Earl of Holderness—you, William, Viscount Halton—and you, Ralph, Duke of Montague—and all others who may wish it—I, David Dirry-Moir, one of the soldiers of the fleet, summon and call you out; and I order you to provide promptly your seconds and sponsors; and I await you face to face, and breast to breast, this evening, at once, to-morrow, by day, by night, under the full sun, by torchlight, where and when and how it may seem good to you, everywhere where there is space enough for two lengths of swords; and you will do well to look to the locks of your pistols and the sharpness of your rapier-points, seeing that I propose to make your peerages vacant. Ogle Cavendish, proceed warily, and think of your device: *Cavendo tutus!* Marmaduke Langdale, it will be wise for you, like your ancestor Gundold, to have yourself followed by a coffin! George Booth, Earl of Warrington, you will never see again the county palatine of Chester, and your labyrinth after the fashion of that of Crete, and your lofty turrets of Dunham Massie! As for Lord Vaughan, he is young enough to utter impertinences, and too old to be responsible for them; for his words, I shall call to account his nephew, Richard Vaughan, member of the Commons, for the borough of Merioneth! You, John Campbell, Earl of Greenwich, I shall kill you as Achon killed Matas, but by a fair-stricken blow, and not from behind, being accustomed to show my heart, and not my back, to the point of the two-handed sword. And it is said, my lords. Whereupon, use witchcraft, if so it seem good to you; consult fortune-tellers; grease your skins with unguents and drugs, that make men invulnerable; hang round your necks the devil's or the Virgin's amulets;—I will fight with you blessed or cursed, and there shall be no need to feel you over to ascertain if you have any sorcerer's charms upon you. On foot, or on horseback. In full meeting of cross-roads, if you please; in Piccadilly, or at Charing Cross; and the street shall be unpaved for our encounter, as the court-yard of the Louvre was unpaved for the duel of Guise and Bassompierre. All. Do you hear? I want you all. Dorme, Earl of Caernarvon, I will make you swallow my blade up to the hilt, as Marolles did to Lisle-Marivaux; and we will see afterward, my lord, whether you will laugh. You, Burlington, who, with your seventeen years, have the air of a girl, you shall have the choice of being buried in the greensward of your house of Middlesex, or in your beautiful garden of Londesburgh in Yorkshire. I make it known to your lordships, that it does not suit me that any one should be insolent before me. And I will chastise you, my lords. I find it ill, that you have scoffed at Lord Fermain Clancharlie. He is of greater worth than you. As Clancharlie, he has the nobility that you have; as Gwynplaine, he has the mind that you have not. I make, of his cause, my cause; of his affront, my affront; and of your sneers, my indignation. We shall see who will come out of this affair, living; for I provoke you to the death, do you understand? and to every weapon, and to every mode of combat; and choose you the death that pleases you! And, since you are clowns as well as gentlemen, I proportion the challenge to your qualities; and I offer you all the methods that men have for being killed, from the sword of the prince to the fist of the blackguard!

To this furious discharge of words, all the haughty group of young lords responded by a smile:—Agreed! cried they.

—I choose the pistol, said Burlington.

—I, said Escrick, the ancient combat of the lists, with mace and dagger.

—I, said Holderness, the duel with two knives, the long and the short, naked upward from the waist, and body to body.

—Lord David, said the Earl of Thanet, you are a Scotchman. I choose the claymore.

—I the sword, said Rockingham.

—I, said the Duke Ralph, I prefer boxing. It is more noble.

Gwynplaine came out from the shadow.

He directed his steps toward him whom he had heretofore named Tom-Jim-Jack, but in whom he now began to discern something else.

—I thank you, said he. But this concerns me.

All the heads were turned.

Gwynplaine advanced. He felt himself impelled toward this man, whom he heard called Lord David, and who was his defender, and more still perhaps. Lord David recoiled.

—Stop! said Lord David. It is you! You are here! That happens well. I had also a word to say to you. You spoke, not long since, of a woman who, after having loved Lord Linnæus Clancharlie, had loved the king, Charles II.

—It is true.

—Sir, you have insulted my mother!

—Your mother! cried Gwynplaine. In that case, I guessed it was so, we are...

—Brothers, continued Lord David.

And he slapped Gwynplaine's face.

—We are brothers, resumed he; and for that reason we can fight. There is no fighting, save between equals. Who is more our own equal than our brother? I will send you my seconds. To-morrow, we will cut each other's throats.

BOOK IX.

IN RUIN.

I.

EXCESS OF MISERY IS REACHED THROUGH EXCESS OF GRANDEUR.

As one o'clock in the morning was sounding at St. Paul's, a man, who had just crossed London bridge, entered into the lanes of Southwark. There were no lamps alight, the custom being then, in London as in Paris, to put out the public lights at midnight—that is to say, to suppress the lanterns at the moment when they became necessary. The streets, being dark, were deserted. No lamps—that makes few passers-by. The man walked rapidly. He was strangely dressed, for perambulating the streets at such an hour. He had an embroidered silk coat, a sword at his side, a hat with white plumes, and no cloak. The watchmen, who saw him go by, said, "There's a lord, who has laid a wager." And they stood out of his way, with the respect due to a lord and to a bet.

This man was Gwynplaine.

He had taken flight.

How was it with him? He did not know. The soul, as we have remarked, has its cyclones, its fearful gyrations, in which all is commingled—sky, sea, day, night, life, death—in a sort of unintelligible horror. You can no longer breathe what is real. You are overwhelmed by things in which you have no faith. Nothingness is transformed into a hurricane. The firmament has turned wan. The infinite is void. The absent is present. You feel that you are dying. You crave for a star. What

did Gwynplaine experience?—a thirst to see Dea.

He felt nothing, save this alone. To regain the Green-Box, and the Tadcaster Inn, with its noise and its light and the good hearty laugh of the people; to find Ursus again and Homo; to see Dea again; to reënter into life!

Disillusions unbend themselves like the bow, with sinister force, and launch the arrow, man, at what is true. Gwynplaine was in haste. He drew near the Tarrinzeau-Field. He walked no longer; he ran. His eyes plunged into the darkness in advance. He sent out his look before him—the look yearning for a port on the horizon. What a moment, when he was on the point of seeing the lighted-up windows of the Tadcaster Inn!

He came out upon the bowling-green. He turned a corner of a wall, and had in face of him, at the other end of the meadow and at some distance, the inn, which, it will be remembered, was the only house upon the fair-ground.

He looked. No light. A black mass.

He shuddered. Then he said to himself that it was late, that the tavern was closed, that it was all plain enough, that they were asleep, that he had only to wake up Nicless or Govicum, that he must proceed to the inn, and knock at the door. And he went. He did not run to it. He precipitated himself upon it.

He reached the inn, entirely out of breath. You are full of anguish, you are struggling in the soul's invisible convulsions, you know no longer whether you be dead or alive—and you have, for those whom you love, all sorts of delicate scruples; it is hereby that true hearts are recognized. In the general engulfment, tenderness rises to the surface. Not to wake Dea abruptly was Gwynplaine's immediate heed.

He approached the inn, making the least possible noise. He knew the hole, old kennel of the watch-dog, where Govicum slept; this hole, adjoining the low-pitched room, had a small window looking out on to the bowling-green. Gwynplaine scratched softly on the pane. It would be sufficient to wake Govicum.

There was no movement in Govicum's bedroom. At his age, said Gwynplaine to himself, sleep is sound. He tapped lightly, with the back of his hand, upon the window. Nothing stirred.

He struck more sharply, and two knocks. No one budged in the dog-hole. Then, with a slight shudder, he went to the door of the inn, and thumped.

No one answered.

He thought, not without the beginning of a deadly chill:—Master Nicless is old; children sleep soundly, and old men heavily. Come! harder still!

He had scratched. He had knocked. He had thumped. He thundered. This brought back to him, from a distance, the recollection of Weymouth, when he, being little, had Dea, also little, in his arms.

He thundered violently, like a lord. Alas! he was one.

The house remained silent.

He felt that he was becoming distracted.

He no longer kept within bounds. He shouted:—Nicless! Govicum!

At the same time, he looked up at the windows, to see if any candle were alight.

Nothing in the inn. Not a voice. Not a noise. Not a light.

He went to the main entrance gate, and thundered on it, and pushed it, and shook it madly, crying out:—Ursus! Homo!

The wolf did not howl.

A cold sweat stood in beads on his brow.

He threw his eyes around him. The night was thick; but there were stars enough to make the fair-ground distinct. He saw one thing lugubrious—the vanishing of every thing. There was not a single booth remaining on the green. The circus was no longer there. Not a tent. Not a trestle. Not a caravan. The vagabondage, with its thousand noises, that had swarmed there had given place to an indescribable blackness, savage and void. All had gone away.

A maddening anxiety seized upon him. What was the meaning of this? What, then, had happened? Was there no longer any one? Was it that his life had fallen into pieces behind him? What had been done with them, with all? Ah! good God! He threw himself, like a tempest, on the house. Furious with fright and agony, he struck with fist and foot upon the side-door, upon the main gate, upon the windows, upon the shutters, upon the walls. He called Nicless, Govicum, Fibi, Vinos, Ursus, Homo. All exclamations, all noises, he hurled them against this enclosure. At intervals, he paused and listened; the house remained dumb and dead. Then, exasperated, he began again. Shocks, knockings, cries, the rattle of successive blows, made echoes around. It might have been said, that thunder was essaying to waken the tomb.

A man becomes terrible, under the influence of a certain degree of affright. He, who is afraid of every thing, is no longer afraid of any thing. He kicks the sphinx. He abuses the infinite. Gwynplaine renewed all this tumult under every possible form, stopping, going on again, inexhaustible in his cries and callings, as he stormed this tragic silence.

He called, a hundred times, upon all those who might have been there; shouted all the names, with the exception of Dea's. Precaution, scarcely known to himself, but whereof he still had the instinct in his frenzy.

Cries and calls being spent, there remained escalade. The house must be entered. But how? He broke a window-pane in Govicum's den, thrust in his wrist, tearing his flesh, drew back the bolt of the sash-work, and opened the little window. He perceived that his sword would be in his way; he snatched at it angrily, sheath, blade, and belt, and threw it down on the pavement. Then he raised himself up by the projections of the wall, and, though the window was narrow, could pass through it. He penetrated into the inn.

Govicum's bed, dimly visible, was in the dog-hole; but Govicum was not there. For Govicum not to be in his bed, it must needs be that Nicless was not in his own. All the house was in darkness. In this gloomy interior, the mysterious immobility of emptiness might be felt, and that vague horror which signifies: There is no one here. —Gwynplaine convulsively traversed the drinking-room, knocked upon the tables, trampled the plates and dishes under foot, turned the benches over, upset the jugs, strode over the furniture, and went to the door that opened into the court-yard, and broke it in by pressure of his knee that sent the latch flying. The door turned on its hinges. He looked into the yard. The Green-Box was no longer there.

II.

SETTLING-UP.

Gwynplaine left the house, and set himself to exploring the Tarrinzeau-Field in every direction. He went all around, wherever, the evening before, a trestle, a tent, or a hut was seen. There was no longer any thing. He

knocked at the stalls, though well knowing that they were not inhabited. He beat upon every thing that resembled window or door. Not a voice came forth from this obscurity. Something like death had come that way.

The ant-hill had been crushed. Palpably, the police had been at work there. There had been what, in our day, would be called a razzia. The Tarrinzeau-Field was more than deserted; it was desolated, and in every nook the scratching of a ferocious talon might be perceived. They had, so to say, turned inside out the pockets of this miserable fair, and cleaned them out. Gwynplaine, after having ferreted everywhere, left the bowling-green, entered the winding streets at the end called the East Point, and turned his steps toward the Thames.

He traversed several zigzags of this net-work of lanes, where was nothing but walls and hedges; then he felt in the air the freshness of the water; he heard the dull gliding of the stream; and suddenly found himself before a parapet. It was the parapet of the Effroc-stone.

This parapet bordered a portion of the quay, very short and very narrow. Below the parapet, the lofty wall of the Effroc-stone ran down perpendicularly into the dark water.

Gwynplaine made a halt at this parapet, leaned his elbow on it, took his head between his hands, and set himself to ruminating, having that water beneath him.

Was he looking at the water? No. At what was he looking? At the shade. Not at the shade around and outside of him, but at the shade within him.

In the melancholy night-landscape whereto he paid no heed, in that external obscurity whereinto his look did not penetrate, the outlines of masts and yards might be distinguished. Below the Effroc-stone there was the stream only; but the quay down the river sloped gradually lower, and ended, at some distance, in a bank, alongside of which were several small craft, some having arrived and others being about to sail. These communicated with the land by little jetties of stone or wood, to which they were moored, or by gangways of plank. These vessels, some made fast, the others at anchor, were without movement. Not a step nor a voice was heard, inasmuch as it is the sailor's wise habit to sleep as much as he possibly can, and only to get up to work. If any one of these vessels was to start at high water, no one on board was yet awake. Scarcely discernible were the hulls—black blisters—and the rigging made up of threads commingled with ladders. It was confused and livid. Here and there a red lantern punctured the mist.

Gwynplaine saw nothing of all this. Destiny was what he was considering.

He was dreaming—a visionary distracted before inexorable reality.

He seemed to hear behind him something resembling an earthquake. It was the laughter of the lords.

From this laugh he had just escaped. He had escaped from it, smitten in the face.

Smitten by whom?

By his brother.

And in escaping from this laughter, with this buffet on him, taking refuge, wounded bird, in his nest—flying from hate, and in search of love—what had he found?

Darkness.

No one.

Every thing disappeared.

He compared this darkness to the dream that he had had.

What a downfall!

Gwynplaine had reached that sinister verge—empty space. The Green-Box removed was the universe vanished out of sight.

A closing-up of his soul had taken place.

What could have happened? Where were they? They had evidently been carried off. His destiny had come upon him, Gwynplaine, in one blow—grandeur; and upon them in a rebounding blow—annihilation. It was clear that he would never see them again. Precautions had been taken to this end. And at the same time violent hands had been laid upon all that inhabited the fair-ground, so that no tidings might reach him. Inexorable dispersion. That fearful social force, while pulverizing him in the Chamber of Peers, had ground them to powder in their poor cabin. They were lost. Dea was lost. Lost for him. Forever. Powers of Heaven! where was she? And he had not been there to defend her!

Forming conjectures as to the absent, whom we love, is to put ourselves upon the rack. He inflicted this torture on himself. At each corner into which he plunged, at each supposition that he made, there was a gloomy inward groan.

Athwart a succession of poignant ideas, he called to mind a man evidently ominous, who had told him that his name was Barkilphedro. This man had inscribed upon his brain something obscure, that now reappeared to him; and it had been written in an ink so horrible, that now it was in letters of fire. In the depth of his imagination, Gwynplaine saw these enigmatical words, now made plain, flaming up:—Destiny does not open one door, without closing another.

All was consummated. The last shadows were upon him. Every man may have, in his destiny, his own peculiar ending of the world. This is termed despair. The soul is full of falling stars.

Observe just what his position was.

A cloud of vapor had passed by. He had been mixed up with this vapor. It had thickened over his eyes; it had entered into his brain. He had been, externally, blinded; internally, intoxicated. This had lasted so long as a cloud is in passing. Then all was dissipated—the vapor, and his life. Awakened from this dream, he found himself again alone.

All vanished away. All gone. All lost. Night. Nothing. Such was his horizon.

He was alone.

"Alone" has its synonyme: "dead."

Despair is an accountant. He keeps his books in order. Nothing escapes him. He sums up every thing; he does not pass over the smallest coin. He reproaches God with the thunderclaps and the pin-pricks. He desires to make up his mind as to destiny. He reasons, weighs, calculates.

Gloomy external chill, beneath which the burning lava continues to run.

Gwynplaine examined himself, and examined Fate.

The backward survey is a fearful summing up.

When at the top of the mountain, we look at the precipices. When we have fallen to the foot, we look at the sky.

And we say: I was there!

Gwynplaine was at the lowest depth of wretchedness. And how quickly it had come upon him! Hideous promptitude of ill fortune! It is so heavy, that we believed it slow. By no means. It seems as though the snow, being cold, ought to share the paralysis of winter, and, being white, the immobility of the winding-sheet. To all this the avalanche gives the lie.

The avalanche is snow converted into a furnace. It remains congealed, yet it devours. The avalanche had enwrapped Gwynplaine. He had been torn off like a rag, uprooted like a tree, hurled like a stone.

He went over the incidents of his fall. He put questions to himself, and answered them. Grief is an interrogatory. No judge is so minutely particular, as the conscience in examining its own report.

In his despair, how much was there of remorse!

He desired to clear up this point with himself, and anatomized his conscience —mournful vivisection!

His absence had caused a catastrophe. Had this absence depended on himself? In all that had just taken place, had he been a free agent? No. He had felt himself a prisoner. What was it that had arrested and detained him? A prison? No. A chain? No. What, then, was it? He had been glued fast in greatness.

To whom has it not happened, to be free in appearance, and to feel that his wings are hampered?

There had been something like a trap laid. What was temptation at first, ended by being captivity.

Nevertheless—and upon this point his conscience was not easy—had he simply submitted to what had offered itself? No. He had accepted it.

It was true enough, that violence and surprise, in a certain degree, had been employed upon him; but he, on his part, in a certain degree, had let matters take their course. It was not his fault that he had allowed himself to be carried off; it had been of his own weakness that he had allowed himself to become intoxicated. There had been a moment, a decisive moment, when the question had been put to him; this Barkilphedro had brought him face to face with a dilemma, and had distinctly given Gwynplaine the opportunity of determining his fate by a word. Gwynplaine might have said "no." He had said "yes."

From this "yes," uttered while in a state of giddiness, every thing had followed. Gwynplaine comprehended this. Bitter after-taste of acquiescence.

Still—for he debated within himself—was it, then, so grievous an error to reenter upon his rights, upon his patrimony, upon his heritage, into his house, and, being patrician, upon the rank of his ancestors, and, being an orphan, upon his father's name? What had he accepted? A restitution. Made by whom? By Providence.

Then a reaction came over him. How stupid an acceptance! What a bargain he had made! How foolish an exchange! He had negotiated at a loss with this providence! What! to have two millions of revenue, to have seven or eight lordships, to have ten or a dozen palaces, to have town-houses and country-seats, to have a hundred lackeys, and packs of hounds, and carriages, and armorial bearings, to be judge and legislator, to be coroneted and robed in purple like a king, to be baron and marquis, to be peer of England—he had given Ursus's booth and Dea's smile! For immensity, in which a man is swallowed up and shipwrecked, he had given happiness! For the ocean, he had given the pearl! O madman! O fool! O dupe!

But notwithstanding—and here the objection came again upon a solid footing—in this fever of high fortune that had seized him, all had not been unwholesome. Perchance there might have been egotism in renouncing; perchance the acceptance was a duty. Abruptly transformed into a lord, what ought he to have done? Complication of events brings about perplexity of mind. This is what happened to him. Duty giving its orders in inverted sense, duty on all sides at once, duty complex and well-nigh contradictory—this bugbear had been upon him. It was this bugbear that had paralyzed him, notably on the passage from Corleone Lodge to the Chamber of Peers, which

he had not opposed. What in life is called mounting up, is the transition from a simple to a disquieting itinerary. Where, henceforth, is the direct line? Toward whom is the first duty? Is it toward our neighbors? Is it toward the human race? Do we not pass from the small family to the large? We mount up, and we feel a burden on our probity that grows heavier. The higher up, the greater the obligation. The breaking-out of light makes the duty greater. We have the pressure on us, perhaps the illusion of several pathways offering themselves at the same time, and at the entrance of each of which we imagine that we see the indicating finger of conscience. Where to go? to issue forth? to remain? to advance? to fall back? What to do? It is strange that duty should have places where its cross-roads meet. Responsibility may be a labyrinth.

And, when a man is possessed by one idea, when he is the incarnation of a fact, when he is symbolic man, and at the same time man in the flesh and in the bones, is not responsibility more irksome still? Thence the anxious docility and the mute anxiety of Gwynplaine; thence his obedience to the summons to take his seat. The thoughtful man is often the passive man. It had seemed to him, that he heard even the injunction of duty. Was not this entry into a place, where oppression might be discussed and combated, the realization of one of his profoundest aspirations? When speech was given to him —to him the formidable social sample, to him the living specimen of the good pleasure under which for six thousand years the human race has had its death-rattle—had he the right to refuse it? Had he the right to remove his head from beneath the tongue of fire falling from on high, and coming to settle itself upon him?

In the hidden and giddy pleadings of conscience, what had he said to himself? this:—The people are silence. I shall be the mighty advocate of this silence. I will speak for the dumb. I will speak of the small to the great, and of the feeble to the strong. That is the aim of my fate. God wills what He wills, and He accomplishes it. Certes it is surprising that that gourd of that Hardquanonne, wherein was the metamorphosis of Gwynplaine into Lord Clancharlie, should have floated for fifteen years upon the waves, in the billows, in the surf, in the squalls, and that all this turmoil should have wrought it no harm. I see wherefore. There are secret destinies; I hold the key of mine; and I open my enigma. I am predestined. I have a mission. I shall be the lord of the poor. I shall speak for all the despairing silent ones. I shall interpret this stammering. I shall interpret the grumblings, the howlings, the murmurs, the tumult of crowds, the complaints ill pronounced, the unintelligible voices, and all these cries of beasts, that through ignorance and through suffering man is forced to utter. The noise of men is inarticulate, as the noise of the wind; they cry out. But they are not understood; and there is crying equivalent to holding their peace, and holding their peace is their disarming. Compulsory disarming, that calls for succor. I will be the succor. I will be the denunciation. I will be the Word of the people. Thanks to me, there shall be an understanding. I will be the bleeding mouth, whence the gag is snatched out. I will say every thing. It will be grand—

Yes, to speak for the dumb is fine; but to speak to the deaf is saddening! That way was the second part of his wandering.

Alas! he had miscarried.

He had miscarried irremediably.

This elevation in which he had put

faith, this lofty fortune, this likelihood, had sunk away beneath him.

What a fall, to tumble into the spume of laughter!

He thought himself strong, he who, during so many years, had floated, regardful soul, amid the vast outspread of sufferings; he was bringing back a lamentable cry from all this gloom. He had just been stranded on that colossal reef, the frivolousness of the happy. He thought himself an avenger; he was a clown. He thought to thunder; he had tickled. In place of emotion, he had reaped mockery. He had sobbed; and merriment had ensued. Under this merriment, he had gone to the bottom. Funereal engulfment!

And at what had they laughed? At his laugh.

Thus, this execrable violence whereof the trace was on him for evermore, this mutilation become mirth in perpetuity, this stigmatic grin, image of the supposititious contentment of nations under their oppressors, this mask of joy manufactured by torture, this depth of grimace imprinted on his visage, this cicatrice significant of *jussu regis*, this verification of outrage committed by the king upon him, symbol of outrage committed by royalty upon the whole people — this it was that triumphed over him, this it was that overwhelmed him; it was accusation against the executioner turned into sentence upon the victim! Prodigious denial of justice! Royalty, after having disposed of his father, had disposed of him. The evil, that had been done, served as pretext and motive for the evil that remained to be done. Against whom were the lords indignant? Against the torturer? No. Against the one who was tortured. Here, the throne; there, the people. Here, James II.; there, Gwynplaine. Assuredly, this confrontation brought to light a wicked attempt, and a crime. What was the wicked attempt? Complaining. What was the crime? Suffering. Let misery hide itself and be silent; if not, it is high-treason. And these men, who had dragged Gwynplaine upon the hurdle of sarcasm, were they wicked? No; but they had, they too, their fatality — they were fortunate. They were executioners, without knowing it. They were in good-humor. They had found Gwynplaine useless. He had laid open his belly, he had drawn out his liver and his heart, he had laid bare his entrails—and they had cried to him: "Play your farce!" Heart-breaking fact, he himself had laughed! A fearful chain bound in his soul, and prevented his thought from mounting upward to his countenance. The disfiguration reached to his mind, and, while his conscience was indignant, his face gave it the lie, and grinned. All was ended. He was the Man Who Laughs, Caryatid of the world that weeps. He was anguish petrified into hilarity, bearing the weight of a universe of woe, and walled forever in merriment, in irony, in others' entertainment. He shared, with all the oppressed of whom he was the incarnation, the abominable fatality of being a desolation not taken seriously; his distress was matter for sport; he was an indescribable and enormous buffoon coming out from a terrific condensation of adversity, escaped from his convict-bagnio, past-divinity, elevated from the dregs of the populace to the foot of the throne, mingled with constellations; and, after having enlivened the lost, he enlivened the elect. All that he had in him of generosity, of enthusiasm, of eloquence, of heart, of soul, of fury, of anger, of love, of inexpressible grief, ended in this—a peal of laughter. And he verified, as he had said to the lords, that his case was not an exception; that it was the normal fact, common, universal, the vast sovereign fact, so

amalgamated with the routine of living, that it was scarcely perceived any more. The starveling laughs; the beggar laughs; the convict laughs; the orphan, to gain his livelihood, laughs; the slave laughs; the soldier laughs; the people laugh. Human society is compounded in such fashion, that all perditions, all indigences, all catastrophes, all fevers, all ulcers, all agonies, resolve themselves, above the bottomless pit, into a terrific grimace of joy. He himself was this totality of grimace; it was he. The law from on high, the unknown power that governs, had willed that a visible and palpable spectre, a spectre of blood and bone, should sum up in itself the monstrous parody that we call the world; he was that spectre.

Destiny without cure.

He had cried:—Mercy for the sufferers.—In vain.

He had desired to awaken pity; he had awakened horror. That is the law for spectral apparitions.

At the same time as spectre, he was man. Therein was the poignant complication. Spectre without, man within. Man, more than any others perhaps, for in his double lot all mortality was summed up. And, whilst he had humanity within him, he was sensible of it beyond him.

There was in his existence something insuperable. What was he? A disinherited man? No; for he was a lord. What was he? A lord? No; for he was a rebel. He was the light-bearer; terrible kill-joy. He was not Satan, assuredly; but he was Lucifer. He came sinister, torch in hand.

Sinister for whom? For the sinister. Dreadful to whom? To the dreaded. Therefore they rejected him. Take place among them? Be accepted? Never. The obstacle that he bore upon his face was fearful; but the obstacle that was in his ideas was more insurmountable still. His speech had appeared more deformed than his countenance. He thought no thought that was possible in this world of the great and the powerful, wherein one fatality had given him birth, and wherefrom another fatality had made him emerge. There was a mask between mankind and his face, and a wall between society and his mind. In mingling, from his infancy —wandering mountebank—with the vast centre of vivacity and robustness that is termed the crowd, in saturating himself with the magnetism of the multitude, in impregnating himself with the immense human soul, he had lost, in the common sense of all the world, the special appreciation of the ruling classes. High up, it was impossible. He came, all dripping from the water of the well of truth. He had upon him the fetid odor of the abyss. He was repugnant to these princes, perfumed with lies. To him, who lives upon fiction, truth is poisonous. He, who is athirst for flattery, vomits up the real, imbibed by surprise. What he, Gwynplaine, brought, was not presentable. What was it?—reason, wisdom, justice. It was rejected with disgust.

Bishops were there. To them he brought God. What was this intrusion?

The opposite poles recoil from each other. No amalgamation possible. There is lack of transition. This formidable meeting of opposites had been seen, having no other result than a cry of anger—all misery concentrated in one man, face to face with all pride concentrated in one caste.

To accuse is useless. To establish is sufficient. Gwynplaine, in this meditation on the verge of his destiny, established the thorough uselessness of his effort. He established the deafness of high places. The privileged have no

ear toward the disinherited. Is it the fault of the privileged? No. It is their law, alas! Forgive them! To feel emotion would be to abdicate. Where lords and princes are, nothing must be expected. Inexorable is he, who is satisfied. For the well-filled, the starving have no existence. The fortunate are in ignorance, and hold aloof. On the threshold of their paradise, as on the threshold of hell, must be written:—"Leave behind every hope!"

Gwynplaine had met with the reception of a spectre, entering the abode of the gods.

Hereupon, all that he had in him rose up. No; he was not a spectre—he was a man. He had told them, he had cried it to them, he was Man.

He was not a phantom. He had palpitating flesh. He had a brain, and he thought; he had a heart, and he loved; he had a soul, and he hoped. Having hoped too much was even all his fault.

Alas! he had so far exaggerated hope, as to believe in that thing, glittering and obscure, society. He, who was outside, had reëntered it.

Society had, at once and at the outset, made him three offers, and given him its three gifts, marriage, family, and caste. Marriage? He had seen prostitution on the threshold. Family? His brother had smitten him on the face, and awaited him, next day, sword in hand. Caste? It had just burst out laughing in his face, he being a patrician, he being miserable. He was rejected, almost even before being admitted. And his first three steps in this deep social shadow had opened beneath him three gulfs.

And it was by a traitorous transfiguration that his disaster had been begun. And this catastrophe had approached him under the aspect of apotheosis. "Mount up!" had signified "Go down!"

He was, as it were, the reverse of Job. It was through prosperity that adversity had come upon him.

O tragical human enigma! Take note of the ambushes. A child, he had contended with the night, and had proved the stronger. Man, he had contended with destiny, and had beaten it to the ground. From disfigured, he had made himself radiant, and, from unfortunate, happy. Of his exile, he had made an asylum. Vagabond, he had contended with space, and, like the birds of heaven, had found therein his crumbs of bread. Savage and solitary, he had contended with the crowd, and had made of it a friend. Athlete, he had contended with that lion, the people, and had tamed it. Poor, he had contended with distress, he had faced the sombre necessity of living, and, by force of blending all the joys of the heart with misery, he had made for himself riches out of poverty. He had been enabled to imagine himself the vanquisher of life. All at once, new forces had come in against him from the depth of the unknown, no more with menaces, but with caresses and smiles; love, Draconian and material, had appeared to him, all absorbed in love angelic; the flesh had seized him, who lived in the ideal; to the light of the true had succeeded the fascination of the false; for it is not the flesh that is the real—it is the soul. The flesh is cinder; the soul is flame. For this group bound to him by the relationship of poverty and of toil, and which was his true natural family, had been substituted the social family, family by blood, but of blood that was tainted; and even before entering into it, he had found himself face to face with a fratricide in embryo. Alas! he had allowed himself to be reclassed in that society, of which Brantôme, whom he had not

read, had said: "The son may properly challenge the father to a duel." Fatal fortune had cried to him: "You are not of the crowd; you are of the chosen ones!" and had opened the social ceiling above his head as it were a trap-door in the sky, and had launched him through this opening, and had caused him to spring up, unexpected and savage, in the midst of princes and masters. Suddenly, around him, in place of the people who applauded, he had seen the lords who cursed him. Melancholy metamorphosis! Ignominious amplification! Rude spoliation of all that had been his felicity! Pillage of his life, by hue and cry! Rooting up of Gwynplaine, of Clancharlie, of lord, of mountebank, of his earliest condition, of his new condition, by peckings from the beaks of all these eagles!

Of what use was it to have begun life, at the outstart, by victory over obstacle? Of what use to have triumphed at first? Alas! it was needful that he should be precipitated, or, otherwise, destiny had not been fulfilled.

Thus, half by force and half willingly —for, after the wapentake, he had to deal with Barkilphedro, and in his abduction there was consent—he had quitted the real for the chimerical, the true for the false, Dea for Josiane, love for pride, liberty for power, work proud and poor for opulence charged with obscure responsibility, the shade wherein is God for the glitter wherein are demons, Paradise for Olympus!

He had bitten into golden fruit. He spat out a mouthful of cinder.

Lamentable result. Rout, bankruptcy, falling in ruins, insolent expulsion of all his hopes scourged away by grinning, unmeasured disillusion. And what to do henceforward? If he looked to the morrow, what did he see?—a naked sword, of which the point was at his breast and the handle in his brother's hand! He saw only the hideous glistening of the sword. All the rest—Josiane, the Chamber of Peers—was behind, in a monstrous chiaroscuro filled with tragic outlines.

And this brother, who had seemed to him to be chivalrous and manly. Alas! this Tom-Jim-Jack who had defended Gwynplaine, this Lord David who had defended Lord Clancharlie—he had scarcely had a glimpse of him; he had only had time enough to be smitten by him, and to love him!

What discouragements!

Now, to proceed onward. Impossible. There was falling to pieces on every side. Besides, to what purpose? In the depth of despair, all is weariness.

The trial had been made, and was not to be begun again.

Gwynplaine was a player, who has played out all his trumps. He had allowed himself to be dragged to the formidable gambling-house. Without specially calling himself to account for what he did—such is the subtle poisoning of illusion—he had staked Dea against Josiane; he had got a monster. He had staked Ursus against a family; he had got an insult. He had staked his mountebank's trestle against the seat of a lord; he had got acclamation and imprecation.

His last card had just fallen on the fatal green cloth of the deserted bowling-green. Gwynplaine had lost. There was nothing more for him, but to pay. Pay, miserable one!

The thunderstricken do not quiver much. Gwynplaine was motionless. Whoever had seen him from a distance thus in the shade, stiff and without movement, beside the parapet, would have thought he saw a stone standing up.

Hell, the serpent, and revery, twist themselves fold upon fold. Gwynplaine descended the sepulchral spirals of the depth of thought.

He contemplated the world, whereof he had just had a glimpse, with that cold look which is the look definitive. Marriage, but no love; family, but no fraternity; wealth, but no conscience; beauty, but no modesty; justice, but no equity; order, but no equilibrium; power, but no intelligence; authority, but no right; splendor, but no radiance. Inexorable balance of account! He made the tour of that supreme vision, in which his thought was plunged. He examined one after the other, destiny, his position, society, and himself. What was destiny?—a snare. His position?—despair. Society?—hatred. Himself?—a vanquished man. And, from the depth of his soul, he exclaimed:—Society is the stepmother. Nature is the mother. Society is the world of the body; nature is the world of the soul. The one leads to the coffin, to the pine-box in the trench, to the earthworms; and finishes there. The other leads to outspread wings, to transfiguration in the morn, to ascent into firmaments; and there it recommences.

By degrees, the paroxysm took hold of him. Fatal whirling! Things that are finishing throw out a final gleam, wherein all is discerned.

He, who passes judgment, confronts. Gwynplaine placed before himself what society had done for him, and what nature had done. How good had nature been for him! How she had aided him, she who is the soul! Every thing had been taken from him—every thing, even to his visage; the soul had restored every thing to him. Every thing, even the visage; for there was here below a celestial blind one, made expressly for him, who saw not his ugliness, and who saw his beauty.

And it was from this that he had permitted himself to be separated! It was from this adorable being, it was from this heart, it was from this adoption, it was from this tenderness, it was from this divine blind look, the sole one upon earth that saw him—that he had gone far away! Dea was his sister; for, between her and him, he felt the grand cerulean fraternity, the mystery that embraces all the sky. Dea, when he was little, had been his maiden; for every boy-child has a maiden, and life always begins with a marriage of souls consummated in full innocence, by a pair of uninformed virginities. Dea was his spouse; for they had the same nest on the highest branch of the deep-rooted tree Hymen. Dea was more still, she was his light; without her, all was nothingness and void, and he saw around her an aureole of rays. What would he become, without Dea? What to do with all that was himself? Nothing of himself could live without her. How, then, could he have been able to lose sight of her for a moment? O hapless one! Between his star and himself he had let a digression take place, and, in these redoubtable and unknown gravitations, digression rapidly becomes the abyss. Where was she, the star? Dea! Dea! Dea! Dea! Alas! he had lost his light! Take away the star, and what is the sky?—blackness. But why, then, had all this passed away? Oh! how full of happiness he had been! God had remade Eden for him;—too completely, alas! even to letting the serpent reënter, though, this time, it was man, who had been tempted. He had been drawn out thence, and there, frightful snare, he had fallen into the chaos of black laughs, which is hell! Woe! woe! How terrific was all that had fascinated him! This Josiane—what was she? Oh! horrible woman, almost beast, almost goddess! Gwynplaine was at this moment on the reversed side of his elevation, and saw the very opposite of his bedazzlement. It was funereal. That lordship was deformed, that coronet was hideous, that purple robe was dismal, those

palaces were poisoned, those trophies, those statues, those armorial emblazonments squinted; the foul and traitorous air, that he had breathed there, made him mad! Oh! the rags of the mountebank Gwynplaine were lustrous. Oh! where the Green-Box was, were poverty and joy, and the pleasant life of wandering together like the swallows. They did not leave each other; they saw each other every minute; in the evening, in the morning, at table, there was jogging of elbow and touch of knee; they drank from the same glass; the sun came in by the little window; but he was the sun only, and Dea was love. At night, they felt that they were sleeping not far apart, and Dea's dream came and hovered over Gwynplaine, and Gwynplaine's dream came mysteriously to bloom into fulness above Dea! On waking, they were not quite sure that they had not exchanged kisses in the azure cloud of dreamland. All innocence was in Dea; all wisdom in Ursus. They prowled from town to town; they had, for viaticum and for cordial, the frank and kindly gayety of the people. They were vagabond angels, having enough of humanity for walking here below, and not quite enough of wings for flying away. And now—disappearance! Where was all that? Was it possible that all could be effaced? What wind from the tomb had blown? It was eclipsed! It was lost! Alas! the dull omnipotence, that weighs heavily on the small, disposes of all that is in shadow and is capable of every thing. What had been done to them? And he had not been there, he, to protect them, to throw himself across their way, to defend them, as lord, with his title, his nobility, and his sword; as mountebank, with his fists and his nails! And here supervened one bitter thought, the most bitter perhaps of all—yet no, he could not have defended them. It was precisely he who had ruined them. It was to keep him, Lord Clancharlie, clear of them, it was to isolate his dignity from contact with them, that the infamous social omnipotence had borne heavily upon them. His best mode of protecting them would be to disappear; there would be no more reason for persecuting them. He out of the way, they would be left quiet. Freezing aperture, whereinto his thoughts entered! Ah! why had he let himself be separated from Dea? Was not his first duty toward Dea? To serve and defend the people? but Dea—that was the people. Dea—that was the orphan, that was the blind one, that was humanity! Oh! what had been done with them? Cruel dressing-up of regret! his absence had left the field clear for the catastrophe! He would have shared their fate. Or he would have taken them and carried them off with him, where he would have buried himself with them. What to become, without them, now? Gwynplaine without Dea—was it possible? Dea wanting, every thing was wanting. Ah! all was over! This well-loved group was buried forever in an irreparable swooning away. All was exhausted. Besides, condemned and damned as Gwynplaine was, of what use were a longer struggle? There was nothing more to expect, either from man, or from Heaven. Dea! Dea! Where is Dea? Lost! What, lost! He, who has lost his soul, has but one spot left where he may find it again—death.

Gwynplaine, distracted and full of woe, placed his hands firmly on the parapet, as though it had been a solution, and looked at the stream.

It was the third night since he had slept. A fever was on him. His ideas, that he imagined clear, were troubled. He felt the imperative need of sleep. He remained thus for some moments, leaning over the water. The shadow

offered him the grand tranquil bed; the infinite of darkness. Sinister temptation!

He took off his coat, folded it, and placed it on the parapet. Then he unbuttoned his waistcoat. As he was about to take it off, his hand struck against something in the pocket. It was the red-book that the librarian of the House of Lords had presented to him. He drew out the memorandum-book from the pocket, examined it in the diffused night-light, saw a pencil in it, took the pencil, and wrote these two lines upon the first blank page that opened:

—"I am going away. Let my brother David take my place, and be happy!"

And he signed it: Fermain Clancharlie, peer of England.

Then he took off the waistcoat and laid it upon the coat. He took off his hat, and laid it upon the waistcoat. He put into the hat the red-book, opened at the page whereon he had written. He saw a stone on the ground, took it, and put it into the hat.

This done, he looked up at the infinite space above his brow.

Then, his head drooped down slowly, as though drawn by an invisible thread from the abyss.

There was a hole in the stones of the base of the parapet. He put one foot into it, so that his knee was raised above the top of the parapet, and it was the easiest thing in the world to stride over it.

He crossed his hands behind his back, and leaned forward.

—So be it! he said.

And he fixed his eyes upon the deep water.

At that moment he felt a tongue licking his hands.

He shuddered, and turned round.

It was Homo who was behind him.

CONCLUSION.

SEA AND NIGHT.

I.

WATCH-DOG MAY BE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Gwynplaine broke out into an explanation.

—It is you, wolf!

Homo wagged his tail; his eyes glistened in the obscurity. He looked at Gwynplaine.

Then he betook himself to licking his hands. Gwynplaine remained an instant as though intoxicated. He had experienced the shock of the prodigious reëntry of hope. Homo, what an apparition! During forty-eight hours, he had exhausted what we might term all the variations of the thunder-stroke; it remained for him to receive the thunder-stroke of delight. It was this one that had just fallen on him. Certainty regained, or at least the clearing-up that leads to it; the sudden intervention of an inexplicable and mysterious clemency, that may perchance be a portion of fate; life saying, "Here am I!" at the darkest of the tomb, at the moment when there is no more to be expected, a sudden suggestion of cure and deliverance; something like a foothold found again at the most critical instant of a downward slip—Homo was all this. Gwynplaine saw the wolf as if irradiated.

Nevertheless, Homo turned away. He took a few steps, and looked back, as though to see if Gwynplaine were following him.

Gwynplaine began walking after him. Homo wagged his tail, and continued on his way.

This way, on which the wolf proceeded, was the slope of the Effroc-stone quay. This slope led to the bank of the Thames. Gwynplaine, con-

ducted by Homo, descended this slope. From time to time, Homo turned his head, to assure himself that Gwynplaine was behind him.

In certain supreme situations, nothing so much resembles an intelligence comprehending every thing, as the simple instinct of a loving beast. The animal is a lucid somnambulist.

There are cases in which the dog feels impelled to follow his master; others, in which he feels impelled to precede him. Then the animal assumes the direction of the mental. The imperturbable sense of smelling sees confusedly in our twilight. To make of himself the guide appears vaguely to the beast as a necessity. Does he know that there is a dangerous bit of ground, and that he must assist the man to pass it? No, probably. Yes, perhaps. In all cases, some one knows it for him. We have remarked already that very often in life august aid, that we think comes from below, comes really from on high. We know not all the forms that God may assume. What is the animal?—providence.

Having reached the bank, the wolf went down upon the narrow strip of land that ran alongside the Thames.

He did not utter any cry, he did not bark; he walked on, mute. On all occasions, Homo followed his instinct and did his duty, but with the pensive reserve of the outlaw.

After about fifty steps, he stopped. On the right, there was a jetty. At the end of this jetty, a sort of landing-place on piles, might be seen a dark mass, which was a tolerably large vessel. On the deck of this vessel, toward the bow, there was a very indistinct light, that looked like a night-lamp on the point of going out.

The wolf assured himself for the last time that Gwynplaine was there, then bounded upon the jetty, a long passage-way planked and pitched, supported by open wood-work, and under which the water of the stream was flowing. In a few moments, Homo and Gwynplaine reached the point.

The vessel moored at the end of the jetty was one of those tun-bellied Dutch craft, with two decks cut down, one forward, the other aft, having, in the Japanese style, between the two decks, a deep compartment entirely open, into which a straight ladder led down, and which was filled with all the packages of the cargo. This made a quarter-deck and forecastle, as in our old river packet-boats, with a hollow amidships. The freight ballasted this hollow. The paper-boats, that children make, have nearly this form. Under the decks were the cabins, communicating by doors with this midship-compartment, and lighted by small port-holes in the side-planks. In stowing the cargo, passages were kept free between the packages. The two masts of these galliots were planted in the two decks. The mast on the forecastle was called the Paul; the mast on the quarter-deck was called the Peter—the vessel being propelled by the two masts as the church by its two apostles. A narrow gangway, like a Chinese bridge, went from one deck to the other, above the midship compartment. In bad weather, the two boarded sides to the gangway were lowered, right and left, by a mechanical arrangement, so that a roof was made for the hollow compartment, and the vessel, in high seas, was hermetically sealed. These very massive barks had a beam for tiller, the power of the helm being proportioned to the heaviness of the draught. Three men, the master and two seamen, with a youngster, the cabin-boy, were enough to manœuvre these ponderous sea-machines. The decks forward and aft were, as we have said, without rail. This particular galliot was a large, full-bottomed hull, all black; and on it

might be read, in white letters, visible by night: *Vograat, Rotterdam.*

At that period, several occurrences at sea, and the quite recent catastrophe of the Baron Pointi's eight ships at Cape Carnero,* in compelling all the French fleet to fall back upon Gibraltar, had swept the Channel, and cleared the passage between London and Rotterdam of every ship-of-war, so that merchant-ships could come and go, without escort.

The galliot on which *Vograat* might have been read, and close to which Gwynplaine had arrived, touched the jetty with the larboard side of her after-deck, almost on a level. It was but one step to go down. Homo, with a bound, and Gwynplaine with a stride, were on board. Both found themselves on the quarter-deck. The deck was deserted, and no movement was visible; the passengers—if there were any, and it was probable that there were—had embarked, seeing that the galliot was ready for a start, and that the stowage of freight was completed, this being indicated by the filling up of the hollow compartment, encumbered with bales and cases. But they had without doubt gone to bed, and were probably asleep in the 'tween-decks, as the passage was to be begun by night. Under such circumstances, the passengers would only appear on deck the next morning, on waking. As for the crew, they were very likely eating their supper, while waiting for the start now near at hand, in the hole then called the sailor's cabin. Thence the solitude of the forecastle-deck and the quarter-deck, connected by the gangway.

Upon the jetty, the wolf had almost galloped; on board the galliot, he had taken to walking slowly, as though with discretion. He no longer wagged his tail joyfully, but with the sad and feeble oscillation of a restless dog. Still, in advance of Gwynplaine, he crossed the quarter-deck and traversed the gangway.

Gwynplaine, on stepping upon this passage-way, saw a glimmer before him. This was the light that he had seen from the bank. A lantern was placed on the deck, at the foot of the forward mast; and the reflection from this lantern cut out, in black relief upon the deep gloom of the night, a form that had four wheels. Gwynplaine recognized Ursus' old hut.

This poor wooden hovel, cart, and cabin, wherein his childhood had rolled along, was secured at the foot of the mast by thick cords, the knots of which were visible among the wheels. After having so long passed out of service, it was in a veritable state of decay. Nothing dilapidates men and things so much as abstaining from occupation; it had a wretched leaning to one side. Disuse had made it quite paralytic; and, besides, it had that incurable malady, old age. Its outline, shapeless and worm-eaten, bent over in the attitude of ruin. All its component parts had a damaged look; the iron-work was rusty, the leather was cracked, the wood-work was rotten. Cracks starred the glass of the front window, traversed by a ray of light from the lantern. The wheels were indented. The partitions, the flooring, and the axle-trees seemed to be worn out with fatigue. The whole together was an inexpressible compound of the broken down and of the humbled. The two shafts, pointed upward, had the look of two arms raised to heaven. The booth was disjointed in all its parts. Underneath it, Homo's chain might be distinguished, hanging down.

Life and happiness and love being found anew, it would seem to be the law and also the will of nature, to run toward them at fullest speed and to

* 21st of April, 1705.

precipitate ourselves upon them. Yes, save in case of deep-felt trembling. Whoever emerges, all shaken and disconcerted, from a series of catastrophes that smack of treachery, becomes prudent, even in his joy; fears lest he bring down his own fatality upon those whom he loves; feels himself to be mournfully contagious; and uses precaution while advancing in felicity. Paradise is reopened; before entering it again, we scrutinize it.

Gwynplaine, tottering under his emotions, looked about him.

The wolf had gone silently to lie down near his chain.

II.

BARKILPHEDRO, AIMING AT THE EAGLE, SHOOTS THE DOVE.

The door-step of the hut was lowered; the door was ajar; there was no one inside; the little light, that found its way in by the front window, vaguely shaped out the interior of the hovel in a dismal chiaroscuro. Ursus' inscriptions, glorifying the grandeur of lords, were distinct upon the decrepit boards, at once external wall and internal wainscoting. On a nail near the door, Gwynplaine saw his leather-collar and his hooded cloak, as in a Morgue the garments of a corpse.

The hut hid something that was stretched upon the deck at the foot of the mast, and on which the lantern threw its light. It was a mattress, whereof one corner was perceptible. On this mattress some one was probably lying. The shadow of a movement could be seen.

There was speaking. Gwynplaine listened, concealed by the intervening of the hut.

It was Ursus' voice.

This voice, so harsh in its outer notes and so tender beneath them, that had hectored so much and yet conducted Gwynplaine so well since his childhood, had no longer its sagacious and lively ring. It was vague and deep, and lost itself in sighs at the close of each phrase. It bore but a confused resemblance to Ursus' simple and firm voice of old. It was like the word of some one whose happiness is dead.

Ursus seemed to be engaged in a monologue, rather than a dialogue. Furthermore—as you know—it was his habit to soliloquize. From this cause, he passed for a maniac.

Gwynplaine held his breath, so as not to lose a word of what Ursus was saying; and this is what he heard:

— This sort of vessel is very dangerous. It has no bulwark. If you take a roll at sea, nothing stops you. If there should be bad weather, it would be necessary to put her down under deck, which would be terrible. An awkward movement, an alarm—and there would be a rupture of an aneurism. I have seen samples of it. Ah! good God, what will become of us? Is she asleep? Yes. She is sleeping. I do believe she is sleeping. Is she unconscious? No. She has a pulse strong enough. Certainly, she is asleep. Sleep is a reprieve. It is profitable blindness. How to manage, so that no one may come stamping his feet this way? Gentlemen, if there is any one there on deck, I implore you make no noise. Do not come near us, if it is the same to you. You understand—a person of delicate health—there must be consideration. She has a fever on her, you see. She is quite young. It is a little one, who has a fever. I have spread this mattress outside, that she may get a little air. I explain this, that attention may be paid to it. She has fallen upon the mattress from exhaustion, as though she had fainted away. But she is sleeping. I would not have any one wake her. I address myself to women, if there are any ladies on board. A

young girl is an object for pity. We are only poor mountebanks; I ask for a small matter of kindness, and then, if there is any thing to pay for no noise being made, I will pay it. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen. Is any one there? No. I don't think there is any one. I speak at a dead loss. So much the better. Gentlemen, I thank you if you are there, and I thank you much if you are not there.—Her forehead is all in perspiration.—Come, let us get back to the hulks, let us resume the collar! Misery has returned. Here we are falling to the ground. A hand, a fearful hand that we do not see, but that we feel always on us, has suddenly shifted us round to the dark side of destiny. So be it; we will have courage. Only, she must not be ill. It is absurd of me to be talking aloud thus, all alone; but she must absolutely feel that she has some one near her, if she comes to wake. Provided that they don't wake her up abruptly! No noise, in Heaven's name! A shock, that made her start up suddenly, would be good for nothing. It would be abominable to have any one walking this way. I believe the people sleep on board. I thank Providence for so much gained. Well, well; and Homo, where is he? In all this turning upside down, I forgot to chain him up. I no longer know what I am doing; it is more than an hour since I saw him. He must have gone to look for his supper outside. I hope no harm has happened to him! Homo! Homo!

Homo flopped his tail gently against the deck-plank.

—You are there! Ah! you are there. Thank God! Homo lost would have been too much. She is changing the position of her arm. Perhaps she is going to wake up. Be quiet, Homo! The tide is coming down. We shall soon start. I think it will be fine to-night. There is no north wind; the pennant clings to the mast; we shall have a good passage. I don't know how it is about the moon. But the clouds scarcely move. There will be no sea. We shall have fine weather. She is pale. That is from weakness. But, no, she is red; that's fever. But, no, she is rosy; she is well. I don't see through it clearly any more. My poor Homo, I don't see through it clearly any more. Then, we must begin life again. We are going to betake ourselves again to work. There are no more than we two, do you see? We will work for her, you and I. She is our child. Ah! the vessel is moving. We are off. Adieu, London! Good-evening! Good-night! The devil take you. Ah! that horrible London!

There was, in fact, on board the galliot, the dull stir of getting a-trip. The interval was widening between the jetty and the stern. There might be seen at the other end of the vessel, abaft, a man standing up, the master doubtless, who had just come out from the 'tween-decks, and had cast off the fastenings, and was managing the helm. This man, attentive only to the current —as is befitting, when one is made up of the double phlegm of a Dutchman and of a sailor—hearing nothing and seeing nothing but wind and water, bending over the end of the tiller, and fused with the obscurity, swayed slowly across the quarter-deck, gliding to and fro from port to starboard, like a phantom with a beam upon its shoulder. He was alone upon the deck. So long as they were in the river, no other sailor was required. In a few minutes, the galliot was in the tide-way of the stream. She dropped down it, without pitching or rolling. The Thames, little troubled by the ebb, was calm. The tide carrying her on, the vessel went rapidly on her course. Behind her, the dark pageant of London disappeared in the mist.

Ursus went on:

—It's all the same; I'll make her

take foxglove. I'm afraid of delirium coming on. She has perspiration in the palm of her hand. But what is it that we have done to the good God? How quickly has all this misfortune come on us! Hideous rapidity of evil! A stone falls; it has claws—it is the hawk underneath the lark. It is destiny. And you are lying sick there, my sweet child! We come to London. They tell us:—It is a grand city, that has splendid edifices. Southwark is a magnificent suburb.—We establish ourselves there. Now, these are abominable places. What would you have me do there? I am content to go away from it. We are at the 30th of April. I have always had a suspicion of the month of April. The month of April has only two fortunate days, the 5th and the 27th, and four unfortunate days, the 10th, the 20th, the 29th, and the 30th. This has been put beyond doubt by the calculations of Cardan. I would that to-day were over. To have started is some comfort. In the gray of the morning we shall be at Gravesend, and to-morrow evening at Rotterdam. Zounds! I will begin again the life of old days in the hut; we will drag it, won't we, Homo?

A light flopping announced the wolf's consent.

Ursus continued:

— If one could get out of an affliction as one gets out of a town, Homo, we might still be happy. Alas! there is always the one who is no more. A shadow rests upon those who survive. You know, Homo, whom I mean. We were four; we are no more than three. Life is only a long losing of all that we love. We leave behind us a train of griefs. Fate astounds us by a lengthening out of unbearable sufferings. After that, people are surprised that old folks are given to tiresome repetitions. It is despair that makes blockheads. My brave Homo, the fair wind holds on. We see no more at all the dome of St. Paul's. We shall soon pass in front of Greenwich. That will be six good miles done. Ah! I turn my back forever on these odious capitals, full of priests, of magistrates, of populaces. I prefer to see the leaves quivering in the woods. —Her forehead all the time in perspiration! She has a swelling of her violet veins upon the arm, that I don't like. It is the inward fever. Ah! all that kills me. Sleep, my child! Oh, yes, she is asleep!

Here a voice was heard, an ineffable voice, that seemed far away, that appeared to come simultaneously from the heights and from the depths, divinely ill-omened—the voice of Dea.

All that Gwynplaine had experienced, up to that moment, was no longer any thing. His angel was speaking. He seemed to hear words spoken outside of life, in a swoon that was full of Heaven.

The voice said:

— He was right to go away. This world is not that which is essential for him; only, I must go with him. Father, I am not ill; I heard what you said just now. I am well, I am quite well; I have been asleep. Father, I am about to be happy.

— My child, asked Ursus, with agonized accent, what do you mean by that?

The answer was:

— Do not be uneasy, father.

There was a pause, as though for recovering breath: then these few words, spoken slowly, reached Gwynplaine:

— Gwynplaine is no more there. It is now that I am blind. I did not know what night was. Night is absence.

The voice stopped again; then resumed:

— I was always fearful that he might fly away; I felt that he was celestial. He has taken flight suddenly. It is thus that it ought to have ended. A

soul goes up like a bird. But the nest of the soul is at a depth where there is a great loadstone that draws every thing, and well do I know where to find Gwynplaine again. I am not troubled about my way, look you! Father, it is yonder. You will rejoin us hereafter. And Homo, too.

Homo, hearing his name uttered, flopped a slight blow upon the deck.

—Father, continued the voice, you understand well that, from the moment when Gwynplaine is not there, the thing is ended. If I would remain, I could not, because one must absolutely have breath. We must not ask what is not possible. I was with Gwynplaine; it was very simple; I lived. Now Gwynplaine is no more here, I die. It is all the same. Either he must come back, or I must go away. Since he cannot come back, I am going. To die is very good. It is not difficult at all. What is extinguished here, father, is relighted elsewhere. To live on this earth, where we are, is heart-breaking. It cannot be, that we are to be always wretched. Therefore, we go away to what you call the stars; we marry there; there is no more separation there, forever; we love each other, we love each other, we love each other; and therein is the good God.

—Hush! said Ursus, do not be excited!

The voice persevered:

—Well, for instance, last year, in the spring of last year, we were together, we were happy; how wide the difference now! I do not recollect now in what little town we were; there were trees; I heard the linnets sing. We came to London. That changed all. It is not a reproach that I am making. We come into a country; we cannot know it. Do you remember, father, one evening there a woman in the large box, and you said:—It is a duchess!—and I was sad? I believe it would have been better worth while to remain in the small towns. Thereupon, Gwynplaine has done well. Now it is my turn. Since it was you yourself who told me that I was very little, that my mother was dead, that I was on the ground at night with the snow falling on me, and that he, who was also little and all alone also, picked me up, and that it was thus that I came into life, you cannot be surprised that I feel now within me the imperative need of setting off, and that I desire to go and seek in the tomb whether Gwynplaine is there. Because the only thing that exists in life is the heart, and after life the soul. You can make out, father, the meaning of what I say; can you not? What is it then that is moving? It seems to me that we are in a house that moves. Still, I don't hear the noise of wheels.

After a pause, the voice added:

—I cannot well distinguish between yesterday and to-day. I do not complain. I do not know what happened; but something must have taken place.

These words were uttered with profound but inconsolable sweetness; and a sigh, that reached Gwynplaine, ended thus:

—I must go, unless at least he comes back.

Ursus gloomily mumbled out in low tone:

—I don't believe in ghosts.

He went on:

—It is a bark. You ask why the house moves; it is because we are in a bark. Calm yourself. You must not talk too much. If, daughter, you have any little regard for me, do not agitate yourself, do not give yourself fever. At my age, I could not bear any illness that you might have. Spare me; do not be ill!

The voice began again:

—Of what use to seek upon earth, as we can only find in Heaven?

Ursus answered, with almost an approach to authority:

—Be calm. There are moments when you cannot understand every thing. I advise you to remain at rest. After all, you are not bound to know what the "vena cava" is. I should be at ease, if you were at ease. My child, do something also for me. He picked you up, but I gathered you in. You make yourself ill. That is wrong. You must calm yourself, and sleep. All will go well; I swear to you, on my word of honor, that all will go well; besides, we are having specially fine weather. It is like a night made expressly. To-morrow we shall be at Rotterdam, which is a town in Holland, at the mouth of the Meuse.

—Father, said the voice, look you, inasmuch as it has been since childhood, and that we have always been together, it must not be that this should be deranged; otherwise, one must die, and there is no way to do any thing else. I love you well, all the same; but I feel strongly that I am no longer entirely with you, though I am not yet with him.

—Come, said Ursus, try to go to sleep again.

The voice replied:

—It is not that, that will fail me.

Ursus responded, with an intonation that trembled greatly:

—I tell you that we are going into Holland, to Rotterdam, which is a city.

—Father, continued the voice, I am not ill. If it is this that troubles you, you may reassure yourself. I have no fever. I am a little warm, that is all.

Ursus stammered:

—At the mouth of the Meuse.

—I am well enough, father; but, look you, I feel that I am dying.

—Do not bethink yourself of any such thing! said Ursus.

And he added:

—Above all, my God, may she have no shock!

There was silence.

All at once Ursus exclaimed:

—What are you doing? Why are you raising yourself up? Remain lying down, I beseech you!

Gwynplaine shuddered, and advanced his head forward.

III.

PARADISE FOUND AGAIN HERE BELOW.

He saw Dea. She had just raised herself straight up on the mattress. She wore a long white gown carefully closed, which allowed only the slope of her shoulders and their delicate junction with her neck to be seen. The sleeves hid her arms; the folds covered her feet. Her hands were visible; and in them the network of bluish veins, hot with fever, branched off and swelled out. She was shivering, and waved to and fro like a reed, rather than tottered. The lantern threw a light on her from below. Her face was indescribably beautiful. Her hair was floating, unbound. Not a tear was coursing on her cheeks. In her eyeballs there was something of fire and something of night. She was pale, with the pallor that resembles life divine upon an earthly countenance. Her exquisite and frail form was, as it were, lost and mingled in the foldings of her dress. She waved to and fro in all her person, like the trembling of a flame. And at the same time, it was felt that she was beginning to be naught but shadow. Her eyes, opened to the full, shone brilliantly. You would have said that this was a coming forth from the sepulchre, and a soul upstanding in the morning dawn.

Ursus, whose back only was seen by Gwynplaine, lifted up his frightened arms.

—Daughter! Ah! good God, here is delirium taking hold of her. Delirium! That is just what I feared. There must be no shock, for that might kill her: and yet there should be one, to save her from becoming mad. Dead, or mad! What a situation! Daughter, lie down again!

Nevertheless, Dea still spoke. Her voice was almost indistinct, as though some celestial obstacle was already interposed between her and earth.

—You are mistaken, father, I am not delirious. I understand perfectly all that you tell me. You tell me that there are crowds of people, that they are waiting, and that I must play this evening. I am quite willing; you see that I am in my senses; but I do not know how to do it, since I am dead and since Gwynplaine is dead. For myself, I am coming, all the same. I consent to play. Here I am; but Gwynplaine is not here any more.

—My child, repeated Ursus, come, obey me. Lie down on the bed again.

—He is no more here! He is no more here! Oh! how black it is!

—Black! stammered Ursus; that's the first time she ever said that word!

Gwynplaine, with no more noise than that of gliding, mounted the first step of the hut, entered it, unhooked his hooded cloak and his leather collar, threw the cloak over his back, put the collar over his neck, and came down again, concealed all the time by the jumbling together of the cabin, the rigging, and the mast.

Dea continued to murmur. She moved her lips, and by degrees the murmur became a melody. She sketched out, with the pauses and omissions of delirium, the mysterious call that she had so often addressed to Gwynplaine in *Chaos Conquered*. She began to sing; and her singing was vague and low, like the humming of a bee:

* Noche, quítate de allí.
La alba canta. . .

She interrupted herself:

—No, it is not true; I am not dead. What was I saying? Alas! I am alive. I am alive, and he is dead. I am below, and he is above. He is gone, and I remain. I shall not hear him talking and walking any more. God had given us a little bit of paradise upon earth; He has taken it away again from us. Gwynplaine, it is over. I shall not feel him near me any more. Never. His voice! I shall not hear his voice any more.

And she sang:

† Es menester á cielos ir. . .
. . . Quita, quiero,
A tu negro
Caparazon!

And she stretched out her hand, as though seeking whereon to lean, in the infinite.

Gwynplaine, starting up beside Ursus, who was suddenly petrified, knelt before her.

—Never! said Dea, never! I shall not hear him any more.

And she began singing again, abstractedly:

Quita quiero,
A tu negro
Caparazon!

Then she heard a voice, the well-loved voice, that answered:

‡ O ven! ama!
Eres alma,
Soy corazon.

And, at the same time, Dea felt Gwynplaine's head beneath her hand. She gave vent to a cry inexpressible:

—Gwynplaine!

A starry luminousness gleamed upon her pallid face, and she tottered.

Gwynplaine received her in his arms.

—Alive! cried Ursus.

Dea repeated:

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* Night, go away! The dawn is singing.

† Thou must go to heaven. Leave, monster, thy black callipash.

‡ Oh! come, love! Thou art soul. I am heart.

— Gwynplaine!

And her head was bent down against Gwynplaine's cheek. In very low tone, she said:

— You come down again? I thank you.

And, lifting up her brow, seated on Gwynplaine's knee, strained in his embrace, she turned toward him her sweet face, and fixed upon Gwynplaine's eyes her own eyes filled with darkness and with rays of light, as though she were looking at him.

— It is you! said she.

Gwynplaine covered her gown with kisses. There are words, that are at once words and cries and sobs. All ecstasy and all grief are blended therein, and break forth confusedly. There is no sense in them, and yet they say every thing.

— Yes, I! It is I! I, Gwynplaine! I, whose soul you are, do you hear? I, of whom you are the child, the wife, the star, the breath! I, of whom you are the eternity! It is I! I am here; I hold you in my arms. I am alive. I am yours. Ah! when I think that I was on the point of ending it all. A minute more! Without Homo! I will tell you of it. How near is despair to joy! Dea, let us live! Dea, forgive me! Yes, yours forever. You are right; touch my forehead; assure yourself that it is I. If you knew! but nothing can separate us any more. I emerge from hell, and I mount up again to Heaven. You say that I come down again; no; I reascend. Here I am again with you. Forever, I tell you. Together! We are together! Who would have said that? We find each other again. All the evil is ended. There is nothing now but enchantment before us. We will begin again our happy life; and we will shut its door so closely, that evil fortune shall no more be able to enter in. I will relate every thing to you. You will be astonished. The vessel has started. No one can make it out that the vessel has not started. We are on the way, and at liberty. We are going to Holland; we will be married; I am not troubled about gaining my livelihood— who is there that can hinder that? There is nothing any longer to fear. I adore you.

— Not so fast! stammered out Ursus.

Dea, trembling, and with the thrill of a celestial touch, passed her hand over Gwynplaine's profile. He heard her saying to herself:

— It is thus that angels are made.

Then she touched his clothes.

— The leather collar, said she. The hooded cloak. There is nothing changed. All is as it was before.

Ursus, stupefied, brightened up, laughing, bathed in tears, looked at them, and spoke to himself an aside:

— I don't understand it at all. I am an absurd idiot. I who saw him carried to earth! I cry, and I laugh. That's all I know. I am as much of an ass, as though I too myself were in love. But that's what I am. I am in love with the pair. Old brute, away with you! Too many emotions. Too many emotions. This is what I feared. No; it is what I wished. Gwynplaine, treat her gently. In point of fact, let them embrace. That is not my affair. I assist at the incident. What I experience is droll. I am the parasite of their happiness, and I take my share of it. I am for nothing in it, and it seems to me that I am for something in it. My children, I bless you.

And, while Ursus delivered his monologue, Gwynplaine explained:

— Dea, you are too lovely. I don't know where my mind was in those days. There is absolutely only yourself upon earth. I see you again, and I do not yet believe it. On board this bark! But, tell me, what then has happened? And into what a state you

have been thrown! Where is the Green-Box? You have been robbed; you have been driven away. It is infamous. Ah! I will avenge you, I will avenge you, Dea. They shall have to deal with me. I am a peer of England.

Ursus, as though struck by a planet full in the breast, fell back and looked attentively at Gwynplaine.

— He's not dead, that's clear; but can he have gone mad?

And he listened with suspicion.

Gwynplaine resumed:

— Be at ease, Dea. I will lay my complaint before the Chamber of Peers.

Ursus examined him again, and touched himself on the middle of the forehead with the tip of his finger.

Then, making up his mind:

— It's just as well for me, murmured he. This will go on all the same. Be mad, if you like it, my Gwynplaine. It is man's right. For my part, I am happy. But what does it all mean?

The galliot continued to pursue its course, gently and rapidly; the night grew darker and darker; fogs that came up from the ocean invaded the zenith, where there was no wind to sweep them away; a few of the larger stars were visible, and blurred themselves one after the other, so that at the end of some time there were no more at all, and all the sky was black, and infinite, and soft. The river widened; and the two banks left and right became only two slight lines in brown, almost blended with the night. A soothing effect was educed from all this shade. Gwynplaine was half-seated, holding Dea in his embrace. They talked, interchanged exclamations, chattered, whispered. Dialogue wasted. How picture thee, O joy?

— My life!

— My heaven!

— My love!

— All my happiness!

— Gwynplaine!

— Dea, I am intoxicated. Let me kiss your feet!

— It is you, then!

— At such moment as this, I have too much to say at once. I do not know how to begin.

— A kiss!

— O my wife!

— Gwynplaine, do not tell me that I am beautiful. It is you who are handsome.

— I find you again; I hold you on my heart. That is so. You are mine. I am not dreaming. It is surely you. Is it possible? Yes. I come back to life. If you did but know; there have been all sorts of events. Dea!

— Gwynplaine!

— I love you.

And Ursus murmured:

— I feel as joyous as a grandfather!

Homo had come out from underneath the hut; and, going from one to the other, discreetly, not requiring that any attention should be paid to him, licked away with his tongue at random, now at Ursus' big shoes, now at Gwynplaine's cloak, now at Dea's gown, now at the mattress. It was his mode of conferring a benediction.

They had passed by Chatham and the mouth of the Medway. They were drawing near the sea. So serene had been the misty expanse, that the descent of the Thames had been effected without difficulty; no manœuvres had been required, and not a sailor had been called on deck. At the other end of the galliot, the master steered, constantly at the tiller. At the stern, there was only this man; at the bow, the lantern threw its rays upon the happy group of beings who, at the depth of misfortune suddenly changed into happiness, had just been brought together thus unexpectedly.

All at once, Dea, disengaging herself from Gwynplaine's embrace, stood up. She pressed both her hands upon her heart, as though to keep it in place.

— What is the matter with me? said she. There is something here. Joy is stifling. It is nothing. It is good. In reappearing, O my Gwynplaine, you have dealt me a blow. A blow of happiness. All of Heaven, that enters the heart, is delirium. You absent, I felt myself dying. You have restored to me the true life, that was passing by. I have had within me, as it were, a rending asunder, the rending asunder of darkness, and I have felt life spring up within me, glowing life, a life of fever and of delights. It is extraordinary, that life with which you have inspired me. It is so heavenly, that it causes some slight suffering, It is as though the soul grew larger, and could scarcely contain itself within the body. This seraphic life, this plenitude, flows ever to my head and thrills through me. I have something like a beating of wings within my breast. I feel strangely, but very happy. Gwynplaine, you have raised me from the dead.

She turned red, then pale, then red again, and fell.

— Alas! said Ursus, you have killed her!

Gwynplaine stretched out his arms toward Dea. What a shock—supreme anguish coming upon supreme ecstasy! He would have fallen himself, if he had not had her to support.

— Dea! cried he, shuddering, what ails you?

— Nothing, said she. I love you.

She was in Gwynplaine's arms, as loose linen that you gather up. Her hands hung down.

Gwynplaine and Ursus laid Dea upon the mattress. She said feebly:

— I cannot breathe lying down.

They placed her in sitting posture.

Ursus said:

— A pillow!

She answered:

— Why? I have Gwynplaine.

And she put her head upon the shoulder of Gwynplaine, seated behind her and holding her up, his eye wandering and full of woe.

— Ah! said she, how sweet this is!

Ursus had caught hold of her wrist, and was counting the pulsations of the artery. He did not shake his head; he did not say any thing; and what he thought could only be guessed from the quick movement of his eyebrows, opening and closing themselves convulsively, as though to prevent the flood of tears from escaping.

— What is the matter with her? asked Gwynplaine.

Ursus put his ear close down to Dea's left side.

Gwynplaine repeated his question eagerly, though trembling lest Ursus should reply to it.

Ursus looked at Gwynplaine; then at Dea. He was livid. He said:

— We ought to be off Canterbury. The distance hence to Gravesend is not very great. It will be fine weather all night. We need not fear any attack at sea, because the fleets of war-ships are on the coast of Spain. We shall have a good passage.

Dea, sunk within herself, and paler and paler, crumpled up the stuff of her gown in convulsive fingers. She gave vent to a sigh inexpressibly thoughtful, and murmured:

— I comprehend what this is. I am dying.

Gwynplaine rose up, terrible. Ursus held up Dea.

— Dying! You die? No; that shall not be. You cannot die, die at this moment! die all at once! it is impossible. To give you back, and to take you away again, in the same minute! No. Such things are not done! If so, it would be that God willed that we should doubt Him. If so, all would be a snare—earth, Heaven, the cradle of infants, the sucklings of mothers, the human heart,

love, the stars! You know not what you say, Dea! You shall live. I insist upon your living. You know how to obey me. I am your husband and your master. I forbid your leaving me. Ah, Heaven! Ah, wretched men! No; this cannot be. And I shall remain upon earth, after you! This is so monstrous, that there would be no more sun! Dea, Dea, rally yourself. It is a little moment of agony that will pass away. We have shivering-fits sometimes, and then think no more of them. It is absolutely essential for me that you should be well, and that you should not feel any more pain. You to die! Why, what have I done to you? It drives me mad, to think of it. We belong to one another; we love each other. You have no motive for going away. It would be unjust. Have I committed any crimes? Besides, you have forgiven me. Oh! you would not have me become desperate, a villain, a madman, damned? Dea, I pray you, I conjure you, I entreat you with clasped hands—do not die!

And writhing his clinched hands in his hair, in an agony of fear, and choked with tears, he threw himself at her feet.

—My Gwynplaine, said Dea, it is not my fault!

A little froth tinged with red came to her lips that Ursus wiped off with a corner of her gown, and that Gwynplaine, prostrated, did not see. Gwynplaine held Dea's feet clasped, and appealed to her in all sorts of confused terms.

—I tell you, I will not have it. You die! I have not strength for it. Die! yes; but together. Not otherwise. You die, Dea? There is no way by which I can consent to it. My divinity! My love! Make it clear to yourself that I am here! I swear to you that you shall live. Die! why, then, you do not figure to yourself what I should become after your death! If you had but an idea how necessary it is for me not to lose you, you would see that it is positively impossible. Dea! look you, I have but you. What has happened to me is extraordinary. You do not dream that I have traversed all of life in a few hours. I have recognized one thing, which is that there is nothing at all. You, you exist. If you are not in it, there is no more sense in the universe. Remain. Have pity on me. Since you love me, live. I have found you again, and it is that I may keep you. Wait a little. There is no going away in this manner, when we have scarcely been together a few minutes. Be not impatient. Ah! good God, how I suffer! You do not complain of me, do you? You understand thoroughly that I could not do otherwise, because the wapentake came to look for me. You will see that you will be able to breathe better very soon. Dea, all is arranged now. We are going to be happy. Do not plunge me into despair! Dea, I have done nothing to you!

These words were not said, but sobbed. There was perceptible in them a mingling of dejection and of revolt. From Gwynplaine's breast came forth a moan that might have attracted doves, and a roar that might have made lions recoil.

Dea replied to him, in a voice less and less distinct, interrupting herself at almost every word:

—Alas! it is of no use. My own loved one. I see well that you do all that you can. An hour ago, I was willing to die; now I am no longer willing. Gwynplaine, my adored Gwynplaine, how happy have we been! God had set you into my life; He withdraws me from yours. And now, I am going away. You will remember the Green-Box, will you not?—of your poor little blind Dea? You will remember my

song. Do not forget the tone of my voice, and how I said to you:—I love you!—I will come back to say it to you, at night, when you are asleep. We found each other again; but it was too much joy. This must finish very soon. It is I decidedly, who set off first. I love my father, Ursus, much, and Homo, our brother. You are kind. There is no air here. Open the window. My Gwynplaine, I never told you; but I was jealous on account of a woman who came here once. You do not even know of whom I would speak. Not true! Cover up my arms. I am somewhat cold. And Fibi and Vinos, where are they? We end by loving everybody. We make friends of those, who have seen us in our happiness. We are grateful to them for having been there while we were content. Why has all this happened? I have not properly understood what has taken place during these last two days. Now I am dying. You will leave me in my gown. A while ago, in putting it on, I thought that it would be my winding-sheet. I want to keep it. There are some of Gwynplaine's kisses on it. Oh! nevertheless, I could assuredly have wished still to live. How charming was the life we led, in our poor hovel that rolled along! There was singing. I listened to the clapping of hands. How delicious it was, never to be separated! It seemed to me that I was in a cloud with you; I explained every thing well to myself; I distinguished one light from another, though blind; I knew that it was morning, because I heard Gwynplaine; I knew that it was night, because I dreamed of Gwynplaine. I felt something enwrapping me around, which was his soul. We have adored each other sweetly. All this is going away, and there will be no more songs. Alas! it is not possible, then, to live on! You will think of me, my well-loved one!

Her voice became weaker. As the mournful agony decreased, her breathing became more difficult. She bent back her thumb under her fingers, a sign that the last minute was near at hand. The stammer of the dawning angel seemed to be faintly indicated, in the gentle death-rattle of the virgin.

She murmured:

—You will remember, will you not? —for it would be very sad that I were dead, if you were not to remember me. I have been naughty, sometimes. I ask forgiveness from you all. I am very sure that, if the good God had willed it, since we do not take up much room, we should have been happy again, my Gwynplaine, for we could have gained our livelihood, and we should have been together in another country; but the good God has not willed it. I do not know in the least why I am dying. As I did not complain of being blind, I did no harm to any one. I should have asked nothing better than to remain blind forever, at your side. Oh! how sad is it to go away!

Her words came short, and were extinguished one after the other, as though some one had blown them out. They no longer heard her.

—Gwynplaine, she resumed, is it not so—you will think of me? I shall need it, when I am dead.

And she added:

—Oh! keep me back!

Then, after a pause, she said:

—Come and join me so soon as you possibly can! I am going to be very wretched without you, even with God. My sweet Gwynplaine, leave me not too long alone! It is here that paradise was; up, yonder, it is only Heaven! Ah! I am stifling! My loved one, my loved one, my loved one!

—Mercy! cried Gwynplaine.

—Adieu! said she.

—Mercy! repeated Gwynplaine.

And he fastened his mouth upon the fair cold hands of Dea.

She was for a moment as though she did not breathe.

Then she raised herself up on her elbows; a far-reaching light passed across her eyes; and she smiled ineffably. Her voice broke out, full-toned:

— Light! cried she. I see!

And she died.

She fell back, stretched out and motionless, upon the mattress.

— Dead! said Ursus.

And the poor old simple man, as though falling to pieces beneath his despair, bent down his bald head and buried his sobbing countenance in the folds of her gown, at Dea's feet.

Then was Gwynplaine terrible to look at.

He stood up, raised his brow, and gazed forth. Over his head was the night in its immensity.

Then, seen of no one, regarded none the less perchance in the darkness by some one from the invisible world, he stretched out his arms toward the profundity above him, and said:

— I am coming.

And he began walking toward the bow of the galliot, as though a vision drew him on.

At some steps from him was the abyss.

He walked slowly. He did not look beneath his feet.

He wore the smile that Dea had worn.

He went forward straight before him. He seemed to see something. He had upon his eyeball a light, which was, as it were, the reflection from a soul perceived afar off.

He exclaimed: — Yes.

At each step he drew near the edge.

He walked in a set attitude, his arms raised, his head thrown back, his eye fixed, with a phantom's movement.

He advanced, without haste and without hesitation, with a fatal precision, as though he had not close to him the yawning gulf and the open tomb.

He murmured: — Be tranquil. I follow you. Well do I distinguish the sign that you make to me.

He did not take his eyes off one point in the sky, at the very highest of the shade. He smiled.

The sky was absolutely black. There were no stars; but evidently there was one that he saw.

He passed across the deck.

After some steps, firm and ominous he reached the extreme edge.

— I come, said he. Dea, here I am!

And he continued to walk on. There was no bulwark. The void was before him. He set therein his foot.

He fell.

The night was thick and dull; the water was deep. He was swallowed up. It was a disappearance, calm and sombre. No one heard or saw any thing. The vessel continued to float on, and the stream to run.

Soon afterward, the galliot entered upon the ocean.

When Ursus came to himself, he no longer saw Gwynplaine; but, near the edge of the vessel, he saw Homo, who was howling into the dark space as he looked at the sea.

THE END.

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